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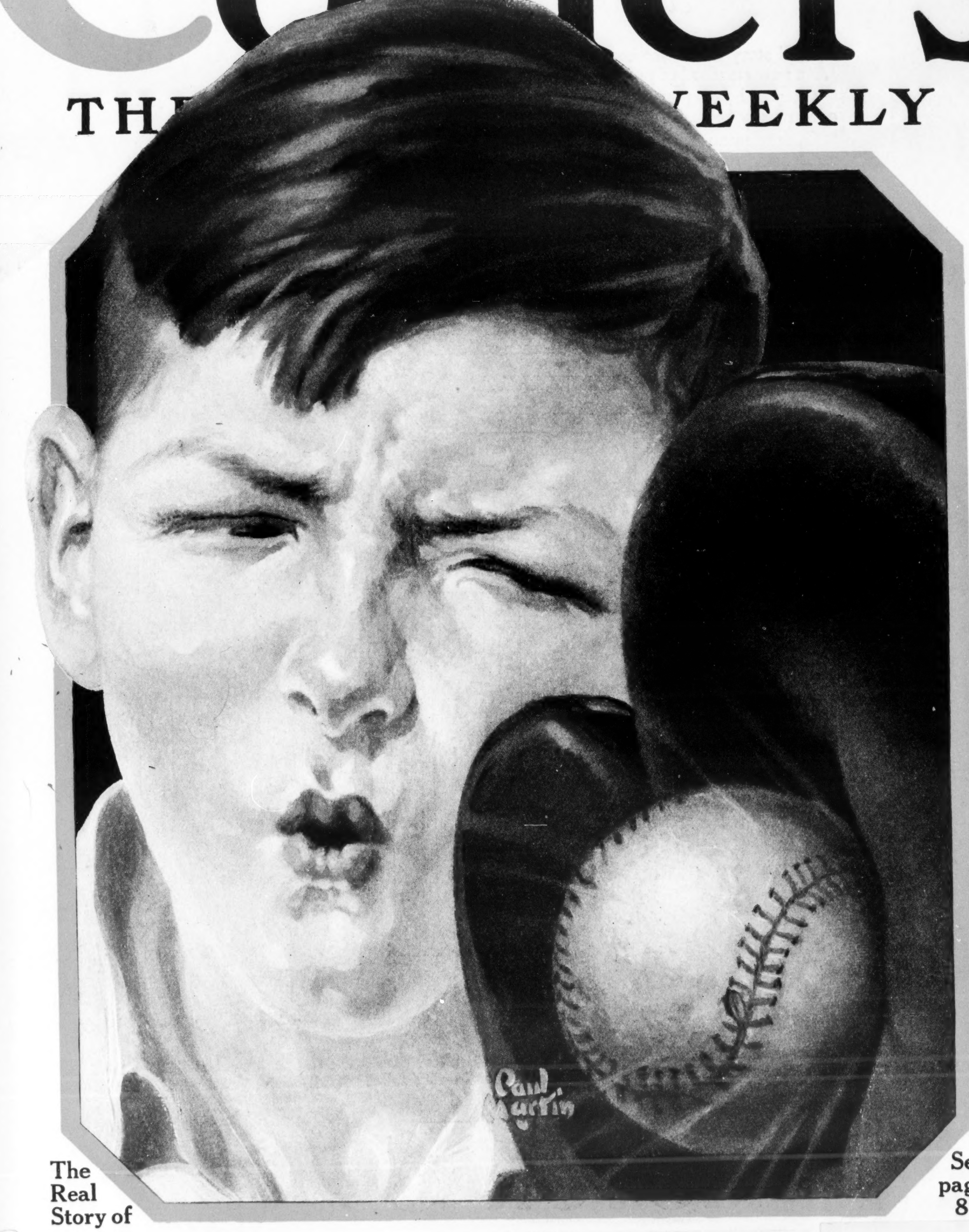

The
Real
Story of

A Mother of Three "FOLLIES

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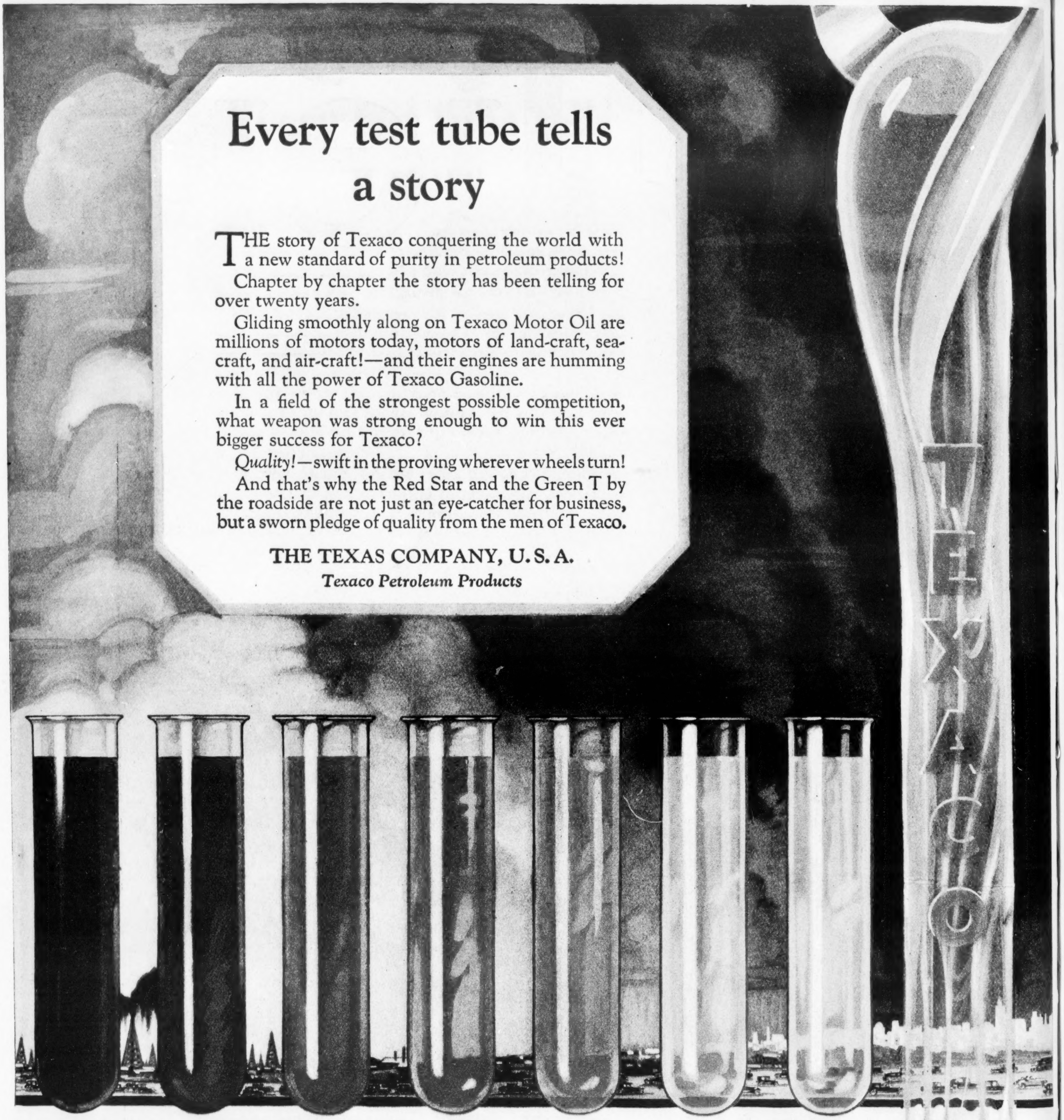

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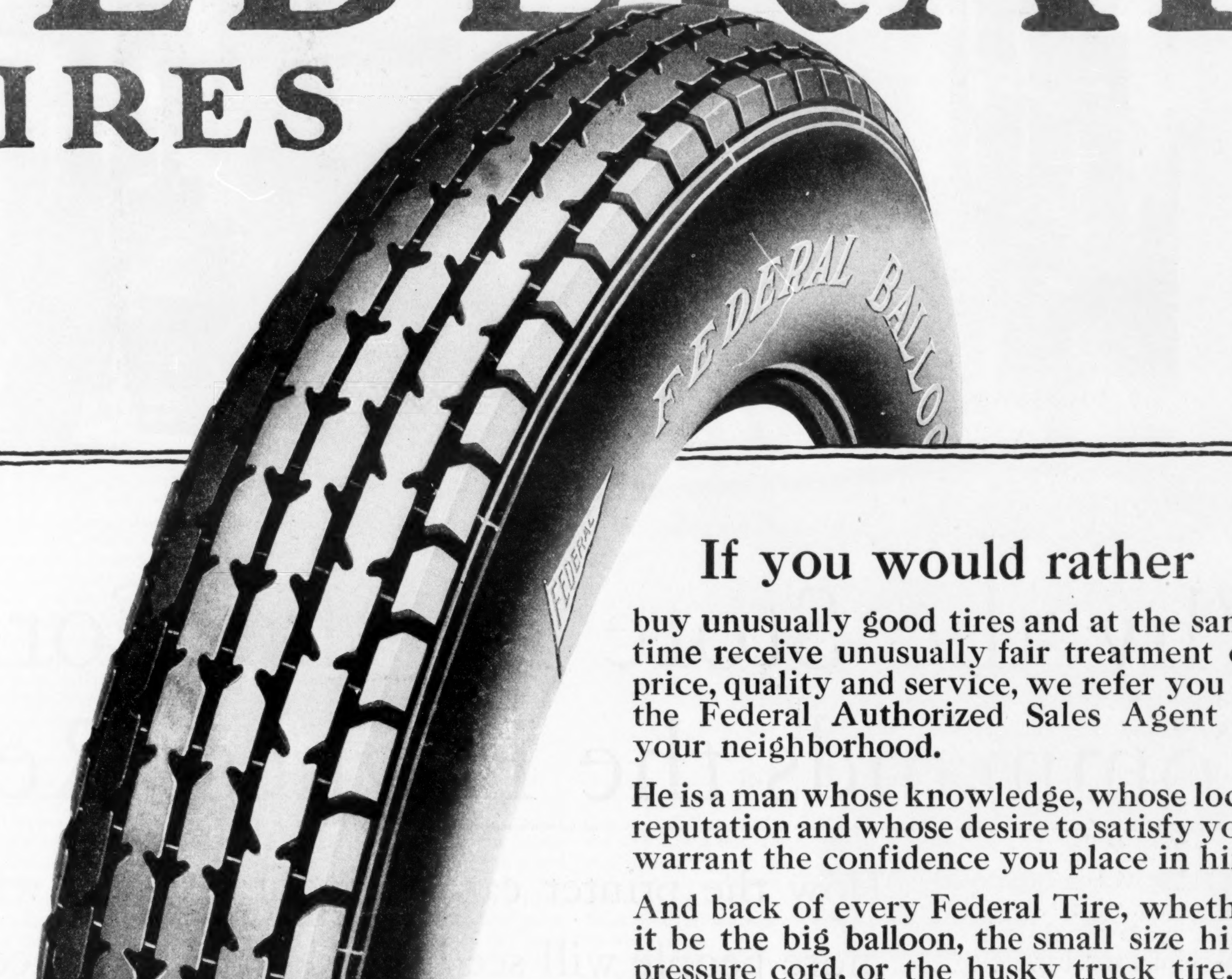

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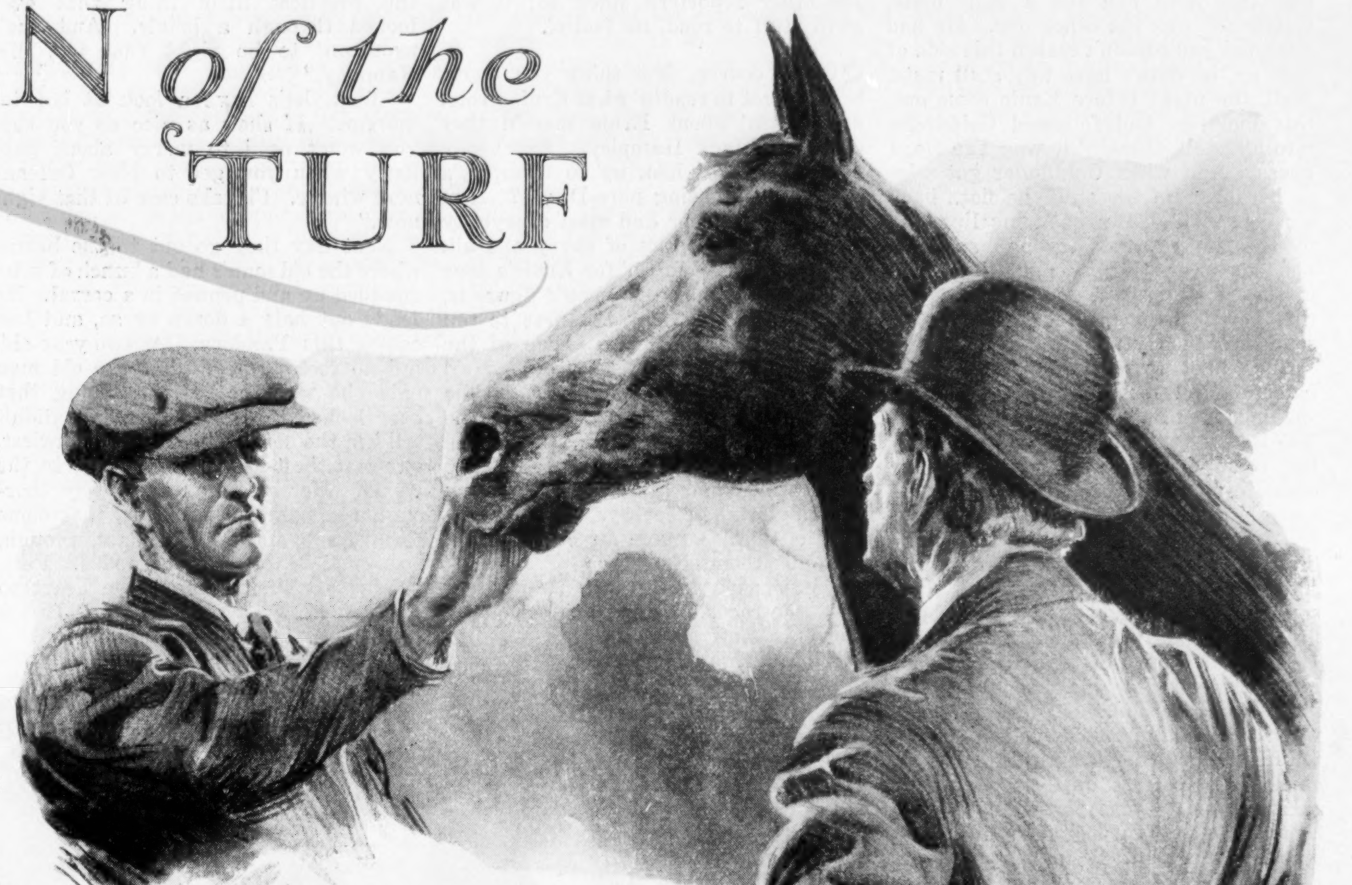
QUEEN *of the* TURF

By
HERMANN B. DEUTSCH

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK GODWIN



WHAT'S 'at, Cap? The next race? Aw, nix, Cap, nix. That's a sucker trick. You got yours. Hang onto it a while. Sure, I know somethin' that might win the next race. Might, understand. I said might. Leave 'at stuff for the pencil pushers.

Yeah, I know; but you do like I say. Nobody can't pick 'em all the time. You done pretty good for one day, so let it go at— Look, Cap, there's a couple of the pencil pushers now, sittin' on Pandora's grave. . . . That little hill under the oaks, where they buried Pandora, Queen of the Turf. . . . Say, if you ever believed a pencil pusher could have sense, just take a look at the two of them, sittin' on Pandora's grave. The little one's Ernie Brennan; the big guy's Jack Hampley. You know: Brennan's Selections and Hampley's Forecast. Wise ones, supposed to be. Wise? Say, if they're wise, then it's all right to feed the baby razor blades. This is one other time you can bet on what I'm sayin'. I know 'em both ever since the time I first come here, swipin' for the Pedigoe stables.

That was the year Ernie Brennan just started writin' up the races, but Jack Hampley was an old-timer even then. Nobody knows when he started, hardly. And he was one hard guy, what I mean. If his own mother was to give him a tip on a race, he'd figure she was pulling somethin' crooked. Just one of these birds that believes there never was but one honest man in the world, and he got killed in a train wreck at Ashtabula years back.

I remember the first time I ever see this Hampley. He come nosin' down to the Pedigoe stables, and went down the line at the barn till he come to a stall where there was a gold-hair colt called Lazarite. He looks at this colt and his eyes gets shinin', and some of the tough-egg lines goes out of his face, and he stands there mumblin' something about on'y man bein' vile that didn't mean nothin' to me or to nobody else either, I guess, 'less it was a school teacher. Old Man Pedigoe happens to catch sight of him, and he was always a hound with the reporters because it used to tickle him stiff to get his name an' his pitcher in the papers. So Old Man Pedigoe runs over and asks him is there anythin' he can do for him, and Hampley says yes.

"Give it a name, Mr. Hampley," says the old man, rubbin' his hands together like he was tryin' to grease 'em. "Just give it a name."

Hampley looks at him kind of sour.

"That horse there is worth two of me, Peddy, and at least two hundred of you," he says slow. "So if you really want to do me and the rest of the world a favor, you'll make a will leavin' this colt here to me, and then go a little ways off from the stable and shoot yourself. Don't shoot yourself in the head or the heart, but some place where it'll be fatal. In return for which I'll promise to make the sexton dig your grave with a corkscrew, so's your last long sleep will be comfortable."

How's 'at for a nasty razz, Cap? Old Man Pedigoe smiles like somebody had a fishhook in each corner of his mouth and was pullin' hard, and says something about Mr. Hampley will have his little joke, now, won't he, and that Lazarite was sure one pretty colt, now, wasn't he, and Jack turns around and walks off across the infield, without saying good-by or how-de-do or kiss-me-foot or nothin'.

THAT'S the kind of bird Jack Hampley was the year Ernie Brennan first come out to the fair grounds track. Just a kid, and as different from Jack as he could be. All the time happy, and laughin', like him and worry never was going to get interduced, see? And right off he got Jack Hampley's goat. You could see it. I guess it must of graveled the old sourdome that Ernie could get so much fun out of just bein' alive and around the tracks. But maybe not. Maybe it was just straight-out jealousy.

Lemme tell you. First time you go to see a show at the theatre you get a real kick out of it, if it's a good show. But if you had to be around the same show all the time—see how I mean?—that same show over an' over an' over again—it wouldn't throw no heavy thrill into you like the first time you see it. Well, that was Jack. He'd been around the stables so long that about the on'y thing left 'at was interestin' to him was the new horses and their possibilities. That was all he saw to write about.

But it was all new to Ernie. He'd been workin' in the sportin' department of his paper for two-three years, makin' up the form charts, so he knew the racin' end pretty good. But he didn't know the tracks. He could tell you all you wanted to know and maybe more'n 'at about past performances and what was a horse's breedin', but actually bein' out amongst 'em was all new to him.

First day he come out to the Pedigoe stables he goes around grinnin' at everybody and gettin' underfoot. While the horses was bein' walked around the barn to cool out after bein' exercised the little sap got on the outside of the line, an' no horse'll stand for that while they're bein' walked round the barn. You have to stand on the inside, right next to the stable wall, if you don't wanna get booted over the fence an' out. So somebody grabs him and yanks him inside the line, and Old Man Pedigoe comes a-hustlin' up, snarlin' cuss words till he finds out Ernie's a reporter, and then he's all smiles and shows him over the stables and tells him he must come down to dinner at the Grunewald some night.

While he's talkin', the old man is nursin' a hen in his arms. Yeah, just a ordinary hen. But she looked like she tried to pick a fight with a corn sheller, and succeeded. Believe me, Cap, she might just as well of done that too.

You know, race horses is what they call temper'mental. They got their likes and dislikes. Most all of 'em have got some kind of a animal that stays in the stall with 'em. Some of 'em has

This Pandora's a two-year-old, and the prettiest thing that ever looked through a bridle a dog, some a cat, some a gamecock, some a billy goat, and they're always restless and nervous and peevish when their stall mate ain't around.

Now, Old Man Pedigoe that year had a couple of three-year-olds that was 'most alike as twins. Both chestnuts, both about the same size and build. One of 'em was Yea Bo, a gentle cuss, that had this here hen for a stall mate. Goldfinder was the other one. He had a temper you couldn't match this side of hell, an' he didn't have any stall mate. Well, the night before Ernie come out, this fool hen had followed Goldfinder into his stall, thinkin' it was Yea Bo, I guess. And when Goldfinder got wise to her bein' in his stall, he flats back his ears and draws back his lips and by the time he gets through snappin' his long teeth there's enough feathers in the air to stuff a coupla ticks, and this hen is bouncin' out of that stall squawkin' bloody murder.

She ruffles up what few feathers she had left, and goes quarkin' around till she finds Yea Bo's stall. Well, sir, Cap, Yea Bo's a gentle horse, like I'm tellin', but when this here half-nekkid thing comes a-piroutin' into his stall, it was enough to unsettle anybody, let alone one of these high-strung thoroughbreds. He don't reco'nize that bareskin squawker for his buddy by a long shot, so he lays back his ears and just about finishes the job Goldfinder started.

That's the hen Old Man Pedigoe has in his arms, and he's just about to turn her over to the bull cook for soup meat when Ernie happens along like I was tellin' you. Ernie ain't never see no chicken in undress uniform around a racin' stable. Come right down to it, there ain't a awful lot around a racin' stable he has seen. So he asks about it, and Old Man Pedigoe tells him the yarn, Ernie laughin' his head off.

"And you're going to nurse her back to a new coat of feathers so's to make Yea Bo happy?" he asks the old man.

Well, the old man was wise. He knew what it took to get hisself in the papers.

"Sure," says he. "Yea Bo won't race decent all this season if I don't."

Now, if Jack Hampley'd been there, 'stead of Ernie, there wou'n't 'a' been nothin' to it. Jack knew all about the animals around a stable, and he'd figure right off the reel, when he saw this chicken in the old man's arms, that the bird had had an argument with one of the horses and was headed for the kitchen. He never would have had no fool ideas about anybody like Old Man Pedigoe nursin' a hen for anythin' but the stew pot.

But Ernie! Say! That kid sure wrote him some fancy mess of words about the whole business. On top of that, they had a picture of the hen in Old Man Pedigoe's arms, and another one of Yea Bo, with me a-holdin' his halter, an' everythin', right out on the front page of the sportin' section, Sunday. It was crazy, but it was swell too, no kiddin'. Next day everybody was talkin' about Ernie's story, and of course about Ernie and what a cat of a reporter he was. You know, at that, it was interestin' stuff what he wrote. I fell for it myself, not knowin' as much about pencil pushers as I do now.

WHEN Jack and Ernie run into each other in the paddock that afternoon Jack give the kid a ride. I was inside the wire nettin', walkin' Goldfinder, who was in the next race, so I didn't get more than the half of it, and didn't rightly understand that—all about Ernie temperin' his hot air to the shorn hen, and stuff like that. But if you happen to ask me, it just plain got Jack Hampley's goat, Ernie writin' such a swell story that everybody was talkin' about.

Ernie laughs at Jack, and lets it go at that. Havin' got a start on animals, Ernie come out a coupla mornings later and got a lot of pitchers of all the different mascots in the stables, from the two black kittens in the Kerry barn to the wild turkey gobbler the Charnley brothers kept for luck. And he had a twist in writin' about them that kind of made you forget the real dope about past performances and breedin' that the other reporters stuck to; it was swell stuff to read, no foolin'.

SO OF course, first thing you know, folks got to readin' what Ernie wrote, and talkin' about Ernie more'n they did about Jack Hampley. Everybody used to sort of look up to Hampley's track dope as being pure-D, see? Him being an old-timer and most everybody believin' he had a lot of savvy and all. But they was all fallin' for Ernie's dope now. I don't know how you'd figure it, 'less it was him bein' the first to tell 'em somethin' about the inside of the stables. Know how, I mean. He'd write about a one-pound racin' saddle that Pasky Malloy, a trainer for the Belle Chasse stock farm, made one time; about the daily school that Harve Kingsmuller and his wife kept every mornin' for their jockeys, and all such stuff as that. I guess anybody read it said to themself, "Gee, this guy sure knows all about the races. He must know his stuff good, considerin' all this inside dope he gets."

Well, sir, Cap, it must 'a' got pretty deep under Jack Hampley's hide, at that. He took to razzin' Ernie all the time. Rode him with the spurs on. But Ernie never cared. He just laughed when Jack would run into him somewheres where'd be a lot of people standin' round, and would take off his hat and bow deep, makin' some crack about the Thackeray of the Thoroughbreds. It was all over my head, but it sounded crazy. Right there I got hep to what nuts these pencil pushers are when you get right down to it.

We done pretty good that season, and Old Man Pedigoe took a bunch of us to his ranch in Texas when spring come. He didn't go north to race that year. 'Long about the last part of July who should come down to the ranch but this Jack Hampley hisself. The old man knew he was comin'; told us all about it when he got a letter from Hampley. Jack looks kind of peaked when he gets there, but of course the old man turns the place over to him. He was always that way with reporters.

They was sittin' on the gallery after supper, the first night Hampley was there, smokin' and chewin' the fat about this, that, and the other thing, with the rest of us sittin' around the steps drinkin' it all in. Hampley was sort of quieted down like, and wasn't gettin' off so many nasty cracks like he 'most always did.

"Know why I came down here?" he finally asks.

"To see me, I hope," grins the old man. "Anyway, I don't care why you did, it's such a pleasure to have you here, Mr. Hampley."

"Yeah, I know," grunts Hampley. "But I got a reason. I've been doin' a lot of figurin'. Now I know just how far you'll go to get yourself some publicity, Peddy, and I'm here to offer you a million dollars' worth, with no strings tied to it. Are you interested?"

"You know me, Mr. Hampley. Any time I can help you boys out, any way at all, you'll always find me willin'."

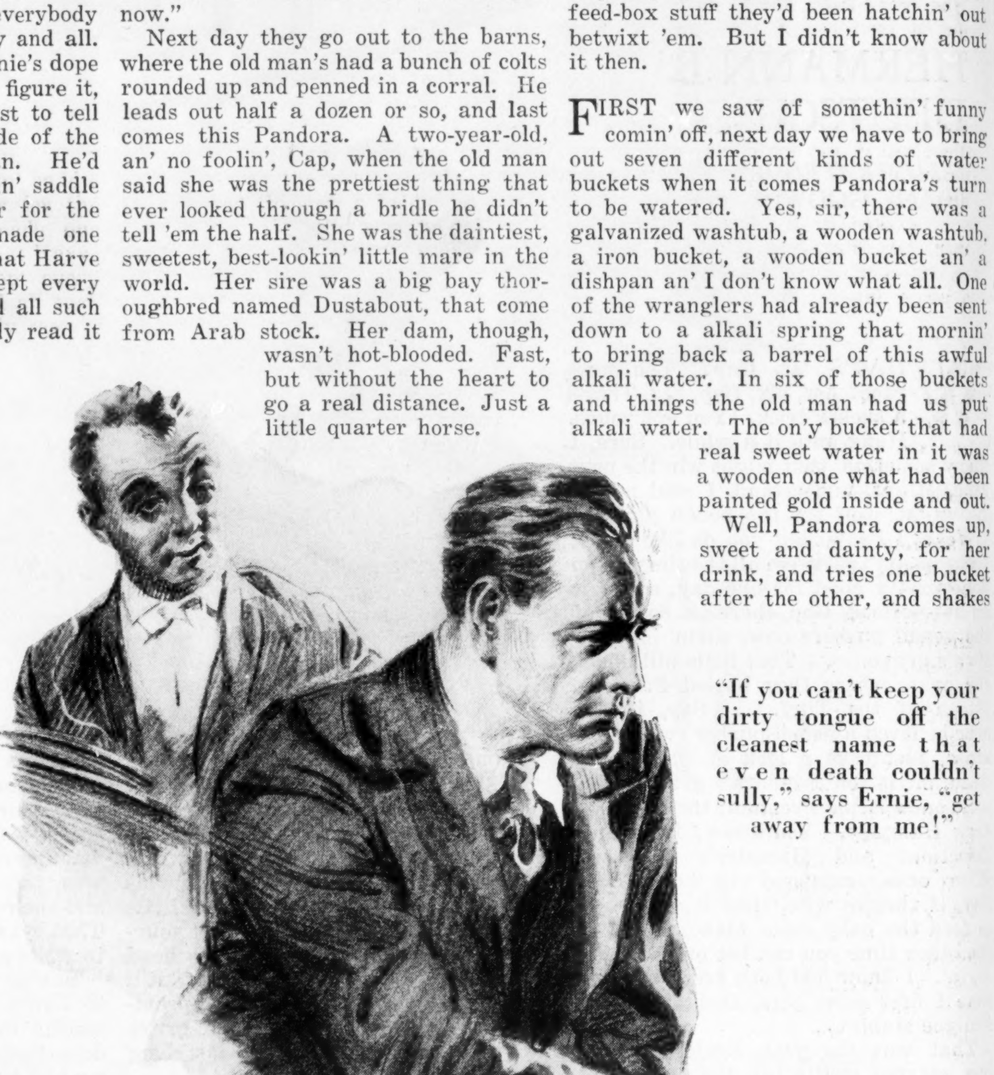
"Well, that's all right too. Got anythin' growin' up on the place that's real pretty? I mean somethin' that's beautiful, even if it ain't so all-fired fast?"

The old man chuckles.

"I sure have," says he. "I got a little mare colt by the name of Pandora that's the prettiest little thing that ever looked through a bridle. And she's promisin' to be right fast too, Mr. Hampley."

"Well, let's have a look at her tomorrow. If she's as nice as you say, you won't need to worry about publicity when you get to New Orleans next winter. I'll take care of that right now."

Next day they go out to the barns, where the old man's had a bunch of colts rounded up and penned in a corral. He leads out half a dozen or so, and last comes this Pandora. A two-year-old, an' no foolin', Cap, when the old man said she was the prettiest thing that ever looked through a bridle he didn't tell 'em the half. She was the daintiest, sweetest, best-lookin' little mare in the world. Her sire was a big bay thoroughbred named Dustabout, that come from Arab stock. Her dam, though, wasn't hot-blooded. Fast, but without the heart to go a real distance. Just a little quarter horse.



"If you can't keep your dirty tongue off the cleanest name that even death couldn't sully," says Ernie, "get away from me!"

Jack Hampley looked at the mare, and his eyes got to shinin', like they always done when he was lookin' at a sweet piece of horseflesh like that.

"Peddy, she's a wonder," he says. "What a pity she isn't a thoroughbred!"

"Oh, that's all right," says the old man. "She'll do for the short races."

"Your stable colors are solid gold, ain't they?" suddenly asks Hampley. He was always talkin' in snatches like that.

"Yeah," answers the old man, not understandin' what it was all about, but willin'.

"Good. Now let's go somewhere where we can talk. Gold is the hallmark of royalty," and he busts out laughin' and says a lot more stuff that sounds right feeble-minded to me, like he was talkin' out of a poetry book.

Him and the old man go in the office, and they sit there and talk the rest of the mornin'. Well, when they come out, Cap, I see they was a big hen on somewhere, by the way the old man's grinnin'. Whatever it was Hampley said to him must 'a' suited him right down to the insoles. 'Course, not bein' a feeb like these pencil pushers, I give a pretty good guess later on at this feed-box stuff they'd been hatchin' out betwixt 'em. But I didn't know about it then.

FIRST we saw of somethin' funny comin' off, next day we have to bring out seven different kinds of water buckets when it comes Pandora's turn to be watered. Yes, sir, there was a galvanized washtub, a wooden washtub, a iron bucket, a wooden bucket an' a dishpan an' I don't know what all. One of the wranglers had already been sent down to a alkali spring that mornin' to bring back a barrel of this awful alkali water. In six of those buckets and things the old man had us put alkali water. The on'y bucket that had real sweet water in it was a wooden one what had been painted gold inside and out.

Well, Pandora comes up, sweet and dainty, for her drink, and tries one bucket after the other, and shakes her pretty head when she strikes the alkali. Finally she comes to her gold bucket and gets a reg'lar drink. You'll see why in a minute, but we couldn't make no heads or tails out of it when we have to go through that whole rigamarole every time Pandora's watered. Of course she's a smart little trick, that Pandora. It don't take her long to find out that the on'y kind of can that's got good water what's fit to drink in it is a gold one. When she gets watered she goes straight to the gold-painted tub, and don't give the others a tumble or a look any more. She even gets so she won't try to drink out of nothin' but a gold-painted bucket.

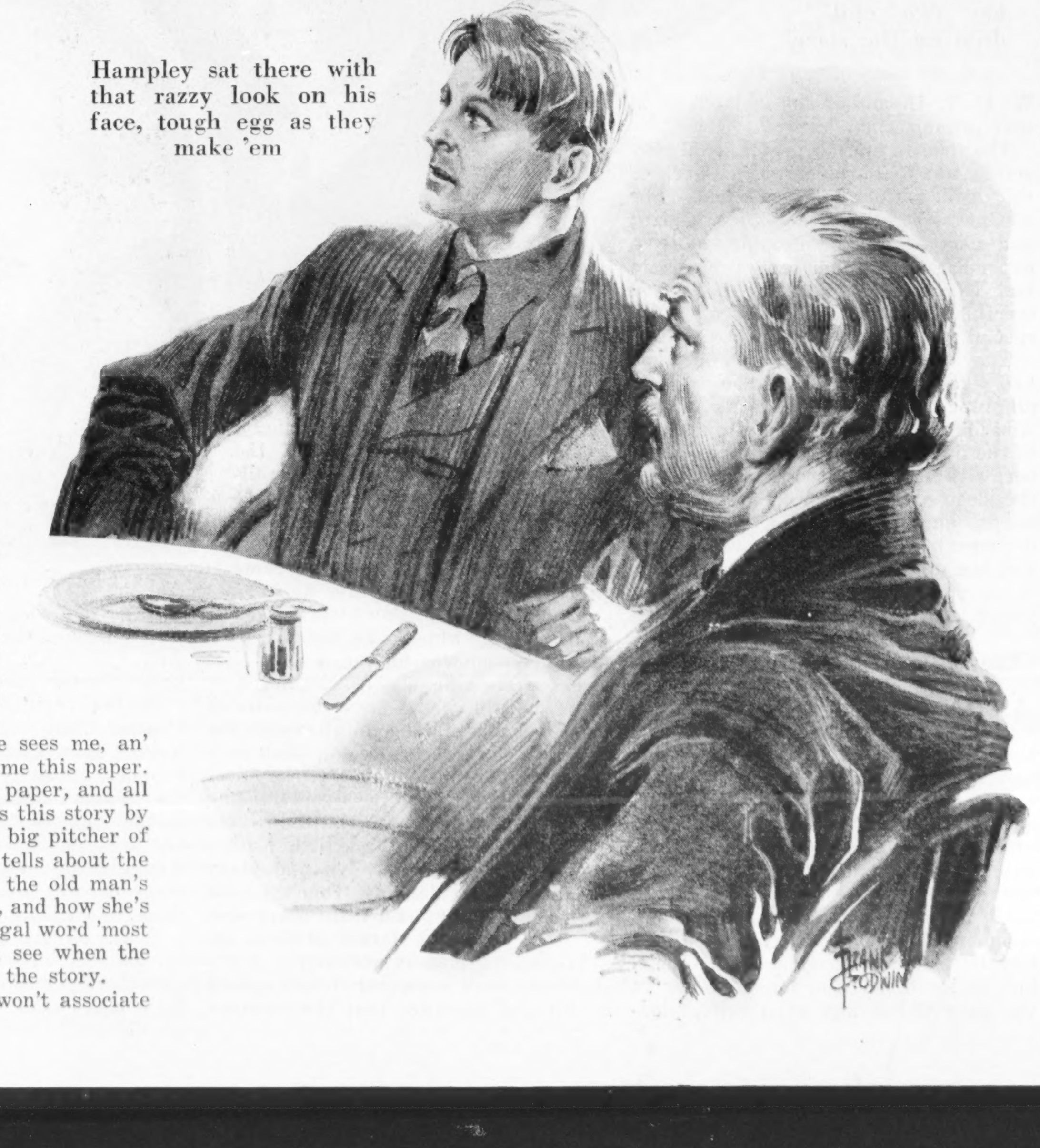
All this is Hampley's stuff, we know. And of course we do a lot of chin-furlongs among ourselves wonderin' what the loonhead is after. But the fun ain't even begun. The old man sends away Pandora's bit next an' has it gold-plated. After it come back, we get more orders. A lot of common iron bits has to be put in boiling water, till the iron's so hot it hurts to touch 'em. Then we're told off to try to put a hot bit like that between Pandora's teeth. Man, she got so she raised Cain every time anybody come near her with a iron bit. But the gold one was always cool. She got wise quick again. Try to put a iron bit on her, and she'd like to kick down the stall. But show her a gold bit and she's gentle as a lamb.

Same way with saddle blankets. Everythin' but one golden-yellow saddle blanket had little carpet tacks in it, points down. The gold one was always nice an' soft. First thing you know, you walked up by Pandora with anythin' but that gold saddle blanket and you'd want to watch out she didn't take a piece out of you.

I FIN'LY got to thinkin' the old man must be as batty as this pencil pusher, the things he was lettin' 'em do to Pandora, and her so pretty and sweet and all. I was right glad when Hampley springs the news that he's goin' back to New Orleans.

"We'll be sorry to lose you, Mr. Hampley," says the old man. "Wish you could spend the whole autumn here with us."

"Well, see you at the fair grounds" answers Hampley. "You'll find you haven't lost anythin' by this. Yes, sir." And he smokes for a while, sayin' nothing. "By gum," he busts out at last, and his voice is nasty again, like when he's razzin' somebody, "if it's hokum they want, I'll show 'em who wrote the book." Talkin' in snatches again. They're all crazy.


Hampley sat there with that razzy look on his face, tough egg as they make 'em

Well, sir, Cap, I thought maybe after he left there'd be a let-up in the way they was all devilin' Pandora, and so I wasn't spongin' up the briny tears as he pulls out. But the stuff keeps right on. Yes, sir, clear through the autumn, with her as pretty as a pitcher, but never no peace from all those freak stunts. And finally, about a week before we started for New Orleans, I get wise.

I'm comin' up to the house and into the office one mornin', just after the mail gets there, to ask the old man about somethin'. He's sittin' with a newspaper in front of him, grinnin' like somebody just handed him a Derby winner. He puffs out when he sees me, an' calls me over to show me this paper. It was a New Orleans paper, and all over the sports page is this story by Jack Hampley, with a big pitcher of Old Man Pedigoe. It tells about the golden mare Pandora the old man's bred at his stock farm, and how she's regal. He uses that regal word 'most every other line, as I see when the old man lets me read the story.

She's a mare that won't associate with common horses, looks like; that refuses to drink from any but a gold water bucket; that won't let 'em put nothin' on'y a gold saddle blanket on her; that won't wear any kind of bit but one out of gold. 'Course, I have to laugh when I read all this guffle, knowin' what grief it had been puttin' the regal in Pandora.

PANDORA was developin' a lot of nasty, mean habits under all this devilin', which was enough to sour the disposition of a plow horse or one of these circus rosin-backs that ain't got a nerve to their fat bodies, let alone a high-strung little beauty like Pandora. She'd been gettin' her reg'lar race schoolin' at the ranch, an' it was some tough job. Whip or spur couldn't make that horse stand to a barrier right, when they was trainin' the youngsters. Looked like she couldn't stand it to have another horse nigh 'er. Line 'em up at the barrier on the little track out at the Pedigoe ranch, and if there was another horse nigh 'er she'd back out of line, spite of everythin' the boy ridin' her could do, and go 'way over on the outside, where she could be by herself. If she wasn't let to do that, she'd start bitin' and kickin' at the other horses. So the on'y thing to do was let her have her own way.

Same thing in lots other ways—just a vicious streak she developed with all that devilment of gettin' her golded up so's Hampley could write a story about how regal she was.

But that story sure did the work, Cap. When the Pedigoe stables moved to the fair grounds at New Orleans about Christmas time—they open on New Year's Day—it looked like all the reporters an' photographers in the world was there to get stories an' pitchers of this regal Pandora. Ernie Brennan was right there with the first ones, an' he didn't care if Jack Hampley had got the jump on him, he started writin' his head off about Pandora.

He sort of fell in love with her, I guess. There ain't no other word for it. An' when Pandora was entered for a six-furlong race, he was more excited an' nervous 'n anybody else out there. You'd 'a' thought she was wearin' his colors in a Derby, 'way he acted.

To top it off, Pandora couldn't 'a' carried on worse if she'd tried for a year to see how nasty a exhibition she could put on that day. While the horses was in the paddock, walkin' round so the suckers that bet can watch 'em for twenty minutes or so before the race, she wouldn't budge out of her stall. Wouldn't be in the ring with the other horses, see? An' we was all scared to force her out for fear she'd start her old stuff of bitin' an' kickin'.

FIN'LY the get-ready bell rings, an' we put on her gold saddle blanket with everybody watchin', and get her all readied up, and when the track bell rings, we turn her over to the jock, prayin' nothin' won't happen. But it does. Plenty.

D'you think that mare would walk in line with the rest of 'em, behind the parade leader, linin' up for the barrier? A hot chance! A sweet, hot, fat chance! All by herself she trots, clean out of line, with the jock pullin' at her head to make her get in her place in the parade, but not overdoin' it, knowin' all about how vicious she acts when she's forced to get close to other horses.

Right smash in front of the gran'-stand she stops dead, plants her four feet, an' looks the crowd over, while the other horses is movin' on up the track. First time she'd ever had a look at a big crowd, see? Well, sir, Cap, I told you how pretty she was, and when she spread herself in front o' the crowd, the jock pullin' at her head so it looks like she's bowin' to 'em, she was the sweetest-lookin' pitcher of a horse anybody ever lay eyes on. I'm tellin' you straight, no foolin'. The crowd just roars, an' she shakes her head a couple times, not knowin' what to make of the noise. After that, bein' good an' ready, she goes up the line to the others.

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It wasn't that Mamie was a bad little girl, but her folks just couldn't see how she could fetch up as anything else; because she was full of fun and laughter and mischief and liked to kick up her legs. She was a flapper back in the early nineties, before the word "flapper" had been thought of as designating intrepid, resourceful, self-reliant female youths with a will and a way of their own. They called them tomboys in those days.

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And it was given me to know, then and in the years to come, that the gay heart of this beautiful child had ached and ached because her ambition was to be an actress and she couldn't even voice her ambition in the good old Christian home in which she was born and reared. Her father, Robert Saunders, was a steward in the Methodist church and a pious man. Her mother was a leader in every church activity, president of the local chapter of the W. C. T. U. and a national officer in that organization.

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They just couldn't understand what had "got into" Mamie. She was so different from the rest of the family. And Mamie in the stillness of the night, in the darkness of her own little chamber, with the rest of the family sleeping the sleep of the just and dreaming of harps and crowns and hallelujahs, dreamed of footlights and spangles and wet her pillow with the hot, bitter salt of tears of misunderstood and thwarted youth.

The Little Eatons Always Danced

AND I knew her when, the high school girl still in short dresses, she ran away and married the first man who had come along and petted and pretended to understand her. We men, quite naturally, pretend sympathy and understanding for any little girl we hanker for, even though we seldom enough understand her at all or care much for anything except her trust and submission. I don't have any idea that Charlie Eaton ever understood Mamie, but he loved her and humored her in the patronizing way of a solid, plodding, old-fashioned breadwinner who will put up with a lot of things from a peach of a wife who is a good cook and housekeeper to boot.

Mamie Eaton *was* a good housekeeper. If she hadn't been, Mary Eaton II, for three years premier danseuse of "The Follies" and now the brightest star in the Ziegfeld galaxy, wouldn't be pirouetting on the heights of stardom to-day and pulling down a salary in four figures weekly. Eighteen dollars a week was the Eaton income in those Norfolk, Va., days. And on this income the Eatons began to raise kids.

They came fast; there were seven of them in almost as many years. Mamie Eaton was having a hard time of it feeding nine mouths, clothing nine backs, keeping shoes on seven pairs of little feet and making an allowance for Charlie's smoking tobacco on week days and one cigar on Sunday. But she never discouraged the little feet from dancing even though dancing was hard on shoes and shoes hard to buy. The little Eatons danced. Pearl and Evelyn and Mary and Doris were dancing from the time they could toddle; and little Mary was the most promising dancer of them all.

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with common horses, looks like; that refuses to drink from any but a gold water bucket; that won't let 'em put nothin' on'y a gold saddle blanket on her; that won't wear any kind of bit but one out of gold. 'Course, I have to laugh when I read all this guffle, knowin' what grief it had been puttin' the regal in Pandora.

PANDORA was developin' a lot of nasty, mean habits under all this devilin', which was enough to sour the disposition of a plow horse or one of these circus rosin-backs that ain't got a nerve to their fat bodies, let alone a high-strung little beauty like Pandora. She'd been gettin' her reg'lar race schoolin' at the ranch, an' it was some tough job. Whip or spur couldn't make that horse stand to a barrier right, when they was trainin' the youngsters. Looked like she couldn't stand it to have another horse nigh 'er. Line 'em up at the barrier on the little track out at the Pedigoe ranch, and if there was another horse nigh 'er she'd back out of line, spite of everythin' the boy ridin' her could do, and go 'way over on the outside, where she could be by herself. If she wasn't let to do that, she'd start bitin' and kickin' at the other horses. So the on'y thing to do was let her have her own way.

Same thing in lots other ways—just a vicious streak she developed with all that devilment of gettin' her golded up so's Hampley could write a story about how regal she was.

But that story sure did the work, Cap. When the Pedigoe stables moved to the fair grounds at New Orleans about Christmas time—they open on New Year's Day—it looked like all the reporters an' photographers in the world was there to get stories an' pitchers of this regal Pandora. Ernie Brennan was right there with the first ones, an' he didn't care if Jack Hampley had got the jump on him, he started writin' his head off about Pandora.

He sort of fell in love with her, I guess. There ain't no other word for it. An' when Pandora was entered for a six-furlong race, he was more excited an' nervous 'n anybody else out there. You'd 'a' thought she was wearin' his colors in a Derby, 'way he acted.

To top it off, Pandora couldn't 'a' carried on worse if she'd tried for a year to see how nasty a exhibition she could put on that day. While the horses was in the paddock, walkin' round so the suckers that bet can watch 'em for twenty minutes or so before the race, she wouldn't budge out of her stall. Wouldn't be in the ring with the other horses, see? An' we was all scared to force her out for fear she'd start her old stuff of bitin' an' kickin'.

FIN'LY the get-ready bell rings, an' we put on her gold saddle blanket with everybody watchin', and get her all readied up, and when the track bell rings, we turn her over to the jock, prayin' nothin' won't happen. But it does. Plenty.

D'you think that mare would walk in line with the rest of 'em, behind the parade leader, linin' up for the barrier? A hot chance! A sweet, hot, fat chance! All by herself she trots, clean out of line, with the jock pullin' at her head to make her get in her place in the parade, but not overdoin' it, knowin' all about how vicious she acts when she's forced to get close to other horses.

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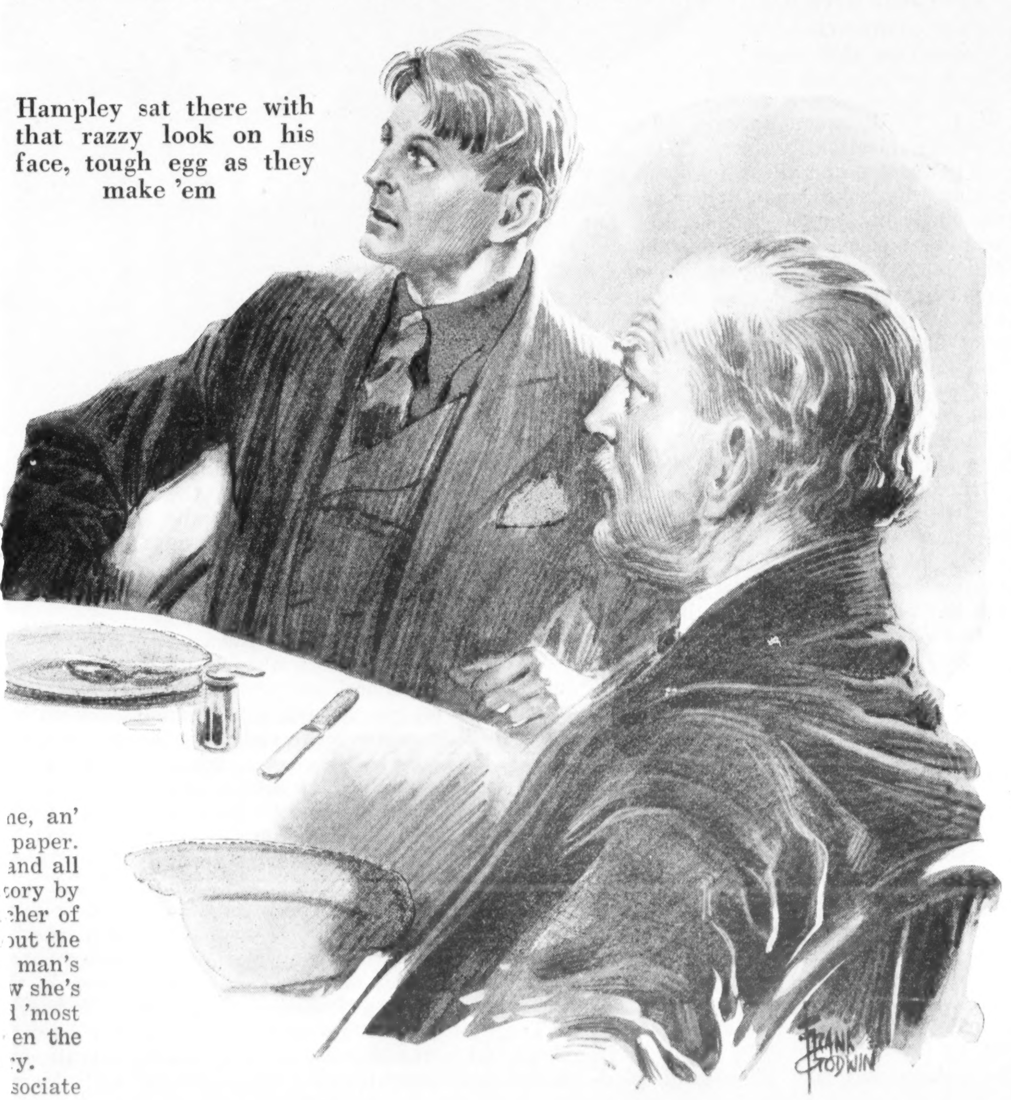

Hampley sat there with that razzy look on his face, tough egg as they make 'em

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If you can't make the grade yourself you may still have your fun and satisfaction by seeing the children through. That's what Mary Eaton did

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Pearl has danced in "The Follies"

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The Eatons moved to Washington. In Washington they found that twenty-eight dollars a week wouldn't stretch much farther than eighteen in Norfolk; but it was a good move, because there were better schools in Washington—and there were schools of dancing and dramatics in Washington.

"I had already made up my mind when I married," says Mrs. Eaton, "that since I was denied my own ambition, I would make stars of my own children. There had to be the children first, but I must say I made a complete job of having children. It hasn't been so easy trying to make stars of them, but I've done very well with five of them and I still have hopes for the other two."

In the beautiful apartment in the Central Park neighborhood of New York City where Mrs. Eaton lives surrounded by her children (only two of the Eaton children have left their mother to make homes of their own), she told me something of her long struggle to educate her children for stage careers and to guide and guard them in their theatrical progress.

To begin with, she kept her plans for her children a secret so long as her parents lived. Once in Norfolk she had let little Mary take part in a benefit per-

the CHILDREN

formance and the grandmother was so shocked and humiliated that Mrs. Eaton never let any of the children appear in even the most innocent amateur event until after her mother died. For she loved and esteemed her mother as only one with a big mother heart of her own knows how to love and esteem a mother.

If she hadn't had a clever mother Mary Eaton II. might never have danced her way to fame

Smith

How Mary Made Her Début

HER mother died in the early spring of 1912, within two weeks of the death of her father. Not until her mother died did Mrs. Eaton make any move to start her children on stage careers. But all the while she was schooling them in dancing, in calisthenics, in dramatic art—and in good manners. The good manners were never neglected; for the actress who would command the spontaneous and genuine approval of great audiences and endear herself in the hearts of play-going multitudes must, for the permanency of her success, possess something more than beauty, something more than cleverness. That something is native charm.

In the spring of 1912, following the death of Mrs. Eaton's father and mother, Poli's stock company theatre in Washington advertised for children to take parts in a stock production of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Mrs. Eaton scrubbed the faces and knees of little Mary and little Doris that morning, curled their tresses, dolled them up in their Sunday best and took them down to Poli's. Too late. There are lots of kids in Washington and Poli's had already booked as many as needed for the cast.

But wait; Edwin Curtis, director at Poli's, couldn't pass up Mary's hair. "We haven't a blonde like that among all our children," he said. "I must have this one."

And so Mary Eaton made her début in stock. She added $7.00 to the family exchequer that week and Charlie Eaton smoked two cigars instead of one next Sunday.

Mary appeared in production after production at Poli's after that. And then Doris and Pearl and Evelyn. In whatever parts they played, in "Alias Jimmy Valentine," in "Mother," in "Seven Sisters" or in "The Blue Bird," Mary and Doris were favorites both back stage and with the audience. It became a saying at Poli's whenever a new production was staged, "If we need any kids, send to Eaton's; they have 'em, all ages, all sizes."

In 1915 the Shuberts loaned Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" to Poli's. Mary and Doris played the leading rôles, Mary as Tyltyl, Doris as Mytyl. The piece "went over big" in Washington and they took it to Baltimore. James Thatcher, manager of Poli's Washington Theatre, told Lee Shubert of the find he had made in Mary and Doris. Mr. Shubert took Thatcher's word for it. Then there were the press notices and the box-office receipts in Washington and Baltimore to show the further possibilities of "The Blue Bird"; and the Shuberts decided to revive it in a road production. Lee Shubert sent for Mrs. Eaton and her girls. Mrs. Eaton received a wire from him on a Friday afternoon; next morning she was in New York. She had to borrow money to get there. "But it didn't take me long to pay it back," she says.

Apeda

At 14, Charlie's at home behind the footlights

Moffett

This year saw Doris in "The Sap"

Apeda

Joe wants to go to Annapolis

The Shuberts put "The Blue Bird" (with Mary and Doris in it) on the road in September. It closed, after a successful run, in January following. Mrs. Eaton went on the road with her children and the family remained in Washington. Mrs. Eaton never went back to Washington; she established herself in New York and the family followed her there in 1916. She had learned what she wanted to know about the possibilities for her girls on Broadway and she knew what her girls could do.

"Then my hard work began," she says. "Just going on tour, even in a Shubert production, didn't 'make' the children, so far as New York was concerned; I had to get them known to other New York managers, and that was not easy. It meant going from office to office, trying to meet the managers.

"It meant waiting, sometimes for hours, in reception-rooms and then being told to come back another day.

"When I couldn't do better for the children I took stock engagements out of town; sometimes for only two or four weeks at a time; often with one-night stands. But it all counted in their training and advancement. Sometimes they would rehearse for weeks and the show would last only a week or two. But I never counted the time lost if a show was not a success, for the time spent in rehearsals was all a part of the training of the children and they came out of each engagement with that much more experience, even though the show may have been a rank failure.

Three Years in "The Follies"

"FOR five years I had no easy sailing; it was hard work and plenty of it, keeping the family together and finding work for them.

"But I managed somehow without neglecting the health and education of the children. When the children were rehearsing or playing I never let them have any other responsibility than keeping up with their lessons. I always saw that they had necessary rest and recreation and the proper food. There is where my years of housekeeping experience, doing my own cooking, came in. The stage demands youth, beauty, vitality and wit. Youth, beauty and vitality can't be preserved in young bodies that are not properly fed, that don't get time to play and time to sleep, and constant health protection. And you can't develop wit in a child who doesn't get the right food and enough sleep.

"There is a lot of talk about stage children being neglected; there may be occasional cases, but I do not believe it is generally true. No stage mother can neglect her children and advance them very far.

"But I don't know what I would have done without my daughter Evelyn. I could not have worked so steadily without her. When I would have to go on the road with some of the children she would stay at home and look after the others. Sometimes she would go on the road with them while I stayed in New York finding work for the others.

"Pearl and Evelyn got their first profitable engagement with the Winter Garden show. (*Continued on page 37*)

"You can't make a silk

By *Major* LEONARD DARWIN, D. C. D.

Son of Charles Darwin

NOT SO long ago they would have burned men at the stake for such views as these. Even to-day we legislate against the teaching of the theory of evolution. There is Tennessee. In Florida and North Carolina they're battling over "Darwin's ideas," and the fight is spreading. Here are some hot shots from the son of the man who is blamed for starting the fracas. He says nothing about "man's descent from monkeys." (Neither did Charles Darwin—although millions think he did.) Instead he discusses the influence of the "family tree." He believes you can't help being what you are. It is the scientists' view of heredity; and such a view is meat for a fighter like Bryan.

William Jennings Bryan answers Mr. Darwin next week in "The Bible is Good Enough for Me"

TELL me who your grandfather was and I'll tell you what you are; or, better, give me your pedigree, in detail and covering several generations, and I'll tell you what you *can't help* being.

You may say, "Heredity is interesting to scientists and scholars, but it deals with events long past—ancient history. For me it is all too remote. *My* ancestors are dead. They have lived their lives and passed on. I am interested in the *living*."

But look about you in the community in which you live.

With all the advantages in the world, it is no more possible to make a genius of an imbecile than it is to "make a silk purse out of a sow's ear," or to draw blood from a stone.

Sir Francis Galton, the distinguished English scientist, hit upon the original and decisive idea of proving the great influence of heredity by the study of "twins." It has been generally held that twins are of two kinds—"ordinary" and "identical."

Some twins differ from each other greatly, while others are astonishingly alike. It is held that these "identical" twins result from the splitting in two in some unknown manner of the same egg-cell.

Galton reasoned that if environment really changes inborn character, then these "identical" twins, who start life from halves of the same whole, ought to become more and more unlike, because they cannot be exposed to identical conditions.

Galton found that in most cases the resemblance in body and mind continued almost unaltered up to old age, notwithstanding exposure to different conditions of life; while in other cases a severe disease accounted for some noticeable change. In the few cases in which he found that some slight dissimilarity did develop late in life the characters in which the twins eventually differed were such as always normally develop late in life.

The power of environment to modify inborn characteristics to any appreciable degree is negligible.

But here we come face to face with the popular belief that "all men are created equal."

Are you married? Have you any children? Do you believe that your family is no better than any other family? Do you think that you and your family have no advantages over the family born and brought up in the slums? In a word, do you believe what Thomas Jefferson wrote as a self-evident truth in the Declaration of Independence that all men *are* "created equal"?

Success is a Family Affair

WHAT Jefferson had in mind when he made this famous statement was equality in legal rights.

That all men are not "created equal" but that they differ not only physically but also mentally (and, one may add, morally as well) is sufficiently clear. The results of the examinations of American soldiers during the late war are conclusive. Together with those of the highest physical and mental excellence, it was found that out of the entire number examined about two per cent showed a degree of intelligence approximating that of a child ten years old, that about one third were unfit for any sort of military service and that only one half were capable of being trained for full military duty. Similar, though possibly even more unsatisfactory, results were found in the military tests of other countries.

Nearly half a century ago Galton made a careful and exhaustive investigation of a large number of the most distinguished families in England. His object was to discover, if possible, just how far unusual mental ability, as shown in successful men, was due to birth—that is, to heredity in the usually accepted sense—and how much to differences in opportunity, surroundings or environment. As the universities of Oxford and Cambridge have turned out for the last century or two the most eminent men in England, they were obviously a good field for his investigation. If it were found that nothing more was necessary to insure a young man's success than a first-rate education and a chance to meet and associate with people of superior ability, then the prizes of life ought to be pretty evenly distributed, over a long period, among the graduates of the two universities.

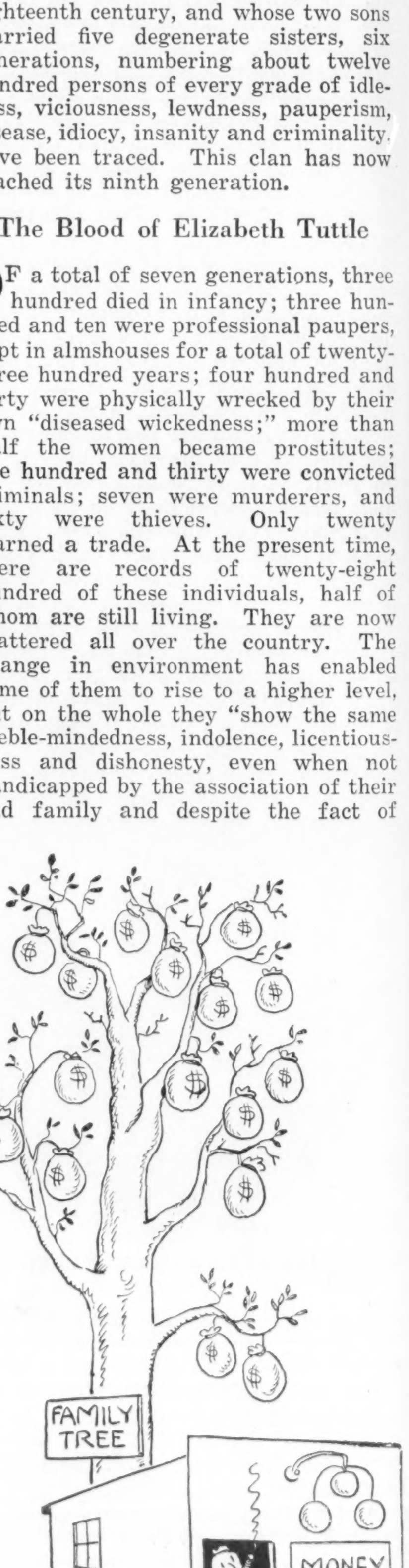
Galton proved that this was not the case. In looking over the history of England for the past two centuries he found that success is, to a remarkable degree, a "family" affair. A distinguished father is likely to have a distinguished son, while the son of two "nobodies" has small chance of such success. To sum up in a word Galton's conclusions, he proved that the son, for example, of a distinguished judge has about one chance in four of becoming himself distinguished, while the son of a man picked at random from the population has about one chance in four thousand.

This investigation has been made in America also. Thirty-five hundred names were selected as representing the most eminent and successful men in America. Now, as Doctor Frederick Adams Woods, who made the investigation, says, if we take it that the average person in the population has twenty close relatives—as near as an uncle or a grandson—then computation shows that only one person in five hundred in the United States will be a near relative of one of these thirty-five hundred eminent selected men—that is, if we assume the whole thing to be a mere matter of chances. As a fact, one in every five—not one in every five hundred—of these eminent thirty-five hundred men is related to some other person belonging to this distinguished group. If the more celebrated men alone be considered, then it has been shown that about one in three of them has a close relative who is also distinguished!

Let us look at an interesting instance of a tribe of people, native Americans. From a lazy vagabond nicknamed "Juke," who was born early in the eighteenth century, and whose two sons married five degenerate sisters, six generations, numbering about twelve hundred persons of every grade of idleness, viciousness, lewdness, pauperism, disease, idiocy, insanity and criminality, have been traced. This clan has now reached its ninth generation.

The Blood of Elizabeth Tuttle

OF a total of seven generations, three hundred died in infancy; three hundred and ten were professional paupers, kept in almshouses for a total of twenty-three hundred years; four hundred and forty were physically wrecked by their own "diseased wickedness;" more than half the women became prostitutes; one hundred and thirty were convicted criminals; seven were murderers, and sixty were thieves. Only twenty learned a trade. At the present time, there are records of twenty-eight hundred of these individuals, half of whom are still living. They are now scattered all over the country. The change in environment has enabled some of them to rise to a higher level, but on the whole they "show the same feeble-mindedness, indolence, licentiousness and dishonesty, even when not handicapped by the association of their bad family and despite the fact of



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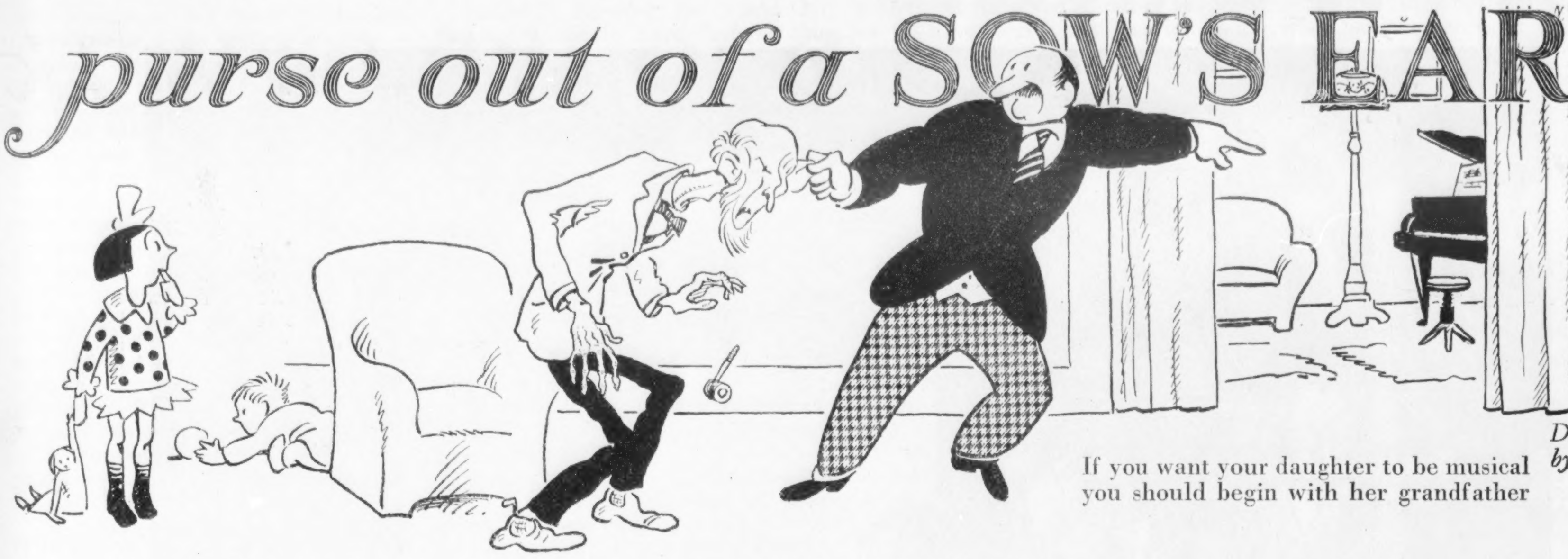


If you want your daughter to be musical you should begin with her grandfather

Drawing by FRUEH

being surrounded by better social conditions."

Toward the end of the seventeenth century in New England a remarkable woman was born whose descendants were destined to play a great rôle and to exercise a wonderful influence in the history and development of American life. Her name was Elizabeth Tuttle. She was born of English parents—one of them, her father, remotely descended from royalty. She was a great beauty, "tall, commanding and of striking carriage," magnetic and of unusual mental and physical vigor. Her husband, Richard Edwards, was a lawyer of high repute; and from this old Puritan strain came a long list of useful citizens and eminent leaders.

At their head stands the great educator, Jonathan Edwards, and behind him an array of descendants numbering, in 1900, thirteen hundred and ninety-four, of whom two hundred and ninety-five were college graduates; thirteen presidents of our greatest colleges; sixty-five professors in colleges, besides many principals of other important educational institutions; sixty physicians, many of them leaders in their work; seventy-five officers in the army and navy; sixty prominent authors and writers; more than one hundred lawyers, one of them considered by some as America's most famous jurist.

This by no means completes the list; but it is not too much to say, I think, that almost if not every department of social progress and the public good has felt the impulse of this highly gifted, healthy and long-lived family.

Contrast these achievements with the lack of achievements and the futile existence of a family or tribe like the "Jukes" and you have a most vivid picture of the working of the principles of heredity through good and bad family strains over a long period of time.

With the publication about half a century ago of my father's work on the "Origin of Species," one of the principal theses upheld was that of natural selection and "the survival of the fittest." Now in the case of the family just cited, natural selection and survival have played their parts through the many generations; but the "stock" was good and by intermarriage with stock of like quality the family has improved and not deteriorated. And, as it is with families and individuals, so it is with the races.

If fame and riches have passed you by, blame the old family tree. It's responsible for nearly everything

LEMONADE
FAMILY TREE

Why Eyes Are Brown

PARTLY from the results of the great mass of detailed information collected from experiments on animals, but chiefly from a study of the way heredity acts in man, Galton formulated the law that in each generation we inherit from our forbears in this ratio: from our parents, one half; from grandparents, one fourth; from great-grandparents, one eighth, and so on back to our earliest ancestors.

Take the simple example of eye-color. If you are a young woman with blue eyes and for reasons of your own admire brown eyes and want your children to be brown-eyed, don't marry a man whose eyes are blue. All your children will have blue eyes. But if you select a husband who has brown eyes, the chances are that some of your children will be brown-eyed—probably all of them, certainly one out of two. If both of you have brown eyes, the problem is simpler—of four children, let us say, the probability is that all of them will be brown-eyed, provided both of you come from pure stock and your immediate ancestors have brown eyes. If there be a blue-eyed exception, one of your children may "take after" that particular ancestor.

Now in mental as well as physical traits the same inevitable laws are at work. Let us take the question of musical ability. Perhaps you have a son who has a special talent for music and who, with practically no training or application, goes to an opera or "hears a tune" and comes home and plays it "by ear" on the piano; while at the same time you have paid hundreds of dollars for your daughter's "musical" education with no appreciable result. Did it ever occur to you that this ability, like the color of your eyes or the shape of your head, is inherited—literally "bred in the bone"?

Look at some of the world's great musicians—Mozart, composing at the age of five; Mendelssohn, at fifteen; Beethoven, publishing a masterpiece at thirteen; Bach, maturing at twenty-two; and so on. In the ancestry of each of these composers was decided musical talent and ability. In the Bach family alone there were twenty eminent musicians and two score more who showed talent. So, if you want your daughter to be musical, don't you see that you should begin with her grandfather? And that if she has her heart set upon musical ability in her children she must select a husband whose family excels in music?

You will hardly find an expectant mother who does not believe that she exerts a great influence upon her child before it is born. If the mother is nervous during this period, if she receives some great shock or witnesses an accident which revolts her, it is an everyday experience for all of us to hear that the child born at this time and showing a disposition or even a marked disposition toward nervousness, owes the peculiarity to the mother's feelings. On the other hand, we are all familiar with the popular belief that if during this period the mother, we will say, listens to beautiful music, or visits galleries where only the works of the masters are displayed, the child will be likely to benefit in an artistic way. We sometimes even hear that the mother, by "willing" that the child be a boy or a girl, and by constantly holding this desire in her mind, may actually influence the sex of the unborn baby.

These ideas are fallacious. The traits which will appear in the child are absolutely independent of the mother's feelings during that period and are as predestined as the rising of the sun. There is this, however, to be said: Nourishment is what the mother contributes to the child during this period and any outward effect—such as the shock from witnessing an accident, or the like, which impairs her own physical health and so lessens her ability to convey proper nourishment to the child, or alcoholic drink, which affects the quality of that nourishment —will obviously be injurious. But it is a question only of nourishment.

Disease Isn't Inherited

THIS brings us face to face with the much-discussed question of "birth control." I think the question should be faced squarely. And I have no hesitation in saying that for a well-to-do family of good lineage to limit the number of its children unduly is *not only immoral, but unpatriotic.*

It is held, even among social workers, who have the best interests of the race at heart, that by improving living conditions and general health, certain inheritable traits, like epilepsy or certain forms of insanity, can, in some unknown way, be at once "squeezed out." Such is not the case. If a perfectly normal person marries an epileptic, for example, the children of that union may show no taint, and the hidden seed may lie dormant without showing its effects for several generations. But, if, at the end of that time, there should occur a marriage into a family where the strain of epilepsy is present though hidden, some at least of the children of that union will suffer from the disease.

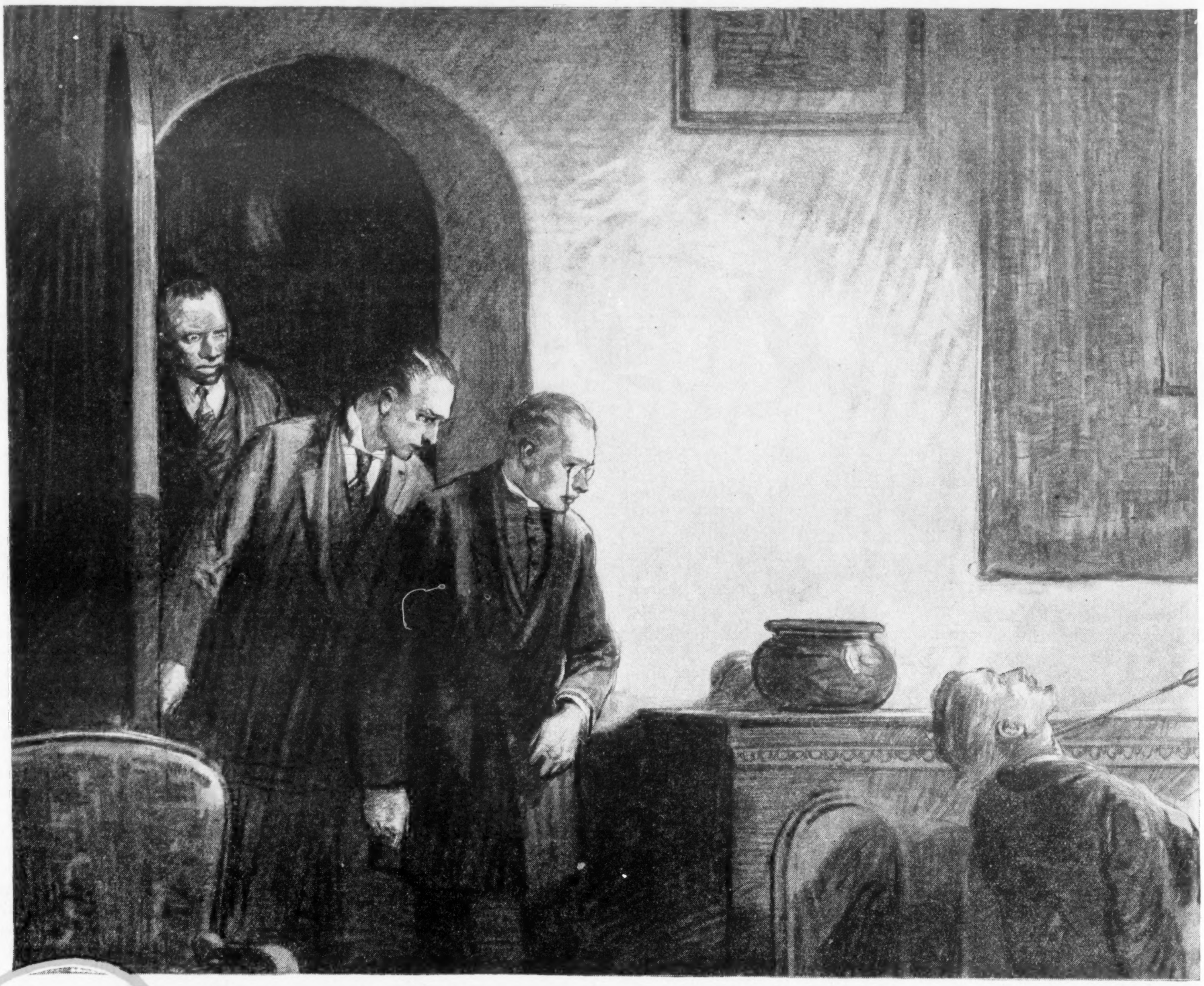
One can readily see, therefore, that in the marriage of one's daughter it is not only desirable but necessary to know something of the young man's family history. It is also necessary to have some idea of which diseases and traits are actually hereditary. For a great many years it was thought that diseases like tuberculosis were heritable.

But modern science no longer accepts this view. Since the inheritance is carried in the germ plasm, which is constant and unaffected by outside influences, to say that any disease, like tuberculosis, which is caused by a micro-organism, is transmitted from one generation to another would obviously be a contradiction in terms. This applies, as well, to diseases like smallpox or malaria. What is really inherited is not the disease itself but a predisposition for it.

Selection of Mates

THE same is true of alcoholism. A man might not inherit drunkenness from his father, but he might very well inherit the mental traits or disposition which caused it. It is now generally accepted that many of the forms of feeble-mindedness and insanity are transmissible. And it is also held that the hereditary nature of most types of epilepsy is established. The same holds true in many forms of neuropathic ailments which show themselves in many ways, as, for example, in violent temper.

In regard to the inheritance of physical traits, it is only necessary to observe the characteristics of a family during two or three generations to be reasonably sure of the physical traits which many of that family will inherit. The minute way in which these traits are handed down from one generation to another is well illustrated by a very simple experiment. Sit down and fold your hands in your lap so that the fingers alternate. Notice whether the thumb of your right hand or your left is uppermost. At the end of half an hour, try the (*Continued on page 39*)



The ARROW of HEAVEN

By

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

ILLUSTRATED BY
HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

FATHER BROWN and young Wain were admitted through a steel door, which instantly clicked behind them. Inside was a large and elaborate garden of gay and varied colors, but entirely without any trees or tall shrubs or flowers. In the center of it rose a house of handsome and even striking architecture, but so high and narrow as to resemble a tower. The burning sunlight gleamed on glass roofing here and there at the top, but there seemed to be no windows at all in the lower part of it. Over everything was that spotless and sparkling cleanliness that seemed so native to the clear American air. When they came inside the portal they stood amid resplendent marble and metals and enamels of brilliant colors, but there was no staircase. Nothing but a single shaft for a lift went up the center between the solid walls, and the approach to it was guarded by heavy, powerful men like plain-clothes men.

"Pretty elaborate protection, I know," said Wain. "Maybe it makes you smile a little, Father Brown, to find Merton has to live in a fortress like this without even a tree in the garden for anyone to hide behind. But you don't know what we're up against in this country. And perhaps you don't know just what the name of Brander Merton means. He's a quiet-looking man enough, and anybody might pass him in the street—not that they get much chance, nowadays, for he can only go out now and then in a closed car. But if anything happened to Brander Merton there'd be earthquakes from Alaska to the Cannibal Islands. I fancy there was never a king or emperor who had such power over the nations as he has. After all, I suppose if you'd been asked to visit the Czar or the King of England, you'd have had the curiosity to go. You mayn't care much for czars or millionaires, but it just means that power like that is always interesting. And I hope it's not against your principles to visit a modern sort of emperor like Merton."

"Not at all," said Father Brown quietly. "It is my duty to visit prisoners and all miserable men in captivity."

There was a silence, and the young man frowned with a strange and almost shifty look on his lean face. Then he said abruptly:

"Well, you've got to remember it isn't only common crooks or the Black Hand that's against him. This Daniel Doom is pretty much like the devil. Look how he dropped Trant in his own gardens and Horder outside his house and got away with it."

It was very generally said that these men had fallen victims to some vendetta or curse attaching to the possession of a relic of great value, both intrinsically and historically—a sort of chalice inlaid with precious stones and commonly called the Coptic Cup. Its origin was obscure, but its use was conjectured to be religious, and some attributed the feud that followed its possessor to the fanaticism of some Oriental Christian horrified at its passing through such materialistic hands.

IT SEEMED that Wain had an uncle named Crake, who had a partner named Merton, who was number three in the series of rich business men to whom the cup had belonged. The first of them, Titus P. Trant, the Copper King, had received threatening letters from somebody signing himself Daniel Doom.

Trant was found one morning with his head in his own lily pond, and there was not the shadow of a clue. The cup, fortunately, was safe in the bank, and it passed with the rest of Trant's property to his cousin Brian Horder, who was also a man of great wealth and who was also threatened by the nameless enemy. Brian Horder was picked up dead at the foot of a cliff outside his seaside residence at which there was a burglary, this time on a large scale. For though the cup apparently again escaped, enough bonds and securities were stolen to leave Horder's financial affairs in confusion.

"Brian Horder's widow," explained Wain, "had to sell most of his valuables, I believe, and Brander Merton must have purchased the cup at that time, for he had it when I first knew him. But you can guess for yourself that it's not a very comfortable thing to have."

The top floor of the mansion, inside the enormously thick walls, consisted of two rooms, an outer room which they entered and an inner room that was the great millionaire's sanctum. They entered the outer room just as two other visitors were coming out of the inner one. One was hailed by Peter Wain as his uncle, a small but stalwart and active man with a shaved head that looked bald and a brown face that looked almost too brown to have ever been white. This was old Crake, commonly called Hickory Crake in reminiscence of the more famous Old Hickory, because of his fame in the last Indian wars. His companion was a singular contrast, a dapper gentleman with dark hair like black varnish and a broad black ribbon to his monocle: Barnard Blake, who was old Merton's lawyer, and had been discussing with the partners the business of the firm. The four men met in the middle of the outer room and paused for a little polite conversation, in the act of going and coming. And through all goings and comings another figure sat at the back of the room near the inner door, massive and motionless in the half light from the inner window, a man with a Negroid face and enormous shoulders. This was what the humorous self-criticism of America playfully calls the Bad Man, whom his friends might call a bodyguard and his enemies a bravo.

THIS man never moved or stirred to greet anybody, but the sight of him in the outer room seemed to move Peter Wain to his first nervous query.

"Is anybody with the chief?" he asked.

"Don't get rattled, Peter," chuckled his uncle. "Wilton, the secretary, is with him, and I hope that's enough for anybody. I don't believe Wilton ever sleeps for watching Merton. He is better than twenty bodyguards. And he's as quick and quiet as an Indian."

"Well, you ought to know," said his nephew, laughing. "I remember the Indian tricks you used to teach me when I was a boy and liked to read Indian stories. But in my Indian stories the Indians seemed always to have the worst of it."

"They didn't in real life," said the old frontiersman grimly.

"Indeed?" inquired the bland Mr. Blake. "I should have thought they could do very little against our firearms."

"I've seen an Indian stand under a hundred guns with nothing but a little scalping knife and kill a white man standing at my side on the top of a fort," said Crake.

"Why, what did he do with it?" asked the other.

"Threw it," replied Crake; "threw it in a flash before a shot could be fired. I don't know where he learned the trick."

"Well, I hope you didn't learn it," said his nephew, laughing.

"It seems to me," said Father Brown thoughtfully, "that the story might have a moral."

While they were speaking Mr. Wilton, the secretary, had come out of the inner room and stood waiting—a pale, fair-haired man with a square chin and steady eyes with a look like a dog's; it was not difficult to believe that he had the single eye of a watchdog.

He only said, "Mr. Merton can see you in about ten minutes," but it served for a signal to break up the gossiping group. Old Crake said he must be off, and his nephew went out with him and his legal companion, leaving Father Brown for the moment alone with the secretary, for the Negroid giant at the other end of the room could hardly be felt as if he were human or alive; he sat so motionless, with his broad back to them, staring toward the inner room.

"Arrangements rather elaborate here, I'm afraid," said the secretary. "You've probably heard all about this Daniel Doom and why it isn't safe to leave the boss very much alone."

"But he is alone just now, isn't he?" said Father Brown.

The secretary looked at him with grave gray eyes.

"For fifteen minutes," he said. "For fifteen minutes out of the twenty-four hours. That is all the real solitude he has; and that he insists on, for a pretty remarkable reason."

"And what is the reason?" inquired the visitor.

Wilton, the secretary, continued his steady gaze, but his mouth, that had been merely grave, became grim.

"The Coptic Cup," he said. "Perhaps you've forgotten the Coptic Cup, but he hasn't forgotten that or anything else. He doesn't trust any of us about the Coptic Cup. It's locked up somewhere and somehow in that room so that only he can find it, and he won't take it out till we're all out of the way. So we have to risk that quarter of an hour while he sits and worships it; I think it's the only worshiping he does. Not that there's any risk, really, for I've turned all this place into a trap I don't believe the devil himself could get into—or, at any rate, get out of. If this infernal Daniel Doom pays us a visit, he'll stay to dinner and a good bit later, by God. I sit here on hot bricks for the fifteen minutes, and the instant I heard a shot or a sound of struggle I'd press this button and an electrocuting current would run in a ring round that garden wall, so that it'd be death to cross or climb it. Of course there couldn't be a shot, for this is the only way in, and the only window he sits at is away up on the top of a tower as smooth as a greasy pole. But anyhow, we're all armed here, of course, and if Doom did get into that room he'd be dead before he got out."

FATHER BROWN was blinking at the carpet, in a brown study. Then he said suddenly, with something like a jerk:

"I hope you won't mind my mentioning it, but a kind of notion came into my head just this minute. It's about you."

"Indeed," remarked Wilton. "And what about me?"

"I think you are a man of one idea," said Father Brown, "and you will forgive me for saying that it seems to be even more the idea of catching Daniel Doom than of defending Brander Merton."

Wilton stared a little and continued to stare at his companion; then, very slowly, his grim mouth took on a rather curious smile.

"How did you—what makes you think that?" he asked.

"You said that if you heard a shot you could instantly electrocute the escaping enemy," remarked the priest. "I suppose it occurred to you that the shot might be fatal to your employer before the shock was fatal to his foe. I don't mean that you wouldn't protect Mr. Merton if you could, but it seems to come rather second in your thoughts. The arrangements are very elaborate, as you say, and you seem to have elaborated them. But they seem even more designed to catch a murderer than to save a man."

"Father Brown," said the secretary, who had recovered his quiet tone, "you're very smart, but there's something more to you than smartness. Somehow you're the sort of man to whom one wants to tell the truth, and, besides, you'll probably hear it, anyhow, for in one way it's a joke against me already. They all say I'm a monomaniac about running down this big crook, and perhaps I am. But I'll tell you one thing that none of them know. My full name is John Wilton Horder."

Father Brown nodded as if he were completely enlightened, but the other went on:

"This fellow who calls himself Doom killed my father and uncle and ruined my mother. When Merton wanted a secretary I took this job because I thought that where the cup was the criminal might sooner or later be. But I didn't know who the criminal was and could only wait for him, and I meant to serve Merton faithfully."

"I understand," said Father Brown gently, "and, by the way, isn't it time that we attended on him?"

"Why, yes," answered Wilton, again starting a little out of his brooding, so that the priest concluded that his vindictive mania had again absorbed him for a moment. "Go in now, by all means."

Father Brown walked straight into the inner room. No sound of greeting followed, only a dead silence, and a moment after the priest reappeared in the doorway.

At the same moment the silent bodyguard sitting near the door moved suddenly, and it was as if a huge piece of furniture had come to life. It seemed as though in the very attitude of the priest had been a signal, for his head was against the light from the inner window and his face was in shadow.

"I suppose you will press that button," he said with a sort of sigh.

Wilton seemed to awake from his savage brooding with a bound and leaped up with a catch in his voice.

"There was no shot!" he cried.

"Well," said Father Brown, "it depends on what you mean by a shot."

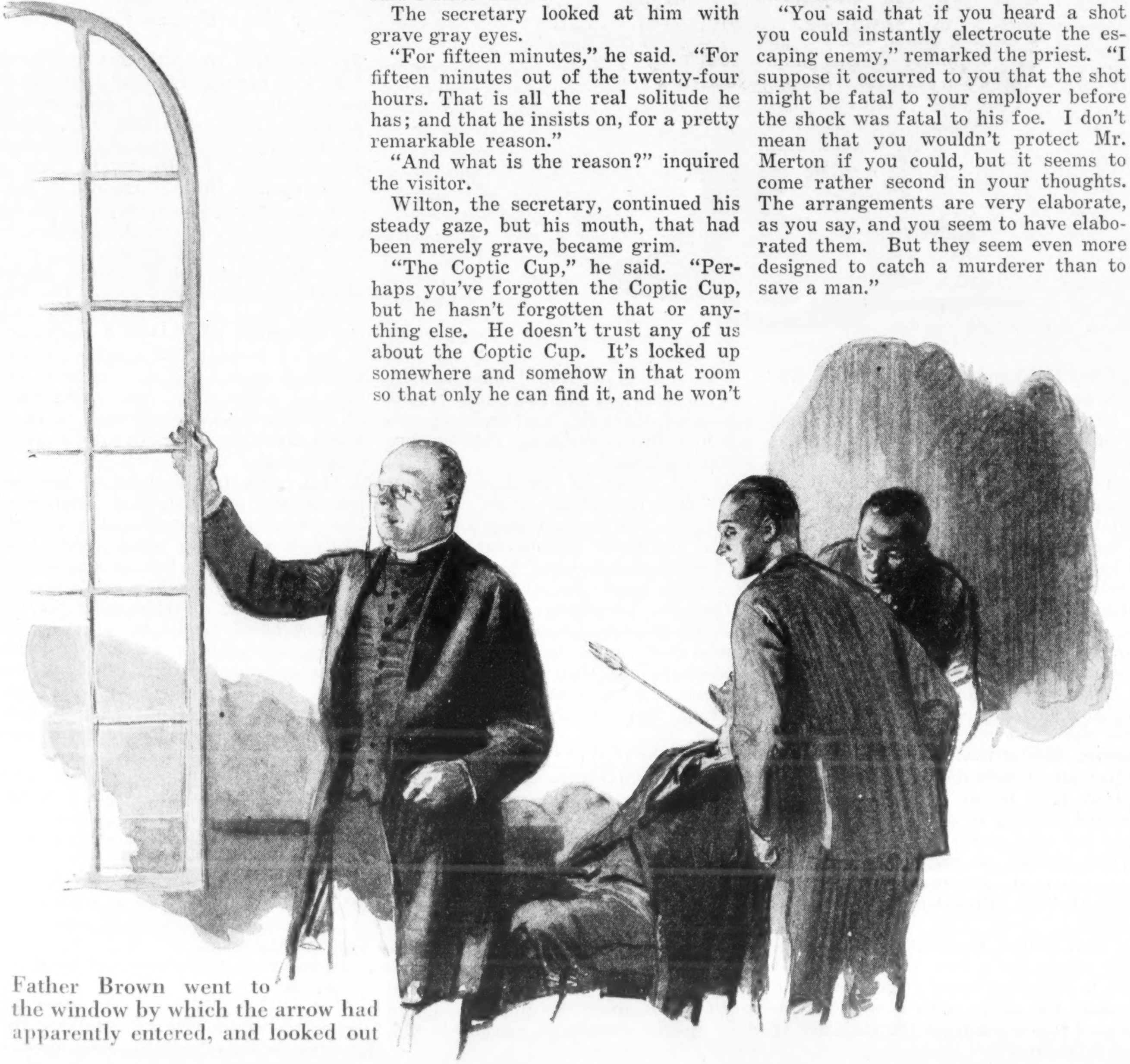
WILTON rushed forward, and they plunged into the inner room together. It was a comparatively small room and simply, though elegantly, furnished. Opposite them one wide window stood open, overlooking the garden and the wooded plain. Close up against the window stood a chair and a small table, as if the captive desired as much air and light as was allowed him during his brief luxury of loneliness.

On the little table under the window stood the Coptic Cup; its owner had evidently been looking at it in the best light. It was well worth looking at, for that white and brilliant daylight turned its precious stones to many-colored flames, so that it might have been a model of the Holy Grail. It was well worth looking at, but Brander Merton was not looking at it, for his head had fallen back over his chair, his mane of white hair hanging toward the floor and his spike of grizzled beard thrust up toward the ceiling, and out of his throat stood a long brown-painted arrow with red feathers at the other end.

"A silent shot," said Father Brown in a low voice. "I was just wondering about those new inventions for silencing firearms. But this is a very old invention and quite as silent."

Then, after a moment, he added, "I'm afraid he is dead. What are you going to do?"

The pale secretary roused himself with abrupt resolution. "I'm going to press that button, of course," he said, "and if that doesn't do for Daniel Doom I'm going to hunt him through the world till I find him." (*Continued on page 30*)



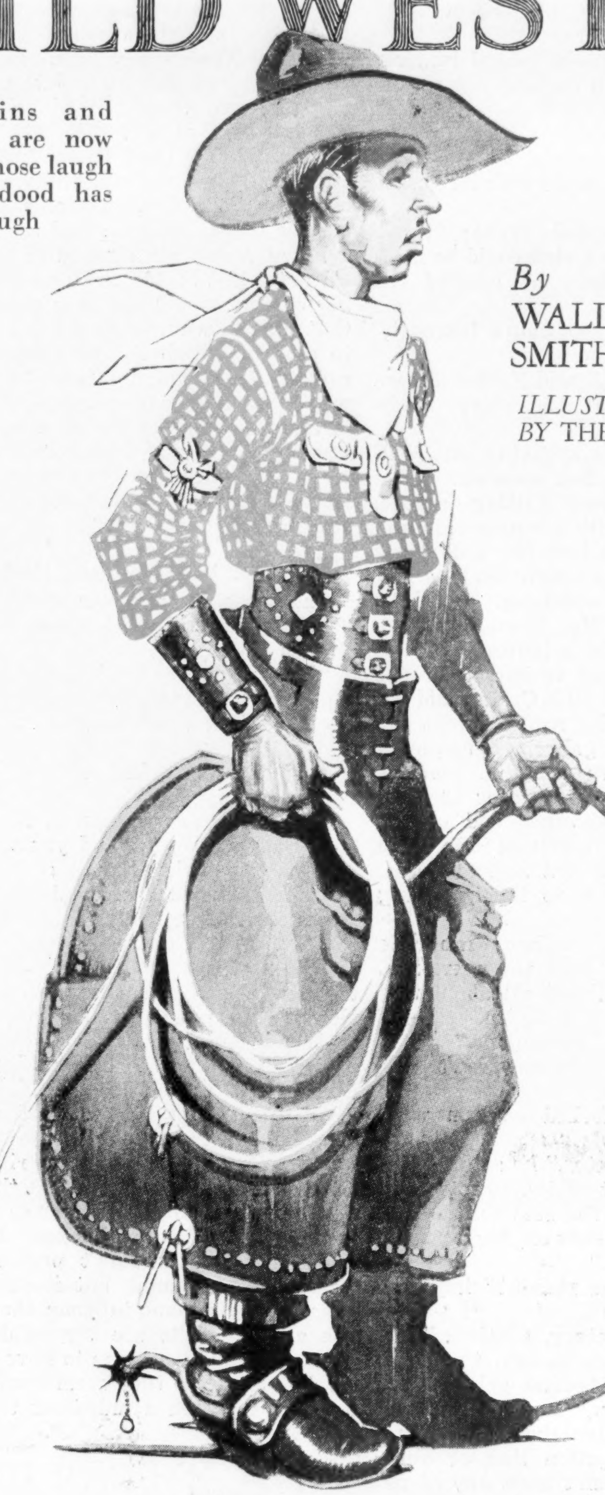
Father Brown went to the window by which the arrow had apparently entered, and looked out

The "WILD WEST" strikes pay dirt

Paleface redskins and "dood" ranches are now the vogue. Let those laugh who will; the dood has the last laugh

By
WALLACE
SMITH

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR



MAVERICK TOD saw it first and reached, instinctively and incredulously, for the carbine slung under his stirrup leather. When I saw it—being of another generation than the veteran plainsman—I looked, instinctively and cynically, for a motion-picture camera.

It was an Indian brave on a spotted pony. The red warrior was something more than resplendent in beaded buckskin, a full-feathered headdress and vermilion and ocher paint. He sat his mount against a majestic background of pines and gazed like an aboriginal mystic at the snow-hooded mountain in whose sight we had been riding for two days.

He was an entire pageant in solo; a single-handed tableau of the vanishing of the red man—of his pause on the edge of the Great Beyond to ask the immemorial riddle of the spirit of the mountain. Very fetching too.

But Maverick Tod, whose youth dates back to the raids of Geronimo, instinctively raised his carbine.

At this critical moment the picturesque and imposing tableau observed us and raised its right hand in the ancient token of friendship.

"Me good Indian," he declared. "Me friend paleface. Show him last of buffalo herd. Teach him moose call. Sell him bow-and-arrow plenty cheap—"

"Herbert Stumbling Gray Weasel," I interrupted sternly. "What does this mean? Why this masquerade? Have you been dallying again with the white man's burden, Herbert Stumbling Gray Weasel, in the bottles smuggled across the Canadian border—or what?"

He moodily took a package of cigarettes from the bosom of his buckskin shirt while I explained to Maverick Tod. Herbert Stumbling Gray Weasel was a friend of mine: an educated, full-blood Piute Indian with a reservation ranch in Oregon and, deplorably, a thirst acquired coincidentally with his bachelor of arts degree.

The Piute's Tale

"IF ONLY they didn't desire to see me start a fire by twirling sticks together," mourned Herbert the Piute. "That's the thing that hurts. Every one of 'em wants to see that trick—every blinkety-blank-asterisk-double-dash dood wants to see fire made in the primitive manner."

"Dood?" I inquired. But already I knew the grief in his heart. I should have guessed it from the first.

"Oui, mon vieux," answered the sad Piute. "I am a dood Indian at five iron dollars per diem. For that more than modest wage I provide atmosphere and color, as you have seen, posing against the handy panorama that Nature has so thoughtfully furnished.

"For those five bucks I thrill the Eastern visitor—the curious, unbelievable paleface tourist—and, in Fenimore Cooper dialect, which to my shame you have heard, I fake appropriate replies to his amazing interrogations about life in the great open spaces. I have even borrowed the toupee of my uncle, Sylvester Laughing Horse, to display as a scalp and thus brighten up my act. This is rough on Uncle Sylvester, who does not know I borrowed the adornment of vanity.

"The grease paint is doing things to my complexion, and I don't get to see the movie shows as often as I might desire. But at that it is not a bad life. After all, it gets one out in the open. Surely it is better than ranching under the scrutiny of a government agent who not only wants to play the Great White Father, as my ancestors called the paternal government, but also the All-Wise Providence and Simon Legree.

"Last season, to draw enough of my own money for a pair of suspenders, I had to file government requisitions and present the agent with a suitably engraved resolution from the majority of my tribesmen.

"Yes; being a dood Indian has its recompenses. If only the ding-busted, flop-eared doods didn't all insist on seeing how fire is made by rubbing two sticks together."

In the midst of his fresh lament over the fire-eating trick, Herbert sprang for the spotted pony and readjusted the Sioux war bonnet.

"I'm a union Indian," he cried, "and here come some customers."

Herbert Stumbling Gray Weasel, with his picturesque specialty, was the newest frill in the industry known as dood-wrangling. Our trail, heading for the bear country in the Tres Hermanas foothills, had cut across a far corner of the latest dood ranch to be established on the trail of the old frontier.

This special ranch, a cozy little estate of some 300,000 acres, was recently used as the prime location of a historical movie of the bigger and better kind. Thereafter, tourists flocked to the spot. They begged to be allowed to have their photographs taken in rakish attitudes on a real cow pony. They craved to eat authentic flapjacks such as are concocted at the chuck-wagon in roundup time. They wanted to know all about the Indians. Could they sleep overnight in one of the old, chinky log cabins?

The owner of the ranch was harried until he was inspired. He hired extra hands to act as guides to the visitors and permit the regular cowpunchers to go about their duties. He bought extra horses and ornate saddles for renting purposes. He opened a store for the sale of immense sombreros, Navaho blankets, spurs, high-heeled boots and all the rest of the trappings associated, fictionally or otherwise, with the galloping cow hand.

Indians were employed, as in the case of Herbert S. G. Weasel, and stationed at advantageous spots. Extra log cabins were built and "antiqued" atmospherically. It is even reported that a somewhat mangy and discouraged buffalo was secured to heighten the effect.

They Make Dreams Come True

IN a general way this metamorphosis is the history of the dood ranch through the West. It is a pleasant and profitable industry which has grown astonishingly in the past decade; pleasant, because it is pleasant to assist a grown man in the fulfillment of a boyhood dream; profitable, because in many instances it has solved the problem of the struggling ranch owner.

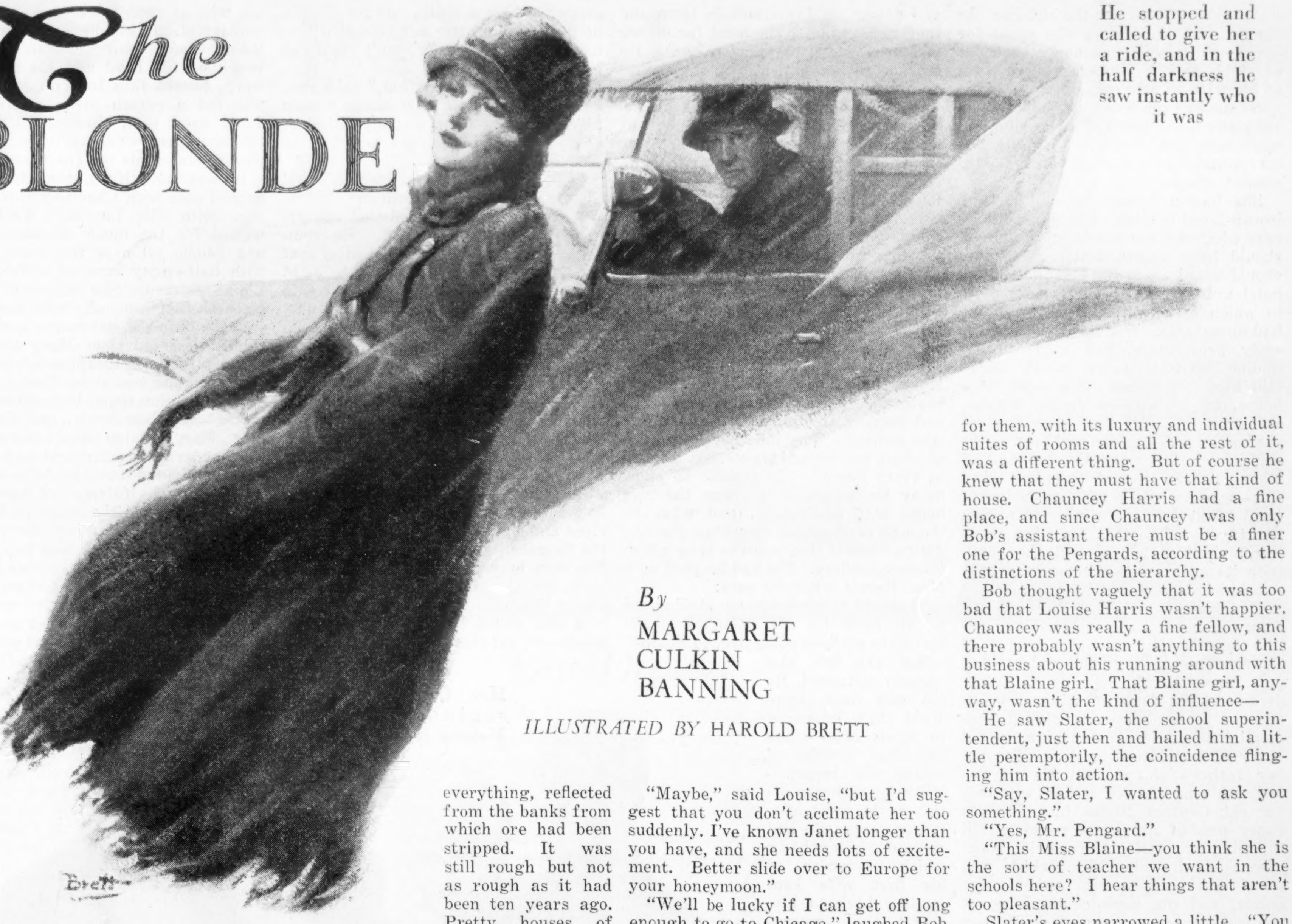
In New England the sight of an abandoned farm is not rare. The visitor in the West is often struck with the apparition of an abandoned ranch, a forlorn homesteader's cabin, a surrendered mining claim. Or now and then an entire town, left in the wake of a noisy, golden and empty boom, is found crumbling—a deserted village of local legend.

Alas, even in the land of promise not all the promises have been kept. The wheat market cracks. The veteran will tell you, with some vigor, that cattle raising is, at best, a gamble. He will recall years in which herds seemed useful only to provide sport for the dashing hired hands to pursue with cinema recklessness across the wide plains and back again. Not all the ambitious ones could be wheat kings and cattle barons. Some had to be content as dukes and earls and most with less than that.

In New England the abandoned farm has found a new utilization. It has become a roadhouse; in many instances, we are informed, a law-abiding one. Or it has become an antique shop, loaded with sly spinning wheels and ostensible pewter spoons, or a tea-room or a craftsman's studio or something else entertaining.

In the West the abandoned farm incorporates, becomes a "dood ranch"—and flourishes. Which is fitting in an age when, as literary folks tell us, the country grows (*Continued on page 34*)

The BLONDE



He stopped and called to give her a ride, and in the half darkness he saw instantly who it was

By MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD BRETT

PENGARD lifted his hat hastily and disapprovingly as he passed her. He always felt somewhat affronted by the very presence of Mary Blaine on the streets of Vermilion. She stood out against their rudeness, commanding men's eyes and disarranging their thoughts and as she smiled at him in her slow, confident way Pengard was immediately reminded of the things people said about her. He thought harshly that they were probably true enough. The girl did not look as a teacher in the public schools of Vermilion should look.

Yet Mary Blaine's face was not painted nor was she dressed in startling colors. She wore a tan dress, whose edge showed under the smart black, fur-bordered coat, and her hair was soft and honey-colored in the tone of the fur. It was her fairness which stopped people and turned their heads as they passed her, if they did not know who Mary Blaine was. She had the fairness of a princess, the traditional white skin and dull blue eyes of lovely women, a fairness somehow significant of the beauty of all women. Under her eyes, which were no longer young, faint sepia shadows rested in curving hollows, and those had their meaning too. They made the women of Vermilion say to each other, with a kind of grim joyousness, that Mary Blaine was going off in her looks, and they reminded people that she had been through things and been talked about.

Pengard pushed her rudely back in his mind as a matter to be attended to when he got round to it. Since she was in Vermilion, she was in some sense Pengard's business, for Vermilion was his city now. It lay between the raised shoulders of huge open pit ore mines which gave it reason for existence. In the sunset a tinge of red was over everything, reflected from the banks from which ore had been stripped. It was still rough but not as rough as it had been ten years ago. Pretty houses of stucco and brick were settling down along short residence streets and the great city and school buildings, built so magnificently on corporation taxes, had lost their look of rank newness and were bordered now with smooth lawns. That was the city itself. On its edges, vast as the hills, limitless, deep, were the mines, open caverns of vermilion rock that had money in it and gave occupation to thousands of men and supported the city.

EVERYONE in Vermilion knew Bob Pengard except the transient salesmen and the casual drifting through the streets. He spoke pleasantly and curtly to nearly everyone whom he passed, recording the meetings in his mind. He was responsible for the business of Vermilion and the coating of civic and social life he knew for what it was and accepted also as part of his responsibilities.

The wife of his assistant, Chauncey Harris, called to him, and Bob went across the street obediently as she lowered the shining window of her sedan to speak to him.

"Hello, Louise," he said.

"You look very glum and hurried," answered Louise. "You'll have to change that look when you get married."

Pengard grinned. References to his approaching marriage always filled him with pleased embarrassment.

"I suppose."

"Janet's coming up this afternoon. She wired me this morning."

"So I hear. What shall we do to amuse her?"

Louise Harris grimaced. "She doesn't like Vermilion much, you know. No better than I do."

"Oh, she'll get used to it. She'll like it all right, when she gets here. Best little city on earth," said Pengard.

"Maybe," said Louise, "but I'd suggest that you don't acclimate her too suddenly. I've known Janet longer than you have, and she needs lots of excitement. Better slide over to Europe for your honeymoon."

"We'll be lucky if I can get off long enough to go to Chicago," laughed Bob.

Louise Harris gave him a weighted look. "How's your new house?"

"It's all right," said Pengard, "they're making quite a place out of it."

"Well, Janet will be crazy to see it. I'll call you up when she gets here—or she will. And we'll probably have dinner at the hotel. It's not so dead as at home."

She drove on and Pengard went in the other direction, vaguely disturbed by meeting her but warmed by the thought of Janet. He wanted to be married. For twelve years now he had been a widower, first a grief-stricken boy of twenty-four mourning secretly and desperately for his young wife. Gradually the pain had diminished. He had been content to be lonely, but when they brought him from Macadam to Vermilion and made him superintendent of the whole group of Red Wing mines he knew that there was something in the contention that he ought to have a wife. It was a position which needed a wife.

Then Louise Harris had brought up Janet, her cousin, and he had known that Janet was the right person to ask to marry him. She was intelligent, she had been to an Eastern college, and she had youth and beauty. Now that he had taken the plunge, as he put it to himself, and she had promised, he was frightened a little by the commitment. He had been shy of women during those years of his loneliness, even after he had stopped hating women because they lived on and his tragic little wife had died of a badly treated influenza, with [illegible] child still unborn. Pengard had been poor then and he had lived very intimately with his wife. He knew that the life he proposed to enter with Janet Manning, preluded by a hotel wedding trip and ending in the elaborate house which was being built for them, with its luxury and individual suites of rooms and all the rest of it, was a different thing. But of course he knew that they must have that kind of house. Chauncey Harris had a fine place, and since Chauncey was only Bob's assistant there must be a finer one for the Pengards, according to the distinctions of the hierarchy.

Bob thought vaguely that it was too bad that Louise Harris wasn't happier. Chauncey was really a fine fellow, and there probably wasn't anything to this business about his running around with that Blaine girl. That Blaine girl, anyway, wasn't the kind of influence—

He saw Slater, the school superintendent, just then and hailed him a little peremptorily, the coincidence flinging him into action.

"Say, Slater, I wanted to ask you something."

"Yes, Mr. Pengard."

"This Miss Blaine—you think she is the sort of teacher we want in the schools here? I hear things that aren't too pleasant."

Slater's eyes narrowed a little. "You mean the domestic science teacher in the high school?"

"I suppose," said Bob impatiently. "Miss Blaine, you know—the blonde."

"She's an excellent teacher and under contract," answered Slater. "Very good work. We know nothing against her at all. Her father was old Captain Blaine—before your time, perhaps."

The conversation lapsed for one moment without either man moving, yet each knew exactly what was implied.

"I see," said Pengard. "Well, I merely mentioned it, of course."

But he went on stiffly, wondering how much there was to that talk about Mary Blaine having Slater under her thumb. He didn't like it. There was the making of a business despot in Bob Pengard, and he had said thumbs down on Mary Blaine.

As for Slater, he went about his business, his jaw set, yet worried. He was willing to help Miss Blaine out, but he couldn't fight her battles past a certain point. That was sure. Such jobs as superintendent of the Vermilion schools did not go begging.

IT WAS Friday afternoon, and Mary Blaine was through with her work for the day. She was a little tired. The somewhat insulting disapproval of Pengard's look had not been lost on her, though she was used to such glances and commonly tossed them off. This one bruised her, somehow. She went to buy herself a dress for school and chose one of scarlet wool jersey, thinking vaguely as she bought it of the banks of white snow that always piled up against the windows of the domestic science room in the winter, which was coming, and of the deadly monotony of dark blue and brown of most winter clothes. Then she sighed, for she remembered that people would look at the dress askance—all but the children she taught. At the library she asked for books which were commonly kept out of sight, and the librarian gave them to her with an acid glance.

So she put the books under her arms with the titles protruding boldly and went home just as the sun had reached its reddest and the vermilion mines seemed aflame.

She had a home, she and a thin, brown-faced teacher of English literature who, said the people of Vermilion, should have known better. Teachers should board or, at the best, live at the hotel unless their parents had homes in which to keep them. Mary Blaine had no parents. Her father, one of the early prospectors, had died without finding fortune in the mines. Mary still kept the house. Not much of a house, to be sure—a frame cottage, rather more neatly built than most of the houses in Vermilion had been in the beginning. But what did she want of a house? The women of Vermilion asked this—mouths askew with suspicion of sex. What did two unmarried women live together like that for when there were boarding houses and the hotel, with its apartments for teachers with patent beds in the wall?

Mary Blaine's house was common from the outside, but within it was not like the other houses, which graded all the way from having rubber plants and polychrome book blocks up to spinet desks and silk-tissue curtains, each one directed by a more or less skilled commercial taste. No one had arranged Mary Blaine's house for her. She had her father's things still there. His books, his models for sailing vessels—for old Captain Blaine had liked to fancy himself an inventor—were still in their places. His old revolving bookcase stood by his chair, which was loosely covered now with rather grave chintz, and the same chintz hung at the windows, its pattern of golden tan seeming warm or cool as the day might need. There was a long, restful room which had once been two rooms until a carpenter took away the sliding doors between. The windows looked away toward the mines, their only landscape.

MARY found her mail. There were two letters from men, one silly, one amorous. The amorous one she laid on the burning logs in the fireplace rather more quickly than she did the silly one, though that also soon swept up the chimney. As she burned them she looked at herself in the mirror over the mantel and sighed again, for she noted, like the other women in Vermilion, those sepia hollows under her eyes. It seemed hardly fair to have to begin to look like that when one had been so radiant.

She went to the kitchen and with a few deft actions started supper for herself and the English teacher. It was an easy task, that quarter of an hour in the kitchen. Then Mary Blaine came back to her long living-room and curled her feet under her in a big chair and relaxed, steeping herself in the subtle magic of the book she had taken from the public library. At that moment in Vermilion there were women setting hastily about preparations for dinner, women playing a last hand of bridge, their bodies straining their corsets, women flirting nervously with men on the street, women scolding their children, women sick in hospitals and in cluttered rooms at home. But there was no single woman so graciously at ease as Mary Blaine, so beautiful as she sat there with the firelight on her face, so unharassed.

In his office, where things had gone steadily wrong all day, Chauncey Harris listened to a telephone call from his wife telling him to come home early and dress, for Janet was in town and they were going to the hotel for dinner and to a bridge party after that. He listened to her patiently and took her orders, but after she had hung up he found himself snapping at his clerks. When they were gone home he sat thinking for a moment. His face was tired and lined. Once, before he had fattened, it must have been handsome. But age and business and cruelties and success had worn its beauty away, until now it was, like most men's faces, a map of missed satisfactions. After a little he pulled the telephone to his side and telephoned Mary Blaine.

BOB PENGARD had met his fiancée at the train. She was pretty that afternoon in a coat not unlike the one Mary Blaine had worn. Her young, brown face was eager and critical. She had thought, she told Bob, that the ride was endless. Why did they have such shocking service and trains that stopped at every bump? She wanted to know many things about the way the new house was coming on, and what he thought of Spanish furniture for the dining-room if they were to have a low, plastered ceiling. She had laughed with Mrs. Harris when he said:

"I should think American stuff would be all right for me. Can't you get furniture without going over to Spain?"

But she left him vaguely disturbed. He too was tired, more tired than he cared to admit after these last few months of taking the responsibility for ultimate action in the great mining property. He had wanted something which memories of his first wife kept sending back to him adrift—the encouragement that comes from a woman's nearness and her dearness. The Spanish furniture, the clutter of arrangements for the dinner at the hotel, the fire of public notice, strained his nerves. He could guess already at the attack which was brewing to have him take Janet to Europe on her honeymoon. Mrs. Harris always got what she wanted, according to Chauncey. Reminded of Chauncey, he was also reminded of the rumors that Chauncey was again losing his head over the Blaine girl. He too reached for his telephone and called up the president of the school board.

"It's a public scandal," he said harshly, "to have a teacher in the schools who is talked about like that Blaine girl. You know how they talk about Harris and that girl. Why don't they get rid of her?"

"Well," the president of the board answered, "you see, she is old Captain Blaine's daughter. She had sort of a tough time. Father an invalid for years. Then this young Butler killed himself on her account. As for Harris, he used to run after her before he was married. She really isn't half as black—"

"I don't care about that," said Pengard. "You know how these women talk. Some of them actually object to having their children go to school to her—"

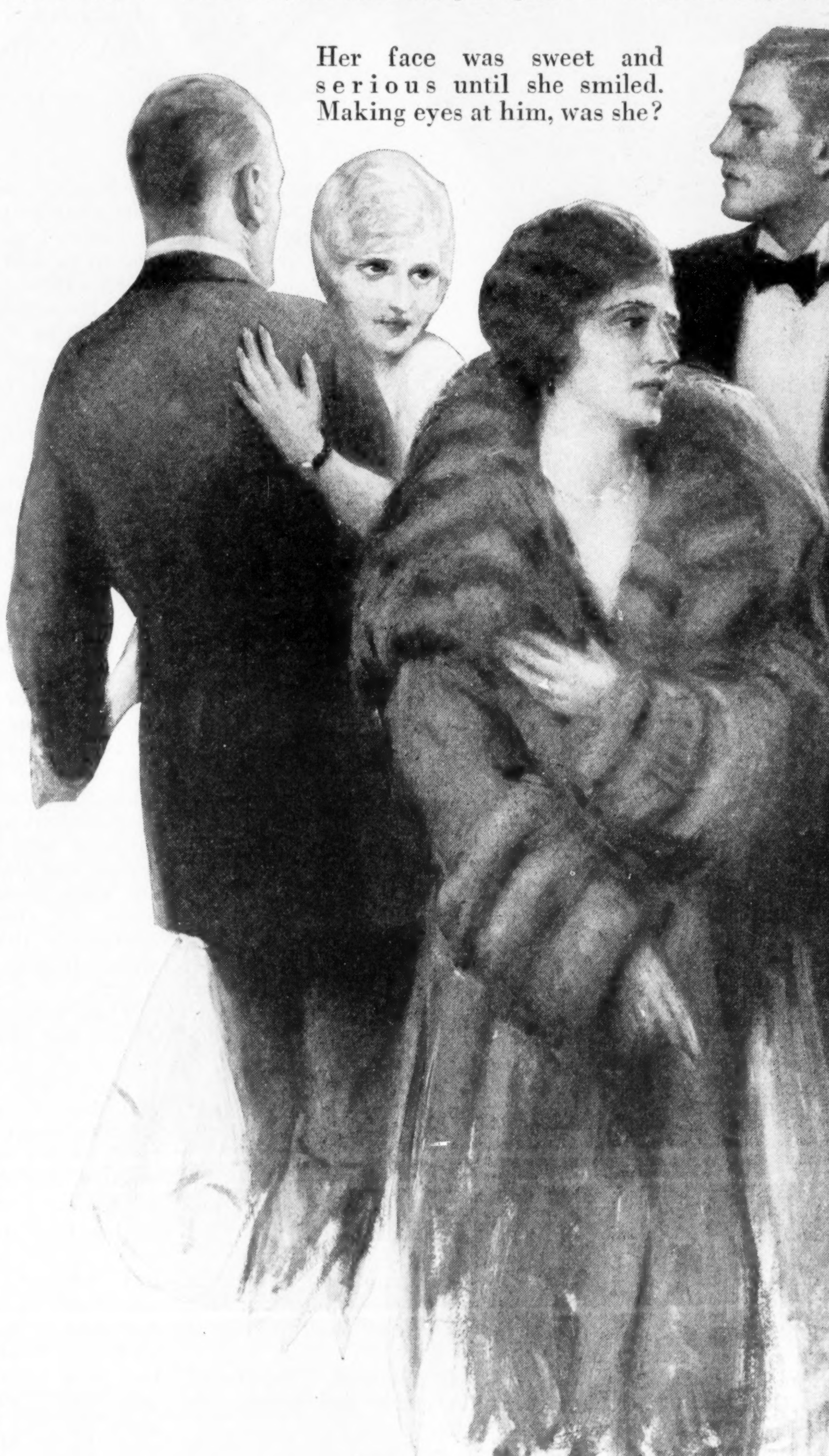
"I know how the women are," said the other with dry bitterness.

After he had concluded that conversation Pengard cooled off. He wondered why he had been so hot after that girl. He could not know that the sight of her had put that idea of woman into his head which had stuck there all day, suggesting to him that perhaps he wasn't getting what he wanted in Janet, reminding him cruelly of poor little dead Dolly. He did not know, only struck blindly and furiously at what hurt him.

THAT night he saw her again. In the dining-room at the hotel, which was cleared after dinner for dancing, he was still at his table with the Harrises and Janet, the Jim Larsons and the Bensons. Janet was cold and lovely. She wore brown velvet which was quite right for the time and place and she looked like a lady as she lit a cigarette in a long amber holder. She was very handsome, but there was perhaps a reason why at twenty-seven she remained unmarried. In his dinner clothes, with thick blond hair characteristically rough on his head and his fine awkward, tanned face bent on Janet, Bob was not a person to be ashamed of. Janet knew that. She meant to be a rather perfect wife, and do her part to elevate standards of matrimony.

It was nine-thirty, and Janet had danced once with Chauncey Harris and once with Jim Larson. While they waited for the music to begin again and people all over the room played with half-empty cups of coffee, Mary Blaine entered. She was with young Kenneth Dennison, who must have been younger than she, but no one could have seemed less old than Mary at night. The sepia circles disappeared in lamplight, and she was at her best. All the women in the room became less important and less lovely, and they felt that Mary Blaine was overdressed. Yet her wrap was straight and simple and as untrimmed as the dress beneath it. It was the fairness of her curly, shingled hair and the pallor of her unblemished skin that dulled the rest.

Pengard knew what was happening. He caught that swift glance which Louise Harris gave her husband, saw the dull flush in Harris' neck as he devoted himself to Janet and then looked swiftly, (*Continued on page 39*)



Her face was sweet and serious until she smiled. Making eyes at him, was she?

KEEP COOL—*it's just a game*

By GRANTLAND RICE

Bobby Jones congratulates the new Open Golf Champion, Willie MacFarlane

Wide World

THE second round of the Open Golf Championship of the United States over the Worcester course was under way. A thermometer hung in the sun registered 110, which is par for a furnace-room. There was much depression on all sides. The hills and the heat were taking their toll as tired golfers came to the green with perspiration running into their eyes, took three putts and moved bitterly on to the next tee. In the pursuit of various championship possibilities on the course I had just come to the edge of the eighth green, a fine one-shot hole around 190 yards in length.

Just at this point a well-played iron shot sent the ball spinning through the scorching air to carry the guarding trap and come to rest some 20 feet from the flag. The swing was compact, easy and replete with rhythm.

The man who made it was a rather tall, wiry Scotchman who had protected his eyes with horn-rimmed glasses. Possibly it was these glasses that gave him more the look of a college professor than a professional golfer.

As Willie MacFarlane came up near the green I stepped away to be certain of being out of range when he tried for the putt. He took one glance along the line to the hole and without any further hesitation hit the ball with an even, unhurried stroke. The ball in turn rolled across the New England turf until it suddenly disappeared from sight for a "birdie" 2. Par 3's on this baffling hole were deeply appreciated. But if MacFarlane was excited he failed to show it.

"How are you going?" I asked.

"If I get many of those I will get around in nothing," he said. "As it is, I have a 4 left for a 31 going out."

Now a 31 is faster than anyone before had ever traveled in an Open Golf Championship of national caliber. Here was a man who was on the edge of a world's record, in the midst of a miracle round that might even win him the title. No one had picked him to win because he had not played in an Open Championship for five years and had played only a bare dozen rounds of golf since the early fall of the year before. All knew he was a fine golfer, but they also knew how little he cared for competitive golf.

The incident that soon followed explains more than anything else the real reason for MacFarlane's final triumph and his amazing victory over the brilliant Bobby Jones on the final hole of a double play-off, something hitherto unknown to golf.

Cool at 110 Degrees

COMPETITIVE golf is supposed to be a grim, concentrative affair. It is studded with such phrases as "grim determination," "the will to win," "fighting spirit," "complete concentration," and the like, all denoting the single-track spirit intent upon triumph.

Knowing how highly keyed up golfers are under such conditions I started to move away. Then the miracle happened. In place of fighting grimness and nerve-controlled concentration MacFarlane casually remarked: "Yes, I've got a 4 for a 31. I know it's silly but it's true. Wait until I hit this tee shot and we'll walk up the hill together."

Here was a new species among the championship breed. A philosopher had come to court. On the rim of a world's record here was a contender who was still just playing a game of golf, and playing it as casually as if he were out for the exercise, and nothing else. There was no strain, no worry, no excitement, no nerve tautness.

He then hit a fine tee shot that struck the fairway over the hill and kicked into the rough, back of a tall maple to the left of the course.

Here was a tough break of luck under the conditions. The ball should have remained on the fairway, for only a sudden hidden dip of the hill had carried it off the course.

"That was a tough break," I said.

"Oh, that's all right," Willie replied. "I've had my share of good ones on this round. Anyhow, we'll see what we can do about it." Here, after all, was the finest philosopher anyone ever met in competition. As he came to the ball he looked at the bunkered green, 180 yards away, and then at the tall maple only sixty yards beyond, directly in the path.

"The trouble is I haven't got a club for this next shot," Willie remarked, as casually as if he had been asking for a match. "I can't get on with a mashie and yet I need a mashie to clear that tree. I'll tell you what I'm going to try—to cut the ball around that tree and carry the trap—and then take my chance on a short chip shot for my 4. Maybe it won't come off, but a 31 is foolish golf, anyhow."

He missed the tree and carried the trap. We walked together up to the ball. "Now," he said, "we'll see how the chip shot works." The chip shot, hit with perfect timing and no sign of hurry or strain, stopped just 4 inches from the cup. The record-breaking 31 had arrived!

This incident is given in full detail to present a character study of a man who could give up championship play for five years, play only a few rounds through the eight months preceding a title hunt, then outplay the remainder of a great field and lead Bobby Jones by one stroke after 108 holes of medal play.

Smiling Through Bad Luck

ONLY those who have played in an Open Championship or have followed at close range know what a terrific nervous strain the players work under. Any one stroke may mean the title for many in the field. Putts that swerve just to the right or left by a gnat's eyelash may cost both fame and fortune. Golf is full of breaks, good and bad, uplifting and depressing. And here was a golfer in the thick of the fight who could take every break as it came, who smiled at the tough ones and laughed at the good ones, content to go on playing golf and leave the rest to destiny.

On the morning of the third round I caught MacFarlane on the fifth green where he had just taken 3 putts from the edge. He had been tied with Leo Diegel and just a stroke or so in front of such stars as Ouimet, Farrell, Espinoza, Jones, Hagen and Brady.

"How is it going now?" I asked.

"Up to here," he said, "I'm even 5's—just five over par. Things have been breaking as badly for me to-day as they broke well yesterday. But maybe I'm due now for some of the other."

It took him 39 to go out that round in place of 31, but he came back in 33 and was still in front.

Now we come to the remarkable part in MacFarlane's philosophy. It is a philosophy that increases in strength and in character and in color.

On the last three holes he had three 4's to win the title. His tee shot at the sixteenth was perfect. His high mashie niblick started straight for the pin, struck ten feet away and then in place of biting in, skidded over to the rough and cost a 5. (*Continued on page 37*)

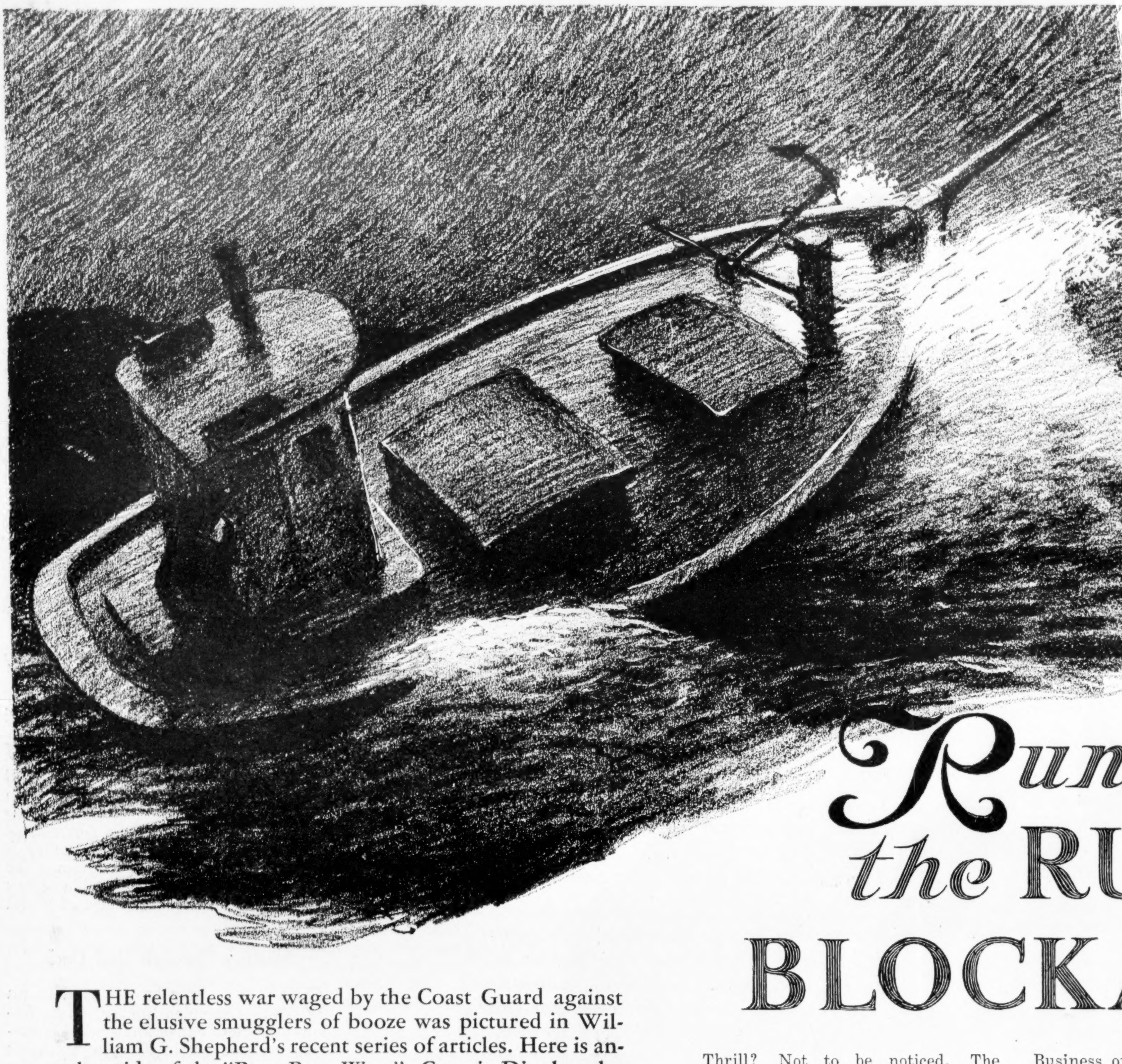
Lost Dreams

Why should the heart of man turn raw with fear?
Here is the game that each must play,
Winning or losing, till the end draws near,
Where by to-morrow we have passed our way
To meet the Great Adventure face to face
In some dim altitude beyond our ken,
To step some morning into trackless space
And play, perhaps, some other game again.

I have seen fame come to its passing hour
Just as some summer storm is quickly spent;
And those at last who close their grip on power
Have passed the final milestone of content.
These that have gained too much in any game
Are captives to the goal that they have won,
Slaves to their wealth or power, pride or fame,
Seeking lost dreams beneath an alien sun.

The winning and the losing—what are they?
When one has given all he had in store,
Where one has held his course along the way
Unmindful of the crowd's triumphant roar,
Unmindful of the mocking taunts that rise
When some swift rival finds the laurel due,
He gave his best—here, underneath the skies,
Is peace, contentment and the dream come true.

GRANTLAND RICE.



Runn the RU BLOCKA

THE relentless war waged by the Coast Guard against the elusive smugglers of booze was pictured in William G. Shepherd's recent series of articles. Here is another side of the "Rum Row War." Captain Dingle, who rode with one of the rum boats which escaped, is well known as a writer of fiction; but when you ride with the whisky runners romance and thrills come without the aid of imagination. As you read this piece, however, remember that it's the log of a man who successfully flouted the Constitution and defied the American Government!

By CAPTAIN DINGLE

DRY ships? Oh, sure. Plenty of dry ships. They are the rum runners, bound *out* for a cargo. A rum runner may steal in to shore past a dozen patrols, loaded to the gunnels with Mountain Dew, but she goes out without even a pint flask to incriminate her. If she gets caught at all she earns the capture with full holds.

Not all by stealth to these argosies of Bacchus ply. It was midnight when the old oyster sloop Sergeant Nifty crept in behind a lighthouse on the sound; but that was only because tides were falling in the creek where she had just landed a thousand cases. Besides, the big old heavy-duty motor, to drive her at a regular eight knots, needed two hundred and fifty gallons of gasoline. But when that was in the tanks it was in broad daylight that we nosed out and took the mid-sound course for The Race and Block Island.

Cold? Yes, and cheerless. These men who freight Scotch whisky, Benedictine, Champagne, almost any kind of warming liquid, are strictly business. Personal comforts they are willing to do without. Quiet, mild men. Mostly good old fishermen. No toughs. Scarcely an oath; never a boast. With every foot of space that might hold a case stripped bare, there were no bunks, no galley, nothing but a vast, empty wooden shell with a carefully tended engine in one end, and above decks just one narrow wheelhouse, in which, almost touching the wheel, was a little oil stove for cooking coffee.

"Don't you get overhauled by revenuers?" I asked the silent man steering. His blue eyes never twinkled. Plum Island was in sight.

"Sure," he grunted. Then, without any gesture, except briefly to jerk his head sideways: "We're goin' to be overhauled now."

Thrill? Not to be noticed. The second man, down by the engine, never even bothered to look out, though a fast patrol boat was scurrying down from beyond Bartlett's. The quiet helmsman only glanced at the patrol until he recognized it, then dug down beside the wheel and laid out his boat's papers. He scanned a sheet, and muttered to me:

"Your name's Ivorson."

So I was Ivorson, and the patrol boat foamed past, and for the first time I was able to see at close quarters what a tremendous difference exists between rum runners and rum chasers. A girl might safely travel with the crew of that old oyster sloop; but I'd hate to have to meet a gang like those revenuers on a dark night in the woods. But, though they looked, our quiet skipper was unperturbed. The patrol circled and stopped.

"What ya doing, cap?" bawled the patrol.

"Freighting," bawled our skipper.

"What ya carry?"

"'Bout nine hundred."

Somebody aboard the patrol saw my face. It was a new one.

"I'll look ya over," decided the patrol; and when the boats bumped together a gang of guardians of the law tumbled aboard and kicked off the hatches. The commander thrust his shoulders into the wheelhouse.

"Name?"

"Sergeant Nifty."

"I mean your name."

Business of searching our skipper grumbles a

"Have to look at the ship I was— Ah, here it Terson."

"You change names a change ships!" snapped party. "Got anything

"Better look us over, new."

While the two craft r the swell coming in from holds were searched. could not be mistaken craft, even by a revenue was when fishermen new gling game left a mas standing, and a clam r dredge here and there to of industry to the boat went so far as to have of shellfish lying in a bi not now. Just a shell cap so many hundred cases take so many knots and But the searchers were the hold. They started t lines.

"Better get back insi Guard skipper warned master. "And for the drink up them two do ginger ale down there. finding them."

Backward we turned, the patrol sped away A ing until the coast was head seaward again I h ginger ale. It was for

EEP COOL—*it's* just a game

Bobby Jones congratulates the new Open Golf Champion, Willie MacFarlane

Wide World

By
GRANTLAND
RICE

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of the United
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thermometer
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Lost Dreams

Why should the heart of man turn raw with fear?
Here is the game that each must play,
Winning or losing, till the end draws near,
Where by to-morrow we have passed our way
To meet the Great Adventure face to face
In some dim altitude beyond our ken,
To step some morning into trackless space
And play, perhaps, some other game again.

I have seen fame come to its passing hour
Just as some summer storm is quickly spent;
And those at last who close their grip on power
Have passed the final milestone of content.
These that have gained too much in any game
Are captives to the goal that they have won,
Slaves to their wealth or power, pride or fame,
Seeking lost dreams beneath an alien sun.

The winning and the losing—what are they?
When one has given all he had in store,
Where one has held his course along the way
Unmindful of the crowd's triumphant roar,
Unmindful of the mocking taunts that rise
When some swift rival finds the laurel due,
He gave his best—here, underneath the skies,
Is peace, contentment and the dream come true.

GRANTLAND RICE.

got a 4 for a 31. I know it's silly but it's true. Wait until I hit this tee shot and we'll walk up the hill together."

Here was a new species among the championship breed. A philosopher had come to court. On the rim of a world's record here was a contender who was still just playing a game of golf, and playing it as casually as if he were out for the exercise, and nothing else. There was no strain, no worry, no excitement, no nerve tautness.

He then hit a fine tee shot that struck the fairway over the hill and kicked into the rough, back of a tall maple to the left of the course.

Here was a tough break of luck under the conditions. The ball should have remained on the fairway, for only a sudden hidden dip of the hill had carried it off the course.

"That was a tough break," I said.

"Oh, that's all right," Willie replied. "I've had my share of good ones on this round. Anyhow, we'll see what we can do about it." Here, after all, was the finest philosopher anyone ever met in competition. As he came to the ball he looked at the bunkered green, 180 yards away, and then at the tall maple only sixty yards beyond, directly in the path.

"The trouble is I haven't got a club for this next shot," Willie remarked, as casually as if he had been asking for a match. "I can't get on with a mashie and yet I need a mashie to clear that tree. I'll tell you what I'm going to try—to cut the ball around that tree and carry the trap—and then take my chance on a short chip shot for my 4. Maybe it won't come off, but a 31 is foolish golf, anyhow."

He missed the tree and carried the trap. We walked together up to the ball. "Now," he said, "we'll see how the chip shot works." The chip shot, hit with perfect timing and no sign of hurry or strain, stopped just 4 inches from the cup. The record-breaking 31 had arrived!

This incident is given in full detail to present a character study of a man who could give up championship play for five years, play only a few rounds through the eight months preceding a title hunt, then outplay the remainder of a great field and lead Bobby Jones by one stroke after 108 holes of medal play.

Smiling Through Bad Luck

ONLY those who have played in an Open Championship or have followed at close range know what a terrific nervous strain the players work under. Any one stroke may mean the title for many in the field. Putts that swerve just to the right or left by a gnat's eyelash may cost both fame and fortune. Golf is full of breaks, good and bad, uplifting and depressing. And here was a golfer in the thick of the fight who could take every break as it came, who smiled at the tough ones and laughed at the good ones, content to go on playing golf and leave the rest to destiny.

On the morning of the third round I caught MacFarlane on the fifth green where he had just taken 3 putts from the edge. He had been tied with Leo Diegel and just a stroke or so in front of such stars as Ouimet, Farrell, Espinoza, Jones, Hagen and Brady.

"How is it going now?" I asked.

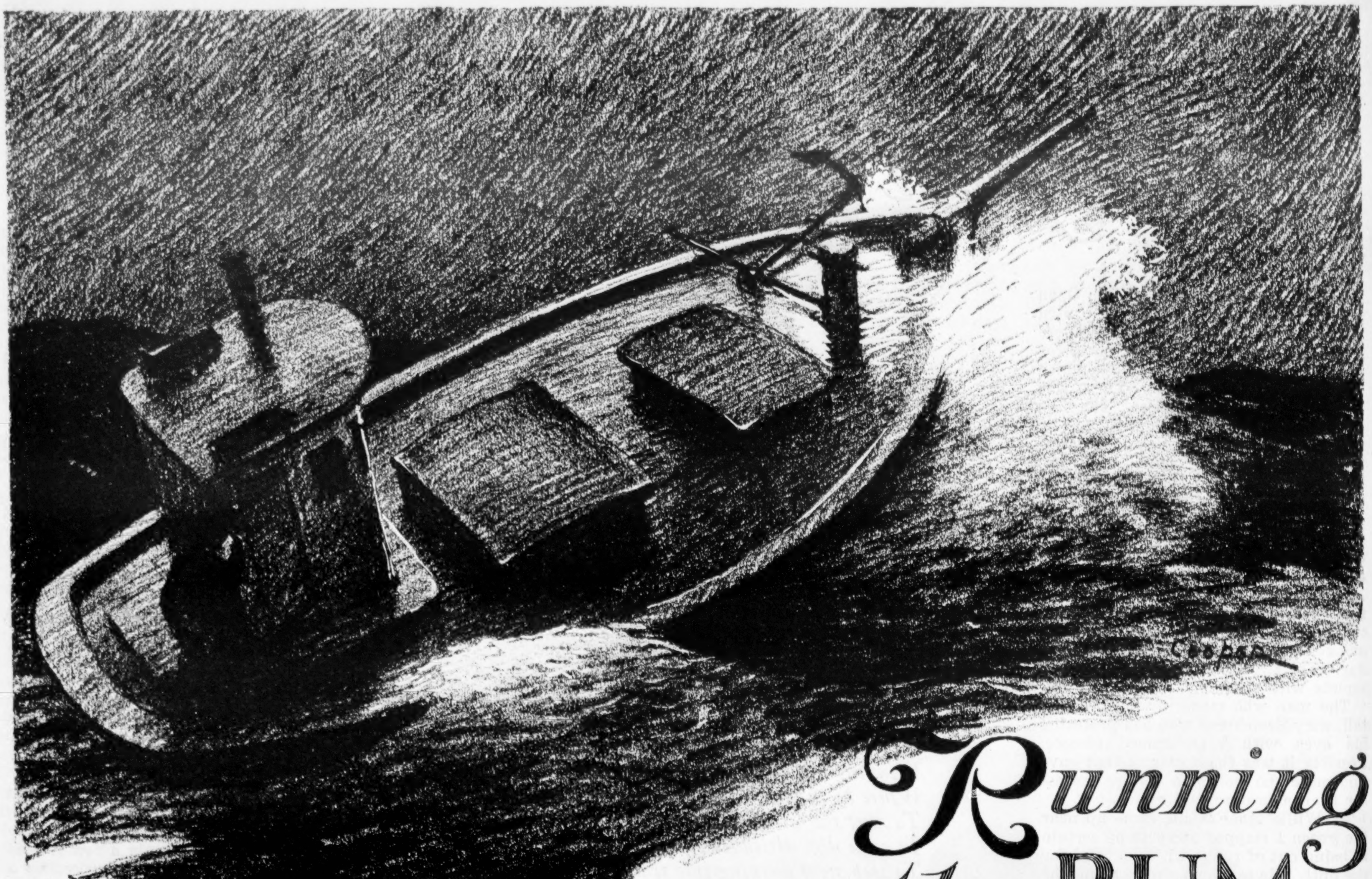
"Up to here," he said, "I'm even 5's—just five over par. Things have been breaking as badly for me to-day as they broke well yesterday. But maybe I'm due now for some of the other."

It took him 39 to go out that round in place of 31, but he came back in 33 and was still in front.

Now we come to the remarkable part in MacFarlane's philosophy. It is a philosophy that increases in strength and in character and in color.

On the last three holes he had three 4's to win the title. His tee shot at the sixteenth was perfect. His high mashie niblick started straight for the pin, struck ten feet away and then in place of biting in, skidded over to the rough and cost a 5.

(Continued on page 37)



Running the RUM BLOCKADE

THE relentless war waged by the Coast Guard against the elusive smugglers of booze was pictured in William G. Shepherd's recent series of articles. Here is another side of the "Rum Row War." Captain Dingle, who rode with one of the rum boats which escaped, is well known as a writer of fiction; but when you ride with the whisky runners romance and thrills come without the aid of imagination. As you read this piece, however, remember that it's the log of a man who successfully flouted the Constitution and defied the American Government!

By CAPTAIN DINGLE

DRY ships? Oh, sure. Plenty of dry ships. They are the rum runners, bound *out* for a cargo. A rum runner may steal in to shore past a dozen patrols, loaded to the gunnels with Mountain Dew, but she goes out without even a pint flask to incriminate her. If she gets caught at all she earns the capture with full holds.

Not all by stealth to these argosies of Bacchus ply. It was midnight when the old oyster sloop Sergeant Nifty crept in behind a lighthouse on the sound; but that was only because tides were falling in the creek where she had just landed a thousand cases. Besides, the big old heavy-duty motor, to drive her at a regular eight knots, needed two hundred and fifty gallons of gasoline. But when that was in the tanks it was in broad daylight that we nosed out and took the mid-sound course for The Race and Block Island.

Cold? Yes, and cheerless. These men who freight Scotch whisky, Benedictine, Champagne, almost any kind of warming liquid, are strictly business. Personal comforts they are willing to do without. Quiet, mild men. Mostly good old fishermen. No toughs. Scarcely an oath; never a boast. With every foot of space that might hold a case stripped bare, there were no bunks, no galley, nothing but a vast, empty wooden shell with a carefully tended engine in one end, and above decks just one narrow wheelhouse, in which, almost touching the wheel, was a little oil stove for cooking coffee.

"Don't you get overhauled by revenuers?" I asked the silent man steering. His blue eyes never twinkled. Plum Island was in sight.

"Sure," he grunted. Then, without any gesture, except briefly to jerk his head sideways: "We're goin' to be overhauled now."

Thrill? Not to be noticed. The second man, down by the engine, never even bothered to look out, though a fast patrol boat was scurrying down from beyond Bartlett's. The quiet helmsman only glanced at the patrol until he recognized it, then dug down beside the wheel and laid out his boat's papers. He scanned a sheet, and muttered to me:

"Your name's Ivorson."

So I was Ivorson, and the patrol boat foamed past, and for the first time I was able to see at close quarters what a tremendous difference exists between rum runners and rum chasers. A girl might safely travel with the crew of that old oyster sloop; but I'd hate to have to meet a gang like those revenuers on a dark night in the woods. But, though they looked, our quiet skipper was unperturbed. The patrol circled and stopped.

"What ya doing, cap?" bawled the patrol.

"Freighting," bawled our skipper.

"What ya carry?"

" 'Bout nine hundred."

Somebody aboard the patrol saw my face. It was a new one.

"I'll look ya over," decided the patrol; and when the boats bumped together a gang of guardians of the law tumbled aboard and kicked off the hatches. The commander thrust his shoulders into the wheelhouse.

"Name?"

"Sergeant Nifty."

"I mean your name."

Business of searching papers, while our skipper grumbles along:

"Have to look in the papers. Last ship I was— Ah, here it is, mister. Yon Terson."

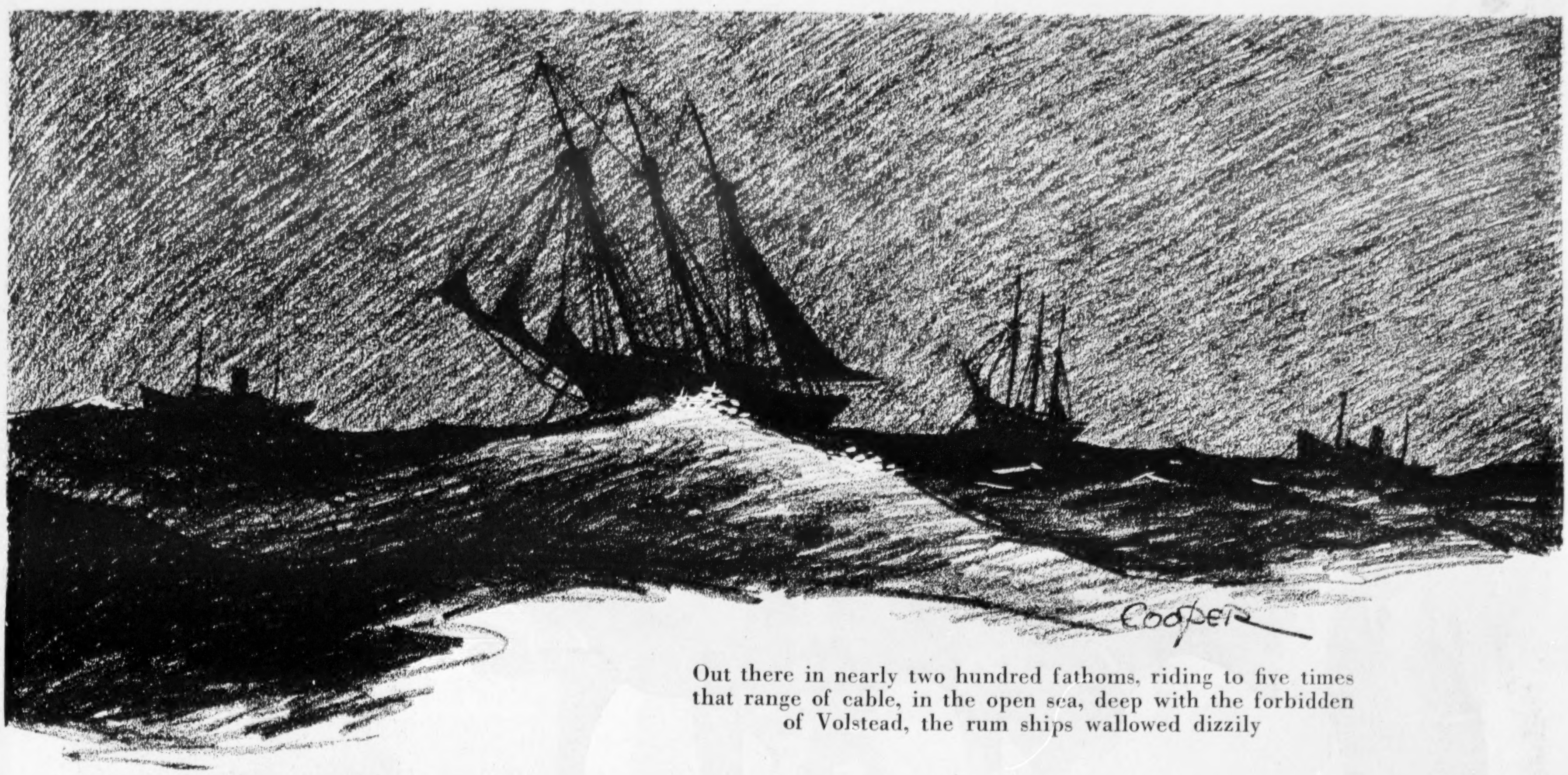
"You change names as often as you change ships!" snapped the boarding party. "Got anything 'board?"

"Better look us over, mister. I'm new."

While the two craft rolled easily on the swell coming in from seaward, the holds were searched. The old sloop could not be mistaken for an honest craft, even by a revenuer. Time there was when fishermen new to the smuggling game left a mast and booms standing, and a clam rake or oyster dredge here and there to give a touch of industry to the boat. Some even went so far as to have a bushel or so of shellfish lying in a bin on deck. But not now. Just a shell, capable of holding so many hundred cases; a motor, to take so many knots, and a wheelhouse. But the searchers were coming from the hold. They started to cast off their lines.

"Better get back inside," the Coast Guard skipper warned our sobersides master. "And for the love o' tripe drink up them two dozen bottles of ginger ale down there. I'm tired o' finding them."

Backward we turned, slowly, while the patrol sped away. And while waiting until the coast was clear for us to head seaward again I heard about the ginger ale. It was for the supercargo



Out there in nearly two hundred fathoms, riding to five times that range of cable, in the open sea, deep with the forbidden of Volstead, the rum ships wallowed dizzily

of the rum ship outside, who had sickened of ship tank water.

"Three times they've found that ginger ale," grinned the engineer, at the door. "Every time we have started out the weather drove us back, and every time they boarded us they found it. Not a darn pint besides, though. That makes 'em mad."

Long before the patrol had passed out of sight the Sergeant Nifty gathered full speed ahead again and turned toward Montauk Point. The swell grew heavier. There was a heavy appearance to sea and sky outside, which might well have warned the skipper to wait for better weather. Thirty miles off shore the big schooner wallowed at her anchor, and the Nifty had never been meant for deep-sea work. It was cold too; evening was well on, and there was no comfort to be expected even if the weather were fine.

"Guess we'll make it this time," the skipper muttered; and leaving no opening for question gave me the helm and named a compass course. "I'll make a pot o' coffee and a sandwich. We got to make this trip, or else the big guys who get the heavy grease 'll start hollering. They ain't had much gravy lately, 'count o' the ice and bad weather. Keep her on that course, and don't take no notice o' nobody."

Risk? "Everybody's Greased"

WHEN the coffee came it was good. There was a bite to the air outside; and the seas began to tumble the old Nifty about so that sprays flew. The wonder was that these men, handling booze by the thousand cases, all good stuff, and never counted to deadly precision, were content to forego a little stimulant when facing such a night's work as now loomed ahead. Swigging scalding coffee, easing the vessel by the helm over the worst of some roaring seas that suddenly broke around her, I mentioned to quiet old Yon holding the coffee pot that a shot of hot stuff might go down well.

"It ain't worth the risk," he returned. His keen eyes were fixed upon the gray horizon, where the skies stooped full of wind. "Suppose you're caught. One measly half-pint will get you pinched. That means you lose a lot of time getting clear. If you ain't got the smell of a cork aboard, they can't take you in. You take your chance when you got a load. It ain't much of a risk at that. One time copped in five trips is about right. But you got something to take a chance for when you got a load. Even then it don't mean nothing. The courts let you buy the boat back to go right after another load. They know it too. Why,"—the keen eyes twinkled now—"Charley, who owns this boat, got seized once and the marshal let him take the boat out after a load so he could pay his fine."

"But," I gasped, "if they get you the second time?"

"Same thing. Besides, nobody stays long at the one job. Charley run this boat until he made a wad. Now he pays us to run his boat; me $250 a trip; my mate $200 a trip; and there's two hundred and fifty gallons of gas a trip. That's all to come out of six dollars a case freight the boat gets. Figure it up. Soon I save enough to buy me a boat, and I'll stay ashore and let somebody run it for me. Risk ain't nothing now, not to speak of. Everybody's greased. Why, if the Ring 'ud come up as high as ten bucks a case graft at this end, there wouldn't be a capture made on the water. But that's too steep, with all the other silencers there is to pay out."

Anyway, the coffee was good. And just before darkness Yon Terson picked up his powerful binoculars and peered at a speck right under the low-hanging storm clouds. Then he took the helm, and at last there was something of the expected thrill. Never very noisy, the old Sergeant Nifty rolled along with no other sound than the thunder of broken seas and the muffled cough of the motor. Seas were big. Soon three specks popped up in a line with the first one. Soon there were in plain view two tall schooners and two big steamers.

The Nifty wallowed past the first schooner; the name on that schooner's bows was the name I had heard as our destination. I glanced at Yon Terson.

"Always make a circle around to make sure there's no cutter in sight," he grunted.

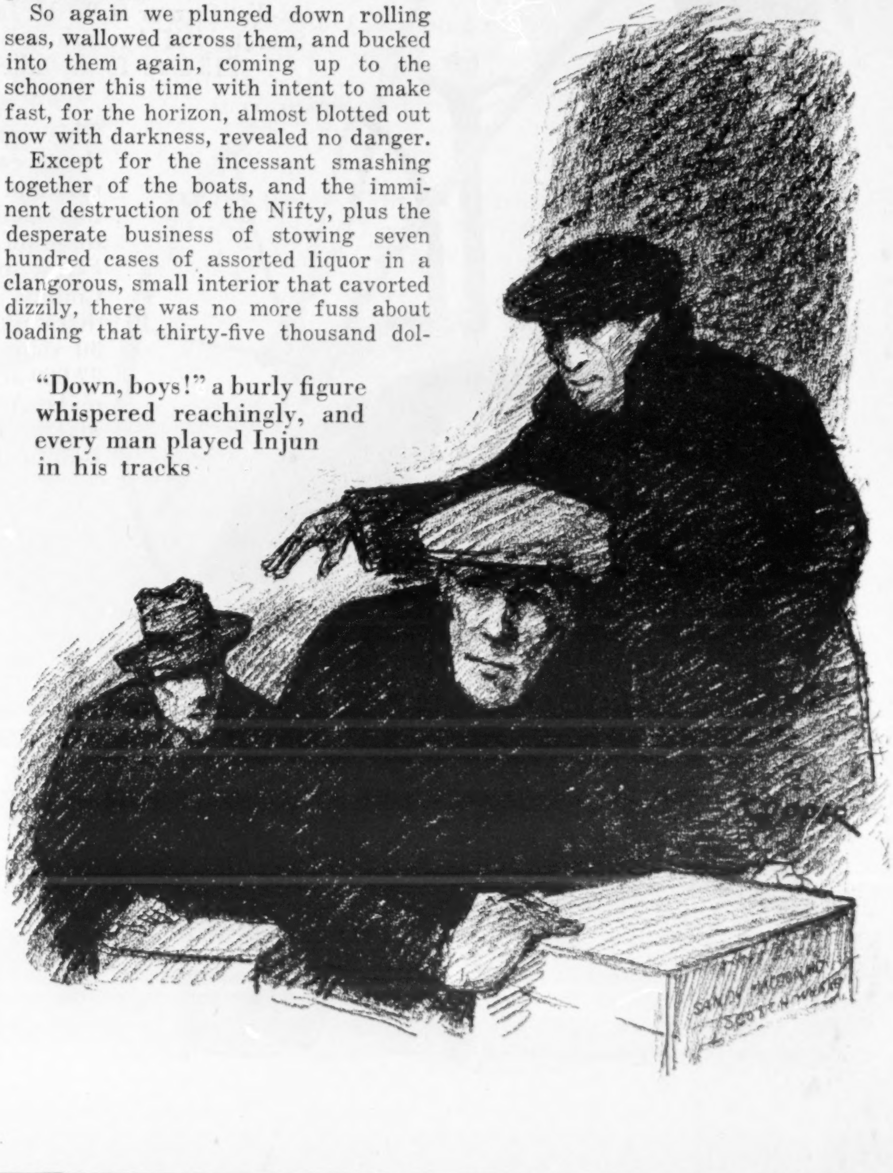
We made the circle, and the weather and the night darkened together. Nothing loomed ominous to view. Again past the tall schooner we stormed. A casual figure here and there above her rail. Not a word as the old Nifty ranged closer and stopped. Up and down, up and down. Heavy schooner and light runner, both trying to knock the tar out of each other on the burly seas while Yon Terson presented, but held on to, his order from the Ring calling for seven hundred cases. Then the order was taken back, and the Nifty started off again to circle the blackening horizon.

"By the time we get back the order'll be ready, then if we don't see nothing to scare us off we load up," grunted Yon.

So again we plunged down rolling seas, wallowed across them, and bucked into them again, coming up to the schooner this time with intent to make fast, for the horizon, almost blotted out now with darkness, revealed no danger.

Except for the incessant smashing together of the boats, and the imminent destruction of the Nifty, plus the desperate business of stowing seven hundred cases of assorted liquor in a clangorous, small interior that cavorted dizzily, there was no more fuss about loading that thirty-five thousand dollars' worth of liquor (at conservative shore prices) than if seven hundred bushels of clams were being loaded for Fulton Market. The owner of the Nifty stood to gain forty-two hundred dollars, less about five hundred for gas and crew, if that cargo got through; and the whole trip would represent about a day's work. Small wonder that the business defies the law.

But the Sergeant Nifty had to get home before her owner got that forty-two hundred cold dollars. Loading was done, and lines let go. Then, setting a course for (*Continued on page 38*)



"Down, boys!" a burly figure whispered reachingly, and every man played Injun in his tracks

FAMOUS *farmers*

No need to preach "Back to the Farm" here. You couldn't keep these folks away from the hayrick with poison ivy and a shotgun

Wide World

After fifty years of farming in Washington, Ezra Meeker "felt so young" at 94 that he wrote a novel and joined a circus. His act is driving an ox team—as he did in 1852

International

Ex-cowboy, ex-professor, but never an ex-dirt farmer is W. M. Jardine (left), Secretary of Agriculture, who runs his 215-acre farm "like a business"

F. & F.

This corn has more than ears. It sees root and stalk disease bugs coming and kills them off. Eugene D. Funk of McLean County, Ill., made it that way. He left Yale 30 years ago for his 22,000-acre farm to make American corn bigger, better, more beautiful. He did

© Keystone

This man with the hoe lightly carries his years and his scars of battle—thanks, perhaps, to a famous climate. Something familiar about that face? You bet! "Meet James J. Jeffries of California"

D. of A.

The pretty head of Nebraska's farm queen lies easy, although it wears a crown. Mabel Gustafson (at left) got the prize-winning habit in girls' club contests. Now she teaches other girls how to cure and come home with the bacon

Wide World

Harry Steel wrestled with all comers and became American Olympic champion. Now he wrestles with chores and his favorite mat is one with "welcome" on it

Before "Babe" Ruth the Yanks had another famous Swat King. But "Home Run" Baker (below) preferred farming to sport, and chucked a $15,000 salary to return to Trappe, Md., his birthplace. Now he operates two farms there, and manages a farmers' baseball league

F. & F.

Wide World

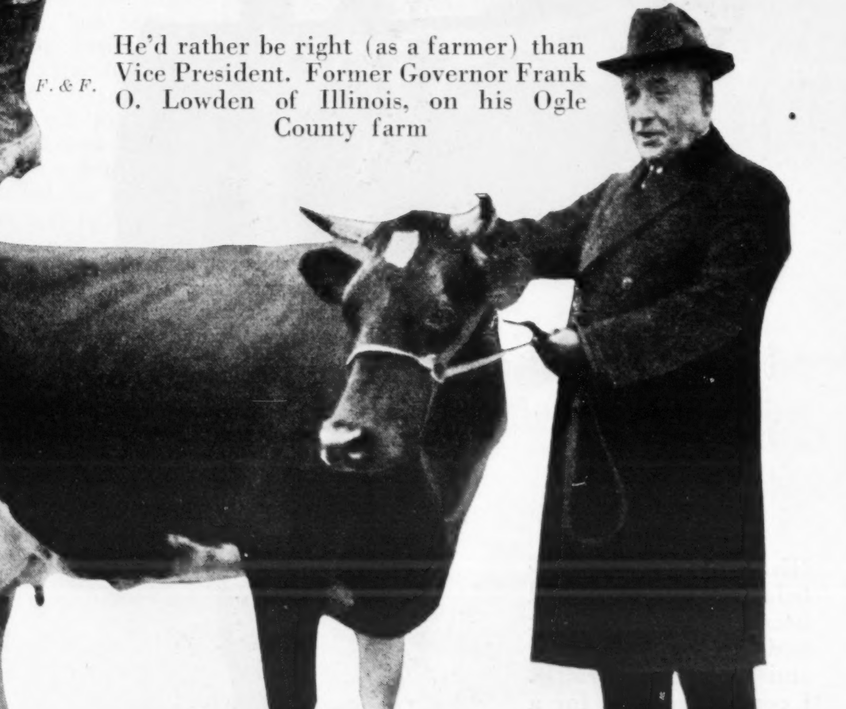
"Two heads are better than one," say the Bush twins. In farm contests they've won a trip from Horseheads, N. Y., to Washington: which proves it

Allen

Ever since the Centennial of '76, "Uncle Nick" Gentry from Sedalia, Mo. (left), has been breeding prize Berkshire hogs

F. & F.

He'd rather be right (as a farmer) than Vice President. Former Governor Frank O. Lowden of Illinois, on his Ogle County farm

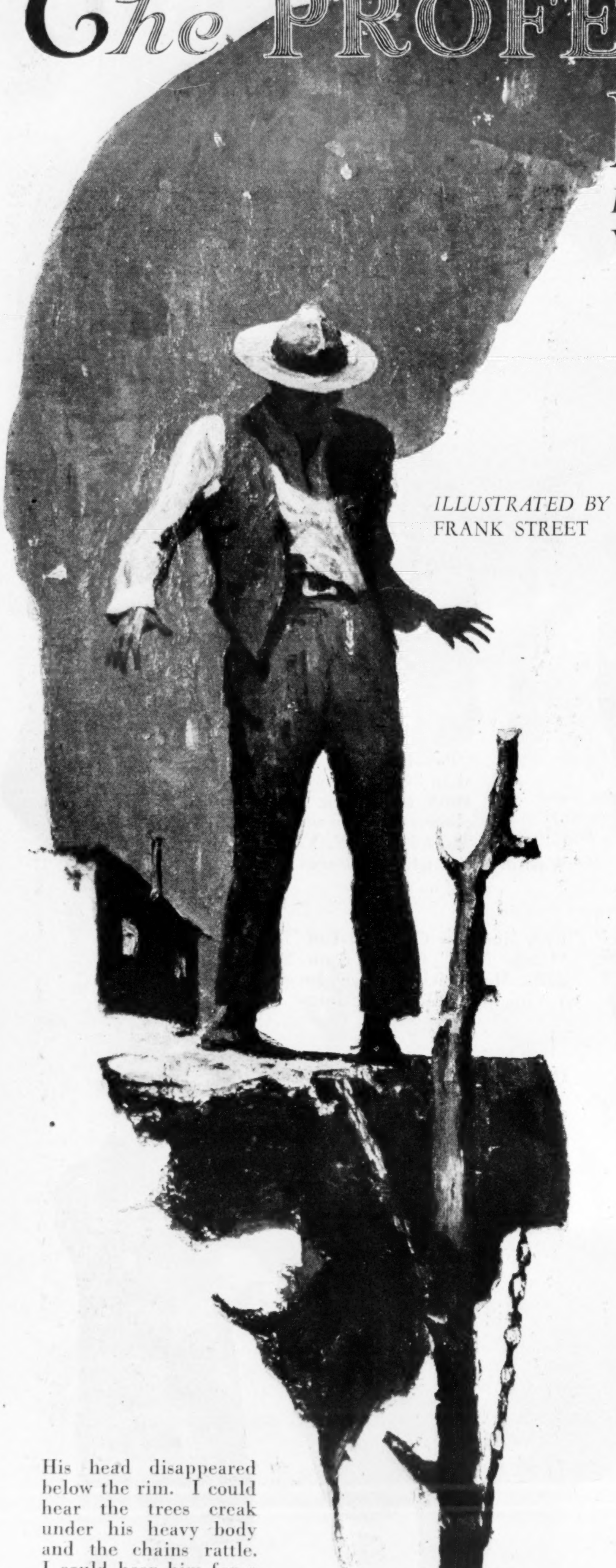


International

The PROFESSOR'S HOUSE

By
WILLA CATHER

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK STREET



His head disappeared below the rim. I could hear the trees creak under his heavy body and the chains rattle. I could hear him for a long way down. Then the silence closed in

Book II

Tom Outland's Story (Continued)

I GOT my interview with the director of the Smithsonian at last. He gave me his attention; he was interested. He told me to come again in three days and meet Dr. Ripley, who was the authority on prehistoric Indian remains and had excavated a lot of them. Then came an exciting and rather encouraging time for me. Dr. Ripley asked the right sort of questions, and evidently knew his business. He said he'd like to take the first train down to my mesa. But it required money to excavate, and he had none. There was a bill up before Congress for an appropriation. We'd have to wait. I must use my influence with my representative. He took my pottery to study it. (I never got it back, by the way.) There was a Dr. Fox, connected with the Smithsonian, who was also interested. They told me a good many things I wanted to know, and kept me dangling about the office.

Of course they were very kind to take so much trouble with a green boy. But I soon found that the director and all his staff had one interest which dwarfed every other. There was to be an international exposition of some sort in Europe the following summer, and they were all pulling strings to get appointments on juries or to international congresses—appointments that would pay their expenses abroad and give them a salary in addition. There was, indeed, a bill before Congress for appropriations for the Smithsonian, but there was also a bill for exposition appropriations, and that was the one they were really pushing. They kept me hanging on through March and April, but in the end it came to nothing. Dr. Ripley told me he was sorry, but the sum Congress had allowed the Smithsonian wouldn't cover an expedition to the Southwest.

Virginia Ward, who had been so kind to me, went out to lunch with me that day, and admitted I had been let down. She was almost as much disappointed as I. She said the only thing Dr. Ripley really cared about was getting a free trip to Europe and acting on a jury, and maybe getting a decoration. "And that's what the director wants too," she said. "They don't care much about dead and gone Indians. What they do care about is getting to Paris and getting another ribbon on their coats."

The only other person besides Virginia who was genuinely concerned about my affair was a young Frenchman, a lieutenant attached to the French embassy, who came to the Smithsonian often on business connected with this same international exposition. He was nice and polite to Virginia, and she introduced him to me. We used to walk about the grounds together and down along the Potomac. He studied my photographs and asked me such intelligent questions about everything that it was a pleasure to talk to him. He had a nice attitude about it all; he was thoughtful, critical and respectful. I feel sure he'd have gone back to New Mexico with me if he'd had the money. He was even poorer than I.

I was utterly ashamed to go home to Roddy, dead broke after all the money I'd spent, and without a thing to show for it. I hung on in Washington through May, trying to get a job of some sort, to at least earn my fare home. My letters to Blake had been pretty blue for some time back. If I'd been wiser, I'd have kept my troubles to myself. He was easily discouraged, and I knew that. At last I had to write him for money to go home. It was slow in coming, and I began to telegraph. I left Washington at last, wiser than I came. I had no plans, I wanted nothing but to get back to the mesa and live a free life and breathe free air, and never, never again to see hundreds of little black-coated men pouring out of white buildings. Queer how much more depressing they are than workmen coming out of a factory!

I was terribly disappointed when I got off the train at Tarpin and Roddy wasn't at the station to meet me. It was late in the afternoon, almost dark, and I went straight to the livery stable to ask Bill Hook for news of Blake. Hook, you remember, had done all our hauling for us, and had been a good friend. He gave me a glad hand and said Blake was out on the mesa.

"I expect maybe he's had his feelings hurt here. He's been shy of this town lately. You see, Tom, folks weren't bothered none about that mesa so long as you fellows were playing Robinson Crusoe out there, digging up curios. But when it leaked out that Blake had got a lot of money for your stuff, then they begun to feel jealous—said them ruins didn't belong to Blake any more than to anybody else. It'll blow over in time; people are always like that when any money changes hands. But right now there's a good deal of bad feeling."

I TOLD him I didn't know what he was talking about.

"You mean you ain't heard about the German, Fechtig? Well, Rodney's got some surprise waiting for you! Why, he's had the damnedest luck! He's cleaned up a neat little pile on your stuff."

I begged him to tell me what stuff he meant.

"Why, your curios. This German, Fechtig come along; he'd been buying up a lot of Indian things out here, and he bought your whole outfit and paid four thousand dollars down for it. The transaction made quite a stir here in Tarpin. I'm not kicking. I made a good thing out of it. My mules were busy three weeks packing the stuff out of there on their backs, and I held the Dutchman up for a top price. He had packing cases made at the wagon shop and took 'em out full of straw and sawdust, and packed the curios out there. I lost one of my mules too. You remember Jenny? Well, they were leading her down with a big box on her, and right there where the trail runs so narrow around a bump in the cliff above Black Cañon she lost her balance and fell clean to the bottom, her load on her. Pretty near two thousand feet, I guess. We never went down to hold a postmortem, but Fechtig paid for her like a gentleman."

I remember I sat down on the sofa in Hook's office because I couldn't stand up any longer, and the smell of the horse blankets began to make me deathly sick. In a minute I went over, like a girl in a novel. Hook pulled me out on the sidewalk and gave me some whisky out of his pocket flask.

When I felt better I asked him how long this German had been gone and what he had done with the things.

"Oh, he cleared out three weeks ago. He didn't waste no time. He treated everybody well, though; nobody's sore at him. It's your partner they're turned against. Fechtig took the stuff right along with him, chartered a freight car and traveled in the car with it. I reckon it's on the water by now. He took it straight through into Old Mexico, and was to load it on a French boat. Seems he was afraid of having trouble getting curiosities out of the United States ports. You know you can take anything out of the city of Mexico."

I had heard all I wanted to hear. I went to the hotel, got a room, and lay down without undressing to wait for daylight. Hook was to drive me and my trunk out to the mesa early the next morning. All I'd been through in Washington was nothing to what I went through that night. I thought Blake must have lost his mind. I didn't for a minute believe he'd meant to sell me out, but I cursed his stupidity and presumption. I had never told him just how I felt about those things we'd dug out together: it was the kind of thing one doesn't talk about directly. But he must have known; he couldn't have lived with me all summer and fall without knowing. And yet, until that night, I had never known myself that I cared more about them than about anything else in the world.

AT THE first blink of daylight I jumped up from my damnable bed and went round to the stable to rout Hook out of his bunk. We had breakfast and got out of town with his best team. On the way to the mesa we had a breakdown, one of the old dry wheels smashed to splinters. Hook had to unhitch and ride back to Tarpin and get another. Everything took an unreasonably long time, and the afternoon was half gone when he put me and my trunk down at the foot of the Black Cañon trail. Every inch of that trail was dear to me, every delicate curve about the old piñon roots, every chancy track along the face of the cliffs, and the deep windings back into shrubbery and safety. The wild currant bushes were in bloom, and when the path climbed the side of a narrow ravine the scent of them in the sun was so heavy that it made me soft, made me want to lie down and sleep. I wanted to see and touch everything, like homesick children when they come home.

When I pulled out on top of the mesa the rays of sunlight fell slantingly through the little twisted piñons, the light was all in between them red as a daylight fire; they fairly swam in it. Once again I had that glorious feeling that I've never had anywhere else, the feeling of being *on the mesa*, in a world above the world. And the air—what air! Warm, soft, tingling, gold, hot with an edge of chill on it, full of the smell of piñons—it was like breathing the sun, breathing the color of the sky. Down there behind me was the plain, already streaked with shadow, violet and purple and burnt orange until it met the horizon. Before me was the flat mesa top, thinly sprinkled with old piñons that were not much taller than I, though their twisted trunks were almost as thick as my body. I struck off across it, my long black shadow going ahead.

I made straight for the cabin; it was about three miles from the spot where the trail emerged at the top. I saw smoke rising before I could see the hut itself. Blake was in the doorway when I got there. I didn't look at his face, but I could feel that he looked at mine.

"Don't say anything, Tom. Don't rip me up until you hear all about it," he said as I came toward him.

"I've heard enough to about do for me," I blurted out. "What made you do it, Blake? What made you do it?"

"It was a chance in a million, boy. There wasn't any time to consult you. There's only one man in thousands that wants to buy relics and pay real money for them. I could see how your Washington campaign was coming out. I knew you'd thought about big figures; so had I. But that was all a pipe dream. Four thousand's not so bad; you don't pick it up every day. And he bore all the expense. Why, it was a terrible expensive job, getting all that frail stuff out of here. Who else would have bought it, I want to know? We'd have had to pack it around at Harvey Houses, selling it at a dollar a bowl, like the poor Indians do. I took the best chance going, for both of us, Tom."

I didn't say anything, because there was too much to say. I stood outside the cabin until the gold light went blue, and a few stars came out, hardly brighter than the bright sky they twinkled in, and the swallows came flying over us, on their way to their nests in the cliffs. It was the time of day when everything goes home. From habit and from weariness I went in through the door. The kitchen table was spread for supper; I could smell a rabbit stew cooking on the stove. Blake lit the lantern and begged me to eat my supper. I did eat, but food only strengthened my sense of loss. I hadn't gone into the bunk-room, for I knew the shelves were empty. I heard Blake talking to me as you hear people talking when you are asleep.

"Who else would have bought them?" he kept saying. "Folks make a lot of fuss over such things, but they don't want to pay good money for them."

When I at last told him that such a thing as selling them had never entered my head, I'm sure he thought I was lying. He reminded me about how we used to talk of getting big money from the government.

I admitted I'd hoped we'd be paid for our work, and maybe get a bonus of some kind for good behavior. "But I never thought of selling them, because they weren't mine to sell—nor yours. They belonged to this country, to the state and to all the people. They belonged to boys like you and me, that have no other ancestors to inherit from. You've gone and sold them to a country that's got plenty of relics of its own. You've gone and sold your country's secrets, like Dreyfus."

"THAT man was innocent. It was a frame-up," Blake murmured. It was a point he would never pass up.

"Whether he's guilty or not, you are! If there was only anybody in Washington I could telegraph to and have that German held up at the port!"

"That's just it. If there was anybody in Washington that cared a damn, I wouldn't have sold 'em. But you pretty well found out there ain't."

"We could have kept them, then," I told him. "I've got a strong back. I'm not so poor that I have to sell the pots and pans that belonged to my poor grandmothers a thousand years ago. I made all my plans on the train, coming back." (It was a lie; I hadn't.) "I meant to get a job on the railroad and keep our find right here, and come back to it when I had a layoff. I think a lot more of it now than before I went to Washington. And after a while, with that exposition over and the Smithsonian people home, they would come out here all right. I've learned enough from them so that I could go on with it myself."

Blake reminded me that I had my way to make in the world and that I wanted to go to school. "That money's in the bank this minute, in your name, and you're going to college on it. You're not going to be a day laborer like me. After you've got your sheepskin, then you can divide with me."

"You think I'd touch that money?" I looked squarely at him for the first time. "No more than if you'd stolen it. You made the sale. Get what you can out of it. I want to ask you one question: Did you ever think I was digging those things up for what I could sell them for?"

Rodney explained that he knew I cared about the things and was proud of them, but he'd always supposed I meant to "realize" on them, just as he did, and that it would come to money in the end. "Everything does," he added.

"If that nice young Frenchman I met had come down here with me and offered me four millions instead of four thousand, I'd have refused him. There never was any question of money with me where this mesa and its people were concerned. They were something that had been preserved through the ages by a miracle and handed on to you and me, two poor cowpunchers, ignorant enough, but I thought we were men enough to keep a trust. I'd as soon have sold my own grandmother as Mother Eve—I'd have sold any living woman first."

"Save your tears," said Roddy grimly. "She refused to leave us. She went to the bottom of Black Cañon and carried Hook's best mule along with her. They had to make her box extra wide, and she crowded Jenny out an inch or so too far from the cañon wall."

This painful interview went on for hours. I walked up and down the kitchen trying to make Blake understand the kind of value those objects had had for me. Unfortunately, I succeeded. He sat slumping on the bench, his elbows on the table, shading his eyes from the lantern with his hands.

"There's no need to keep this up," he said at last. "You're away out of my depth, but I think I get you. You might have given me some of this Fourth of July talk a little earlier in the game. I didn't know you valued that stuff any different than anything else a fellow might run onto: a gold mine or a pocket of turquoise."

"I suppose you gave him my diary along with the rest?"

"No," said Blake, his voice growing gloomier and darker, "that's in the Swallow's Nest, where you hid it. That's your private property. I supposed I had some share in the relics we dug up—you always spoke of it that way. But I see now I was working for you like a hired man, and while you were away I sold your property."

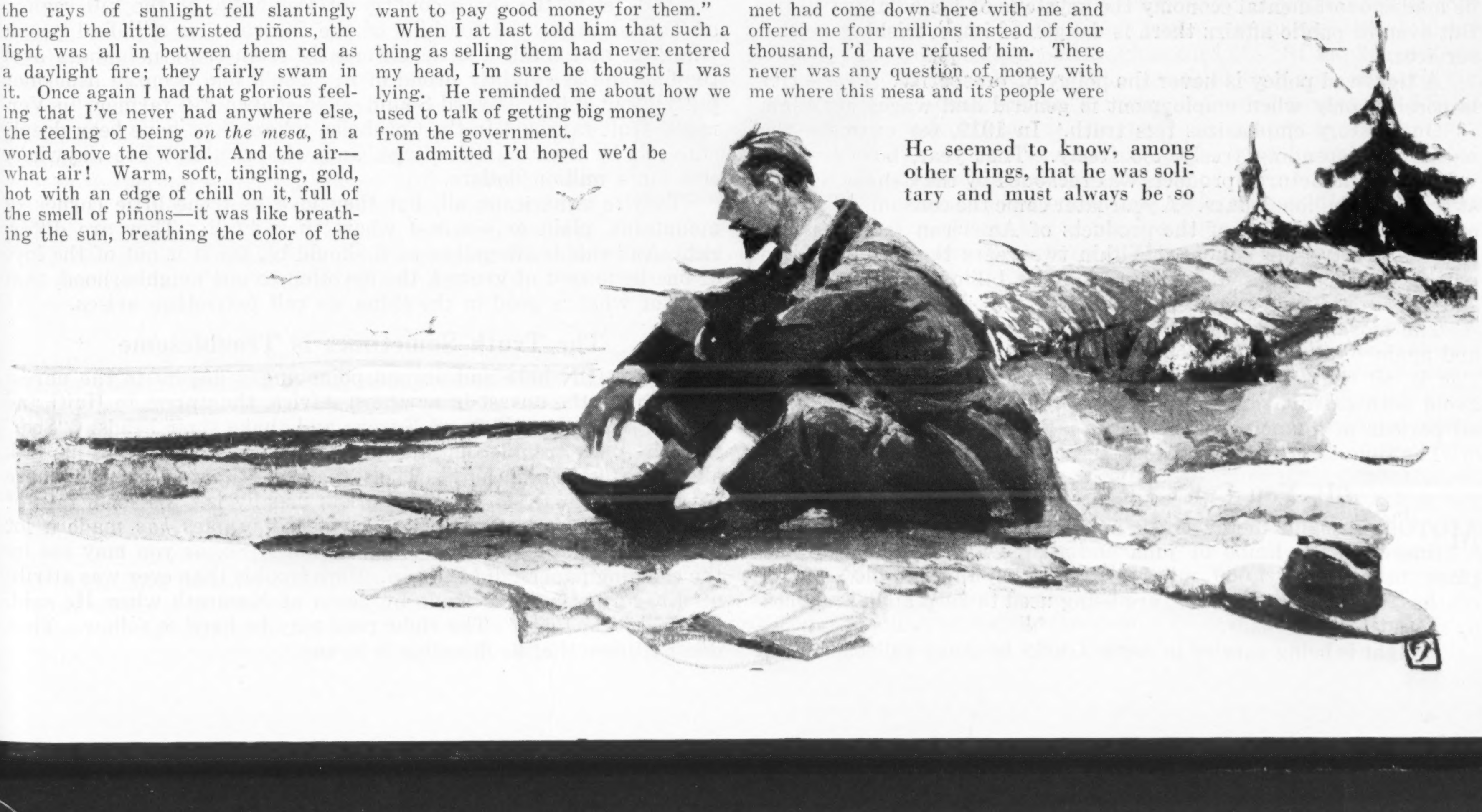
I SAID again it wasn't mine or his. He took something out of the pocket of his flannel shirt and laid it on the table. I saw it was a bank pass book, with my name on the yellow cover.

"You may as well keep it," I said. "I'll never touch it. You had no right to deposit it in my name. The townspeople are sore about the money, and they'll hold it against me."

"No, they won't. Can't you trust me to fix that?"

"I don't know what I can trust you with, Blake. I don't know where I'm at with you," I said.

He got up, putting on his coat. "Motives don't count, eh?" he said, his face turned away, as he put his arm into the sleeve. (*Continued on page 28*)



He seemed to know, among other things, that he was solitary and must always be so

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JULY 25, 1925

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

EXCESSIVE THRIFT

THE most famous pair of half soles in history is supposed to have been attached to a pair of old shoes owned by President Coolidge.

The half soles may have been purely imaginary. Perhaps Mr. Coolidge really bought a new pair of shoes this summer. What actually happened does not matter: the report or fable was believed and the man from Vermont was given the credit for creating a precedent which might have disagreeable effects. For while economy in the right doses is good medicine it is dangerous when carried to an extreme.

The United States boasts the highest standard of living in the world because we are a nation of generous spenders. If suddenly we stopped spending, everyone would suffer.

Take the matter of clothes in all their ramifications. A great industry employing a million and a half men and women produce the habiliments of this nation. Suppose every man and woman who can afford to buy a new garment decided to struggle along another season with the old one. A hundred thousand men and women might quickly be thrown out of work. Numerous manufacturers would feel the pinch. The value of the output of a single great industry might be diminished a billion and a half dollars. That actually happened in 1920 when consumers stopped buying.

We are like the Greenlanders, who live by taking in each other's laundry. When the office worker goes without a needed pair of shoes the shoemaker is deprived of the opportunity to buy the hat or shirt he desired, and in endless numbers others are affected.

Governmental economy within reasonable limits is admittedly desirable since the war inevitably bred waste and extravagance. Taxes ate too many dollars which could be otherwise used and President Coolidge gave expression to a popular demand when he made governmental economy the keystone of his administration. But even in public affairs there is danger of impoverishing needed services.

A tightwad policy is never the policy of prosperity. Prosperity is possible only when employment is general and wages are high.

Our history emphasizes this truth. In 1919, for example, the nation was spending freely, too freely. That year, however, the value of manufactured products was reckoned by the Census Bureau at sixty-two billion dollars. A year later came the consumers' strike, and in 1921 the value of the products of American factories was less than forty-four billions. Within two years the income of the nation was decreased more than eighteen billion dollars because suddenly consumers stopped buying.

The moral is plain enough, and it has been pointed out again and again by Secretary Hoover and his economists. It is moderation in all things. If ever as a nation we have sense enough to avoid both extravagance and parsimony, we can expect to escape all periods of financial depression.

The time is propitious to take these things to heart.

"If You Can't Lick 'Em, Jine 'Em"

MOTOR bus and motor truck are driving many of the branch lines into the limbo of junk and rust. The Boston & Maine plans to abandon 1,000 miles of track as unprofitable. Motor coaches, running on the rails, are being used to keep alive branches by more than 150 roads.

Freight is being carried in motor trucks by many railroads. On one twenty-mile line of the Pennsylvania a freight train used to start from each end every morning, dropping off freight at a score of stations. Now two motor trucks do all the work that those two trains used to do. The New York Central is using 400 motor trucks in sixty-nine different operations.

For long-haul roads the truck and the bus will develop traffic and will feed rather than sap the vitality of the rails. Many short-haul roads will continue to suffer until they employ the truck and the bus on their own account. They can't lick 'em, so they'd better jine 'em.

Meanwhile, the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce has brought forward the question of federal regulation. The bus and the truck cross and recross state boundaries and are beyond state control. They are common carriers and should have the same responsibility and the same dignity as the railroad.

The Great Experiment

AMERICA is the world's laboratory for prohibition. Other nations are watching to see how the experiment will turn out.

Two hundred women recently went from America as delegates to the convention in Edinburgh of the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union. They were led by the president of the union, Anna Adams Gordon, who greeted the convention as "fellow travelers on the road to a dry world."

She made the astonishing statement that the entire world is now as near prohibition as was the United States twenty years ago. We didn't know, twenty years ago, how near we were. Therefore no one can afford to challenge the prophecy that even Scotland will become arid.

Only the foolish pretend to have a final opinion about prohibition in America or elsewhere. Above the shouting of the propagandists on both sides, above the whine of the personally peeved and the morally outraged, no doubt we shall hear, some far-away day, the cool voice of science saying, "So much has been proved, and so much remains to be seen. Now let us get on with the next step in the experiment."

What's Time in Washington?

THE other week Ed Doll of Detroit, a veteran of the Spanish-American War, received a citation for a brave action that took place back in 1899. Of course justice is better late than never. But why a quarter of a century late? Is the sloth to take the place of the eagle as our national emblem?

They're Americans All

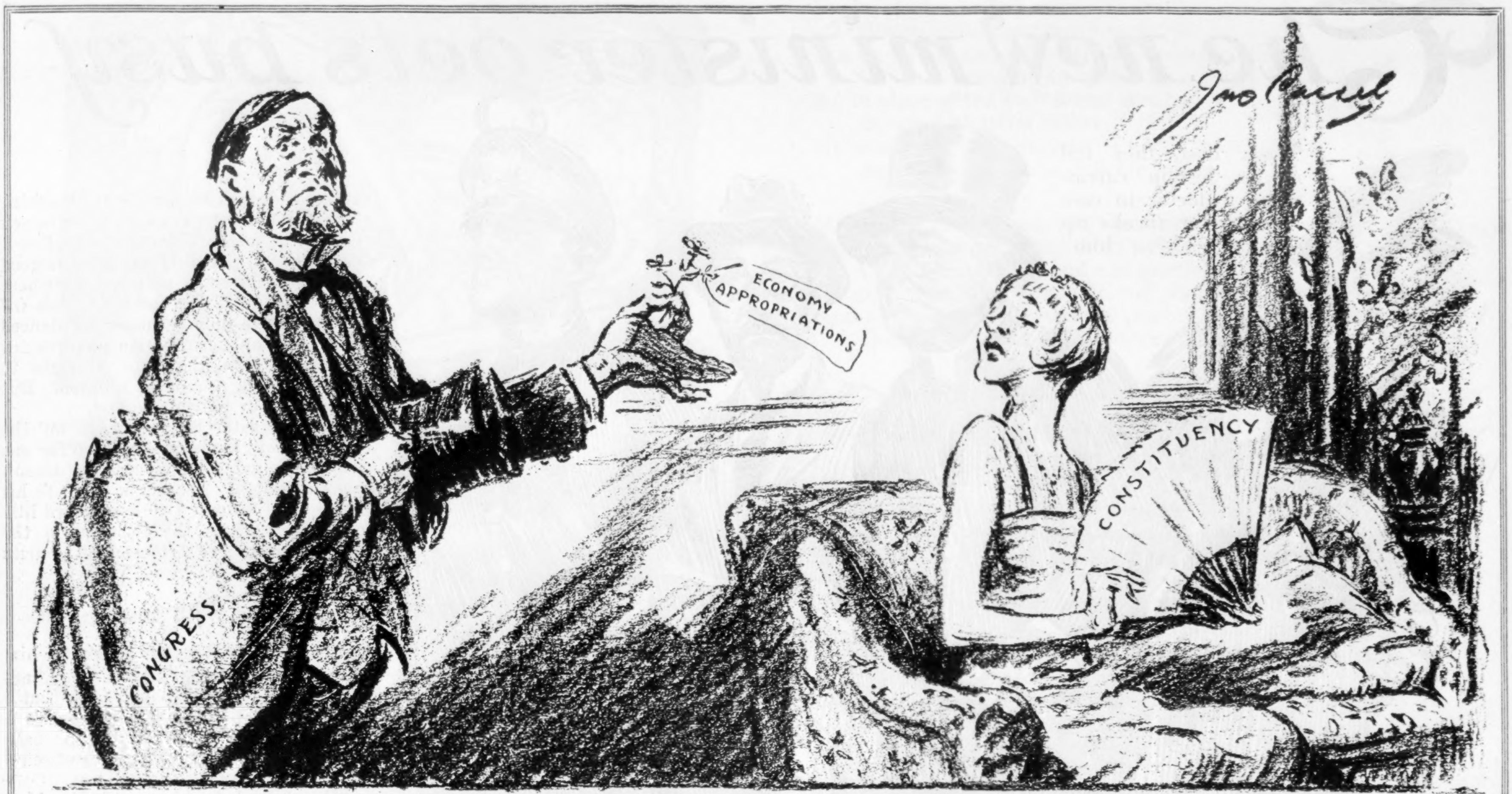
IF YOU have observed your countrymen very carefully as you jogged about this summer, you have perhaps noticed that all the local color hasn't been painted out yet in spite of the fact that whether it's Maine or California, everyone wears about the same kind of clothes, goes to the same movies, reads the same magazines, listens to the same broadcasters over the radio, and rides in the same brands of automobiles.

And yet in the south country of Delaware, or the hill regions of Tennessee, or the foothills of the Sierras you still find people who talk and think a little differently from their neighbors over the line and are rightly proud of it. You'll find bronzed fishermen putting out into Vineyard Sound, slow-spoken hill farmers in Vermont, fruit ranchers in the Coachella, whose lives have been deeply stamped by their surroundings, and who wouldn't live anywhere else for a million dollars.

They're Americans all, but they love best the little corner of mountains, plain or seacoast where they dwell. They are different. And this is altogether as it should be, for it is out of the love of one little spot of ground, the devotion to one neighborhood, that most of what is good in the thing we call patriotism arises.

The Truth Sometimes is Troublesome

STATESMEN here and abroad point angry fingers to the unrest in China, the unrest in northern Africa, the unrest in Haiti and the unrest in the middle of Europe and shake their heads. "See," they say, "the trouble that Woodrow Wilson made with all his talk about self-determination!" Their analysis is correct enough; more correct than analysis by diplomatists usually is. Wilson's talk of self-determination of small and burdened peoples *has* made a lot of trouble. Galileo made a lot of trouble. So, as you may see by the morning papers, did Darwin. More trouble than ever was attributed to any other was made by Jesus of Nazareth when He said, in effect, "Be Just!" The right road may be hard to follow. That doesn't prove that its direction is wrong.

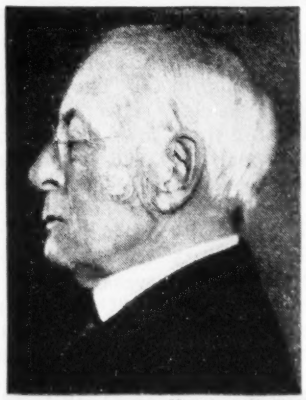


It's difficult to make an impression if you must economize on flowers

COLLEGE WILL HELP YOU SUCCEED

By Dr. Charles W. Eliot

President Emeritus of Harvard University


Harris & Ewing

At THIS season of the year millions of children are trying to decide whether to go to work as soon as the law permits and they can get a job, or to keep on going to school. A little later thousands of young people between sixteen and nineteen will be deciding whether to go to college or not.

Does American experience during the past seventy-five years shed any light on the problems of these multitudinous children and young people to-day, or would it if it were known to them?

In the first place, experience proves that the choice to go to work made by children of twelve to fourteen years determines, as a rule, the nature or quality of their whole lives, including their industrial, social and family conditions. A few individuals of exceptional ability and ambition escape the effects of this early decision, but their number is relatively very small. The choice to go to work instead of to school should not be made under the delusion that later it can be recalled or reversed. It is not likely to be.

In the second place, experience proves that the decision as to going to college reached by adolescents of sixteen to nineteen years is also, as a rule, a decision little likely to be recalled. Its results are produced almost inevitably on the individual who makes it, and probably on his descendants in long succession.

Again, in deciding questions about choice of calling or main occupation the rising generations do not pay as much attention as the earlier ones did to the wishes or opinions of parents and grandparents; and, on the whole, the parents and grandparents accept the situation without much struggling, partly, perhaps, because they feel that their own education was scanty or ill-directed. This situation is comparatively new, is surely grave, and tends to become graver still. The Puritans who created the Colony of Massachusetts Bay determined the course of life of every one of their numerous children. They sent to Harvard College chiefly the weak or sickly boys who were obviously unfit for hard labor on the farm, in the woods or on the sea. Gradually, as political liberty increased, liberty in the family increased also. About a hundred years ago there was a decided increase in religious liberty, which has modified the relations of parents to children. The modifications are, on the whole, improvements because they make less account of fear, respect and obedience, and more of tenderness and love. But old-fashioned people and people who have had no children think they see new dangers for society and civilization in the further development of recent tendencies. The rising generations should take account of these apprehensions. They should also observe that a better idea of God is now generally entertained than the Genesis stories and the Psalms supplied. He is no longer the Lord of Hosts, the unjust dispenser of earthly good or ill, or the remote awarder of heaven or hell after death. Modern men and women "live, move, and have their being in Him."

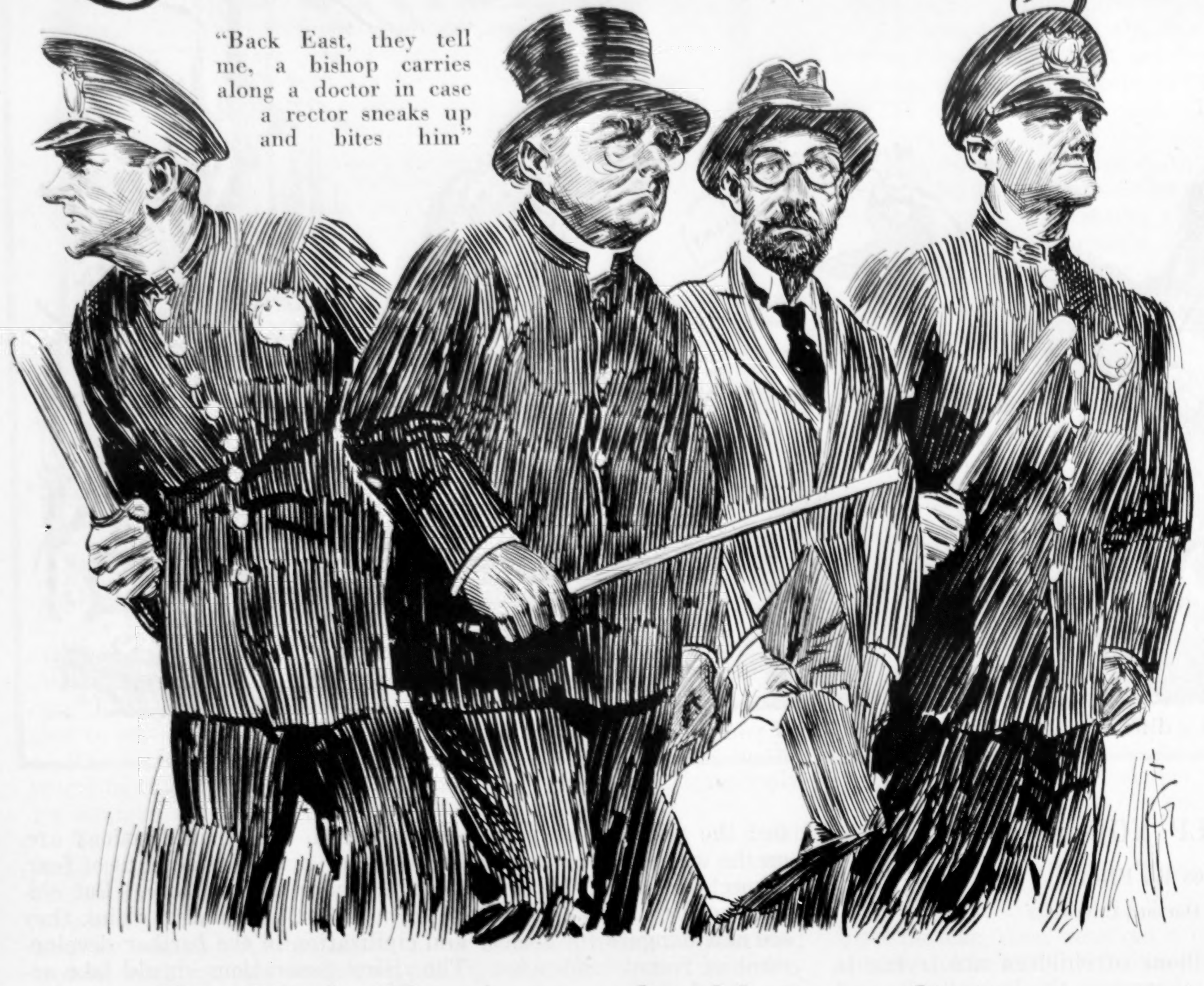
The rising generations may feel sure that the high schools of to-day offer a much better training for actual life than they did twenty or even ten years ago. The training given to-day is broader and more interesting. It is directed to the individual child. It tries to follow up his interests and his desires, and to rouse his ambition and his hopes. It teaches the child how to see, hear and touch accurately. It imparts not only knowledge but skill. A child who goes through high school will be a better informed person all his life than if he had stopped with grammar school.

A well-conducted high school gives nowadays knowledge of the elements of many trades and occupations for both boys and girls, a knowledge which helps much toward a wise and early choice of occupation. This is not technical training, which comes later, but it is a real help toward success and happiness in life.

The rising generations may feel very sure that there is no royal road to learning—that is, no easy and luxurious road. Real knowledge of science, letters or the philosophy of life comes only through hard study and through hard work enjoyed. Youth should distrust any adviser who promises an easy road to knowledge or power.

The experience of all fairly well-conducted American colleges and universities proves beyond any question that their undergraduates who study with interest, and still more their graduates who pursue advanced studies, succeed in after life much better than persons who do not go to college both in degree and in proportion to their numbers, and this in every walk of life, in business of all sorts and in all the professions. Any "Who's Who," European or American, supplies ample proof of this statement, but so does common observation by the voters in any large town or city, or indeed in many rural communities.

The new minister gets busy



"Back East, they tell me, a bishop carries along a doctor in case a rector sneaks up and bites him"

But Uncle Henry says the old-time religion is good enough for him

"THE trouble with this country is downright godlessness," asserted Mr. Stubbs. "People ain't religious like they used to be."

"What on earth are you talkin' about?" exclaimed Uncle Henry. "I was thinkin' only the other day that I'd never seen religion so full of pep an' zip, or playin' a more vigorous part in the emotional life of the nation. Accordin' to recent statistics, 478 new denominations came into bein' this last year, some of 'em able to pay the minister a week's salary in advance.

"Why, you can't go into any town without findin' a brisk, free-for-all fight goin' on between the minister an' his congregation, the vestry an' the congregation or the minister an' the vestry, strangers welcome an' no words barred,

"Back East, so they tell me, a bishop doesn't dare to walk the open streets without a strong police escort, an' even then he carries along a doctor from the Pasteur Institute in case a rector sneaks up an' bites him. Every Monday mornin' the papers are full of what the Reverend Whosat called the Reverend Zatso, an' sportin' editors now report sermons round by round.

"Yessir, 'Lonzo, what with the fight over evolution an' the battle between the Fundamentalists an' Modernists, religion is on the upgrade. In nearly all the big cities you can see people standin' in line in front of the churches all Saturday night, waitin' to get a good ringside seat for the Sunday sermon. Every first-class theological seminary now has an athletic director, an' no divinity student can get ordained until he shows ability to protect himself in the clinches.

"An' you might say that the boom in religion has only started, for it's a certainty that Bill Bryan won't stop until he's done the right thing by Jonah. I don't suppose any two men in the world ever had more in common than Bryan an' Jonah, an' I wouldn't be a bit surprised if W. J. B. went before the next Democratic convention, if there is one, an' fought for a whale plank. Of course, it would have to be a wet one, an' that might stop him.

The Forty-Story Church

"NO, 'LONZO, I don't think you need worry about the state of religion in the United States to-day. Shrewd, keen business men have taken hold of it, an' while I'm not sayin' it'll ever be as big a money maker as the movie industry, all the big city churches are showin' a handsome profit.

"Did you read about that new church they're goin' to put up in New York? Forty stories high, as I remember it, an' costin' several million dollars, but it looks as if it would pay from 10 to 12 per cent on the common stock the first year. The ground-floor stores will take care of the interest charges, the hotel receipts can be depended upon to balance the amortization of the bonds, an' when you think that the combination swimmin' pool an' squash court can be turned into an ice rink in winter, I reckon they won't have to worry about the sinkin' fund an' the 7 per cent for preferred stock.

"The architect has worked out a scheme of duplex pews, each with its own sleepin' porch, all of which will be sold at auction. The city may take the basement for a fire department. You can see for yourself that the stock makes an attractive investment, even if they fail to get police protection for the weekly boxin' bouts they're plannin'.

"Can you imagine old Pastor Barks swingin' a deal like that? Walkin' right in before a committee of hard-headed business men an' sellin' himself? Puttin' both hands on the mahogany table, leanin' forward with his jaw thrust out, an' sayin', 'Gentlemen, I want you to help me put religion across in a *big* way. Your time is valuable. So is mine. Unless we can close to-day I'll sell my option on the ground to Caramel Consolidated and go into some other line'!"

"Pastor Barks suits me," Mr. Stubbs announced firmly. "He preaches as fine a sermon as I want to hear."

"That's the trouble with him," patiently explained Uncle Henry. "His mind is on the Bible all the time, an' he can't take a sermon or leave it alone. The new-style minister doesn't bother about preachin', 'Lonzo. What he tries to do is to sell people the *idea of church-goin'*. Put it across to 'em that they can have as good a time in church as they can anywhere else, an' at half the cost. *Get 'em in!* After they've played squash an' danced an' skated an' seen motion pictures for a year or two, then it's all right to work the talk around to religion. But build up your patronage *first*.

"I like Pastor Barks myself, an' the old-time religion is good enough for me, but you've got to admit that he doesn't pack a wallop. There's no snap to his stuff. The nearest I've ever heard him come to 1925 is the Sermon on the Mount, an' he's utterly lackin' in *news sense*.

A Charge With Sundays Off

"A REPORTER could listen to him fifty-two weeks hand-runnin', an' never get a front-page story that'll make people sit up an' say, 'There's a man who's got somethin' on the ball. Let's send down an' get a couple of seats for next Sunday.'

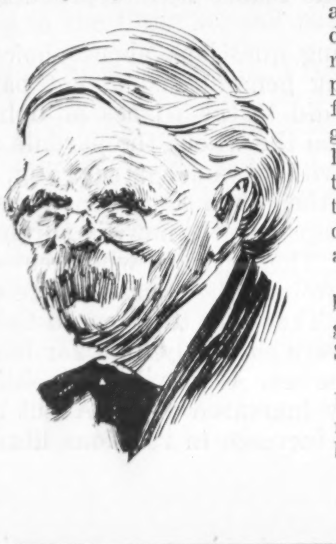
"I've talked to him until I'm blue in the face trying to make him develop a punch. 'Ask Fall to take your pulpit an' give his side. *Get in the papers.* Let 'em know you're alive,' I told him.

"Look at his church! An up-to-date preacher, one of these go-getters, would tear out that old graveyard, sell all that surplus footage, an' have money enough to put up a big electric sign, not to mention a *porte-cochère*. An' with my own ears I heard him turn down a perfectly good proposition to sell advertisin' space in the hymn books.

"I saw the publicity value of that Darwin business long before the lawyers did. 'Either way,' I said. 'Support him or denounce him; it's worth a column a day on the front page, especially if you start it in the summer when there's not much news. An' I'll bet you get a big movie offer out of it an' maybe a call to some rich metropolitan church where you'll have your Sundays off.' An' what do you think his answer was? Said he didn't see what Darwin had to do with what Christ taught.

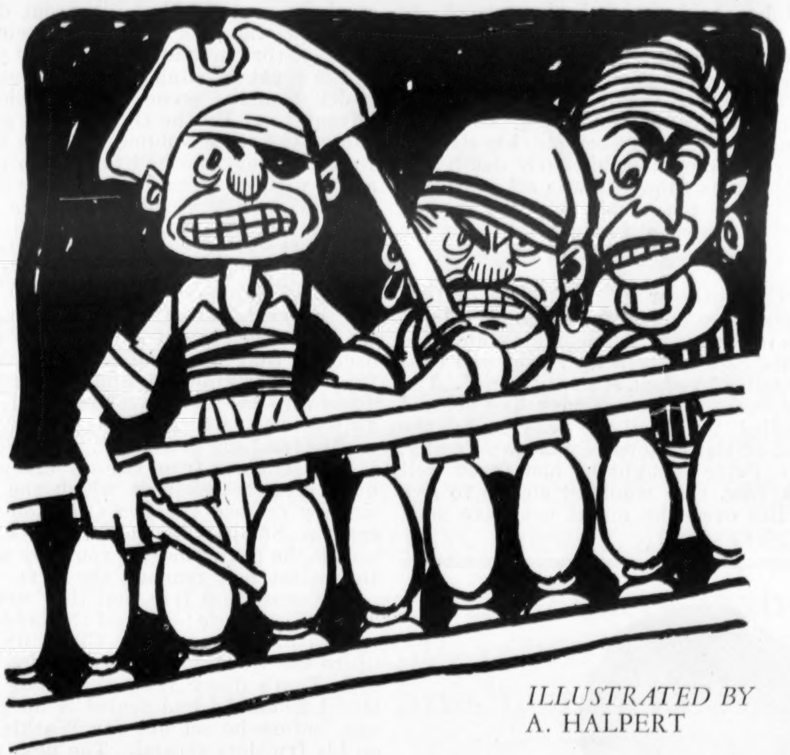
"Same way with old Doc Hobbs that used to run the state university. You remember him, don't you? Long whiskers, spectacles an' a vest that never matched his soup. All right on education, of course, but not the least idea of business.

"Look what happened the minute we put in that fellow we got from the Barbed Wire Trust. Eighteen new buildin's in three years, four hundred courses added to the curricula, a million-dollar stadium that fairly coins money, a river, complete in every detail, for the crew, an' a graduatin' class so large last June that they had to broadcast the examinations an' deliver diplomas by auto truck."



"You can't make a business out of religion," protested Mr. Stubbs.

"Why not?" said Uncle Henry. "We've made a religion out of business, haven't we?"



ILLUSTRATED BY
A. HALPERT

The pirate chef

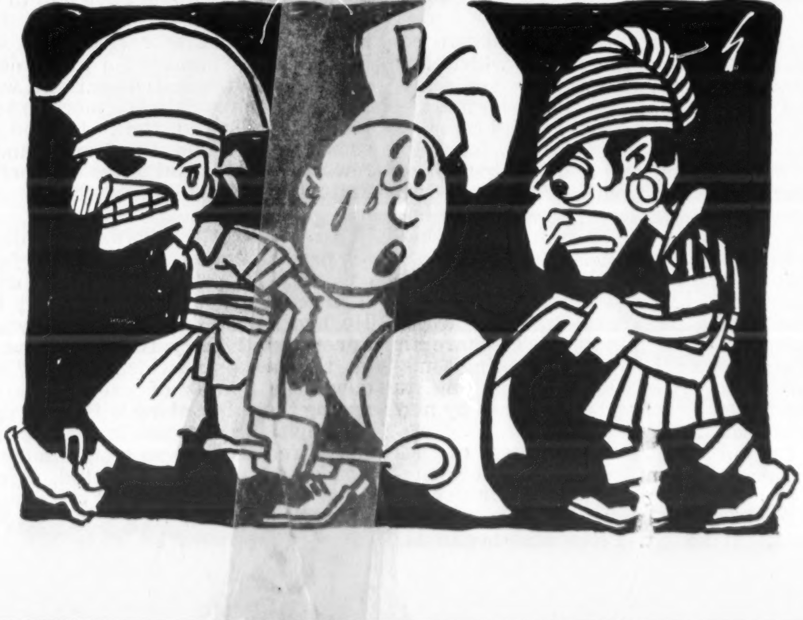
By BERTON BRALEY

OH, Bloody Bill Drew and his buccaneer crew
Were tough as they make 'em—and worse.
They drank and they swore and they wallowed in gore,
And sinned in a fashion diverse.
Plug-uglies and thugs wearing villainous mugs,
With terror they'd make people numb.
They were rancorous rips, and they loved scuttling ships,
And they lived on raw meat and on rum!

Oh, a vessel they hailed as they sailed and they sailed;
'Twas a snowy-white hospital ship,
Which was full of food faddists of many degrees
Whose stomachs were weak and who sailed on the seas
On a sort of a health-seeking trip.

The buccaneer horde clambered swiftly on board;
They grabbed all the passengers' wealth;
They looted the larder (*their* larder was low);
They slit a few throats—then they let the ship go
Along on its mission of health;
But with them the pirates, as prisoner, took
One man from the crew of their capture—the cook!

The cook's eye was mild as the eye of a child
And his manner was gentle and sweet,
And his only desire as he toiled at his fire
Was fixing up dainties to eat.
He wasn't the kind who was ever inclined
To serve things in gobbets and hummocks;
His craft it was deft, since he always had cheffed
For people with delicate stomachs!

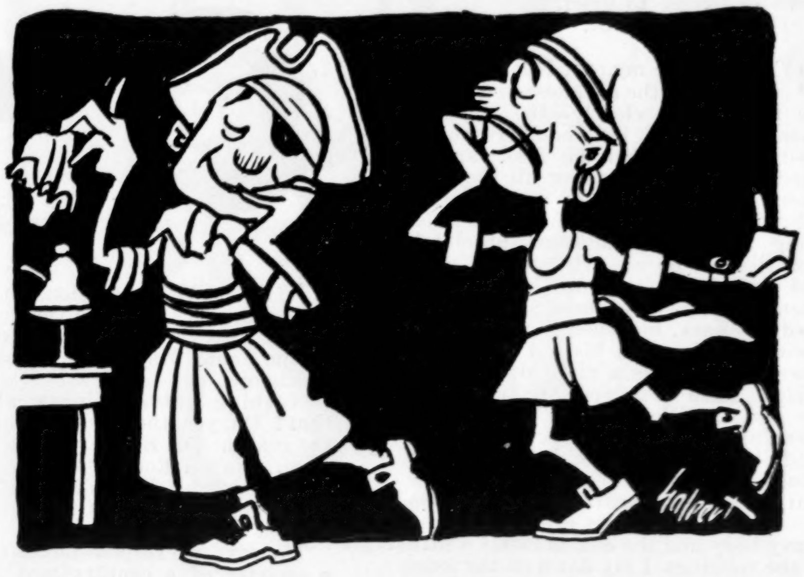


So the pirates he fed, not on meat that was red,
Which stirs angry passions to riot,
But on fare more select—for he knew the effect
Which is wrought on a man by his diet.
So, in place of the stuff which was heavy and rough
On even piratical bellies,
He would bid them partake of a light angel cake
And some tasty and delicate jellies.

He fed 'em on weakfish and strawberry jam;
For meat he would serve them with rabbit and lamb
(Two animals peaceful and gentle);
He gave them the brains of a calf that was tame;
And when they had eaten the pirates became
Quite kindly and half sentimental.

And one of his notions was brewing strange potions
From grains and from herbage, which some
Of Drew's buccaneers met with hoots and with jeers
But many preferred them to rum!
Though the pirates at first often muttered and cursed
At the style of the new cook's repast,
Though they made comments rude on this delicate food,
They grew so they liked it, at last.
They reveled in apple sauce, crackers and milk,
In prunes, tapioca and things of that ilk!

Thus by subtle degrees harmless dishes like these
Which the cook gave the pirates at meals
Wrought a change in their morals and lessened their quarrels
And altered their thoughts and ideals,
Till one day Billy Drew told his buccaneer crew:
"Lads, piracy's highly unlawful.
When I think what we've done—why, me eyes fairly run;
I certainly feel something awful.



"And I think to atone for the deeds that we did,
In apin' old Blackbeard an' Morgan an' Kidd
With hearts that were bloodily seethin',
We'd oughta sail off to some cannibal isle
An' there in a meek an' a Christianly style
Start in to convertin' the heathen!"

The buccaneers listened, while salty tears glistened
On every piratical cheek.
They cried, "Lead us to it! We'll certainly do it!
Atonement is just what we seek.
For something inside us has made us new men.
We never will take any pleasure again
In fillin' the scuppers with gore;
The tear of repentance each eyelid bedims,
We'll give up our chanteys for anthems and hymns—
Sail on to that cannibal shore!"

Thus tempered by food, as the new cook had planned,
The pirates set sail for that cannibal land
Where heathens were sure to await 'em;
The cannibals met 'em—they needed raw meat,
And, finding the pirates now tender and sweet,
They welcomed 'em gladly—and ate 'em!

Which shows—and I dare anyone to deny it—
That pirates should stick to piratical diet!

The Professor's House

Continued from page 23

"They would in anything of our own, between you and me," I told him. "If it was my money you'd lost gambling, or my girl you'd made free with, we could fight it out, and maybe be friends again. But this is different."

"I see. You make it clear." He was quietly stirring around as he spoke. He took his old knapsack off its nail on the wall, opened his trunk and took out some underwear and socks and a couple of shirts. After he had put these into the bag he slung it over one shoulder and his canvas water bag over the other. I let these preparations go on without a word. He went to the cupboard over the stove and put some sticks of chocolate into his pocket, then his pipe and a bag of tobacco. Presently I said he'd break his neck if he tried riding down the trail in the dark.

"I'm not riding the trail," he replied curtly. "I'm going down the quick way. My horse is grazing in Cow Cañon."

"I noticed the river's high. It's dangerous crossing," I remarked.

"I got over that way a few days ago. I'm surprised at you, using such common expressions," he said sarcastically. "Dangerous crossing; it's painted on signboards all over the world." He walked out of the cabin without looking back. I followed him to the V-shaped break in the rim rock, hardly larger than a man's body, where the spliced tree trunks made a swinging ladder down the face of the cliff. I wanted to protest, but only succeeded in finding fault.

"You'll catch your knapsack on those forks and come to grief."

"That's my lookout."

BY THIS time my eyes had grown accustomed to the darkness and I could see Blake quite clearly—the stubborn, crouching set of his shoulders that I used to notice when he first came to Pardee and was drinking all the time. There was an ache in my arms to reach out and detain him, but there was something else that made me absolutely powerless to do so. He stepped down and settled his foot into the first fork. Then he stopped a moment and straightened his pack, buttoned his coat up to the chin and pulled his hat on tighter. There was always a night draft in the cañon. Then he gripped the trunk with his hands. "Well," he said with grim cheerfulness, "here's luck! And I'm glad it's you that's doing this to me, Tom; not me that's doing it to you."

His head disappeared below the rim. I could hear the trees creak under his heavy body and the chains rattle a little at the splicings. I lay down on the ledge and listened. I could hear him for a long way down, and the sounds were comforting to me, though I didn't realize it. Then the silence closed in. I went to sleep that night hoping I would never waken.

All that summer I never went up to the Swallow's Nest to get my diary—indeed, it's there yet. I didn't feel the need of that record. It would have been going backward. I didn't want to go back and unravel things step by step. Perhaps I was afraid that I would lose the whole in the parts. At any rate, I didn't go for my record.

During those months I didn't worry much about poor Roddy. I told myself the advertisements would surely get him—I knew his habit of reading newspapers. There are times when one's vitality is too high to be clouded, too elastic to stay down. Hurrying from my cabin in the morning to the spot in the Cliff City where I studied under a piñon, I used to be frightened at my own want of heart.

Happiness is something one can't explain. You must take my word for it. Troubles enough came afterward, but there was that summer, high and blue, a life in itself.

Next winter I went back to Pardee and stayed with the O'Briens again, working on the section and studying with Father Duchene and trying to get some word to Blake. Now that I was back on the railroad, I thought I couldn't fail to find him. I went out to Winslow and to Williams, and questioned the railroad men. We advertised for him in every possible way: had all the Santa Fe operatives and the police and the Catholic missionaries on the watch for him; offered a thousand dollars reward for whoever found him. But it came to nothing. Father Duchene and our friends down there are still looking. But the older I grow the more I understand what it was I did that night on the mesa. Anyone who requites faith and friendship as I did will have to pay for it. I'm not very sanguine about good fortune for myself. I'll be called to account when I least expect it.

In the spring, just a year after I quarreled with Roddy, I landed here and walked into your garden, and the rest you know.

They've Whittled Him FIFTY-TWO *Times!*

By M. L. RAMSAY

© Harris & Ewing

FIFTY-TWO operations in sixteen years. That's the record of Dr. Frederick H. Baetjer, of the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore.

Nothing extraordinary about that? Oh, yes, there is. And here's the reason: Dr. Baetjer isn't a surgeon. He's a Roentgenologist—an X-ray expert. He didn't perform those operations. Others performed them—*on him.*

The rays are responsible. Nearly a quarter of a century ago, long before the day of lead screens and other protective devices, Dr. Baetjer set to work to probe their mysteries. No one knew better than he how dangerous they were; but he plodded ahead, learning many valuable facts which have been applied to the cure of disease. And the rays did not spare him. In the course of time—like Bergonie, the French scientist who sacrificed his life in the cause of science early this year—he was badly burned. And burns mean infection.

Sixteen years ago the surgeons first used knives on him. They operated for the fifty-second time a few months ago when they amputated his eighth finger. At least twice he has been in danger of losing an arm, but each time the spread of the poison has been halted in the nick of time.

The rays killed many of his earlier coworkers; and his colleagues all over the world are beginning to call him "the last of the old guard." He knows how perilous is his work. But if you want to find Dr. Baetjer after one of his operations go to his laboratory. He'll be there—back on the job.

Book III

The Professor

ALL the most important things in his life, St. Peter knew, had been determined by chance. His education in France had been an accident. His married life had been happy largely through a circumstance with which neither he nor his wife had anything to do. They had been young people with good qualities, and very much in love, but they could not have been happy if Lillian had not inherited a small income from her father—only about sixteen hundred a year, but it had made all the difference in the world. A few memorable interregnums between servants had let him know that Lillian couldn't pinch and be shabby and do housework, as the wives of some of his colleagues did. Under such conditions she became another person, and a bitter one.

Tom Outland had been a stroke of chance he couldn't possibly have imagined: his strange coming, his strange story, his devotion, his early death and posthumous fame—it was all fantastic. Fantastic, too, that this tramp boy should amass a fortune for someone whose name he had never heard.

THE professor often thought of that curiously bitter burst from the baritone in Brahms' Requiem, attending the words, *"He heapeth up riches and cannot tell who shall scatter them!"* The vehemence of this passage had seemed uncalled for until he read it by the light of the history of his own family.

St. Peter thought he had fared well with fate. He wouldn't choose to live his life over—he might not have such good luck again. He had had two romances: one of the heart, which had filled his life for many years, and a second of the mind—of the imagination. Just when the morning brightness of the world was wearing off for him, along came Outland and brought him a kind of second youth. Through Outland's studies, long after they had ceased to be pupil and master, he had been able to experience afresh things that had grown dull with use. The boy's mind had the superabundance of heat which is always present where there is rich germination. To share his thoughts was to be always finding something and always losing something, to see old perspectives transformed by new effects of light.

If the last four volumes of the "Spanish Adventurers" were more simple and inevitable than those that went before, it was largely because of Outland. When St. Peter first began his work he realized that his great drawback was the lack of early association, the fact that he had not spent his youth in the great dazzling Southwest country which was the scene of his explorers' adventures. By the time he had got as far as the third volume, into his house walked a boy who had grown up there, a boy with imagination, with the training and insight resulting from a very curious experience, who had in his pocket the secrets which old trails and stones and watercourses tell only to adolescence.

Two years after Tom's graduation they took the copy of Frey Garces' manuscript, that the professor had made from the original in Spain, and went down into the Southwest together. By autumn they had been over every mile of his trail on horseback. Tom could take a sentence from Garces' diary and find the exact spot at which the missionary crossed the Rio Colorado on a certain Sunday in 1575. Given one pueblo, he could find the route by which the priest had reached the next.

It was on that trip that they went to Tom's Blue Mesa; climbed the ladder of spliced pine trees to the Cliff City and up to the Swallow's Nest. There they took Tom's diary from the stone cupboard where he had sealed it up years ago, before he set out for Washington on his fruitless errand. The next summer Tom went with the professor to Old Mexico. They had planned a third summer together, in Paris, but it never came off. Outland was delayed by the formalities of securing his patent, and then came August, 1914. Father Duchene, the missionary priest who had been Tom's teacher, stopped in Hamilton on his way back to Belgium—hurrying home to serve in any capacity he might. The rugged old man stayed in Hamilton only four days, but in that time Outland made up his mind, had a will drawn, packed, and said good-by. He sailed with Father Duchene on the Rochambeau.

To this day St. Peter regretted that he had never got that vacation in Paris with Tom Outland. He had wanted to revisit certain spots with him: to go with him some autumn morning to the Luxembourg Gardens, when the yellow horse-chestnuts were bright and bitter after rain; to stand with him before the monument to Delacroix and watch the sun gleam on the bronze figures—Time bearing away the youth who was struggling to snatch his palm—or was it to lay a palm? Not that it mattered. It might have mattered to Tom had not chance, in one great catastrophe, swept away all youth and all palms, and almost Time itself.

And suppose Tom had been more prudent, and had not gone away with his old teacher? St. Peter sometimes wondered what would have happened to him once the trap of worldly success had been sprung on him. He couldn't see Tom building Outland or becoming a public-spirited citizen of Hamilton. What change would have come in his blue eye, in his fine, long hand with the back-springing thumb, which had never handled things that were not the symbols of ideas? A hand like that, had he lived, must have been put to other uses. His fellow scientists, his wife, the town and state, would have required many duties of it. It would have had to write thousands of useless letters, frame thousands of false excuses. It would have had to "manage" a great deal of money, to be the instrument of a woman who would grow always more exacting. He had escaped all that. He had made something new in the world, and the rewards—the meaningless conventional gestures—he had left to others.

ALL those summer days, while the professor was sending cheerful accounts of his activities to his family in France, he was really doing very little. He had begun, in a desultory way, to annotate the diary that Tom had kept on the mesa, in which he had noted down the details of each day's work among the ruins, along with the weather and anything unusual in the routine of their life. There was a minute description of each tool they found, of every piece of cloth and pottery, frequently accompanied by a very suggestive pen-

(*Continued on page 30*)

Never Before a Value Like This

The Super-Six principle, exclusive to Hudson and Essex, is responsible for the largest selling 6-cylinder car in the world, because it gives results in smooth, brilliant action, reliability and economy never attained by any other type.

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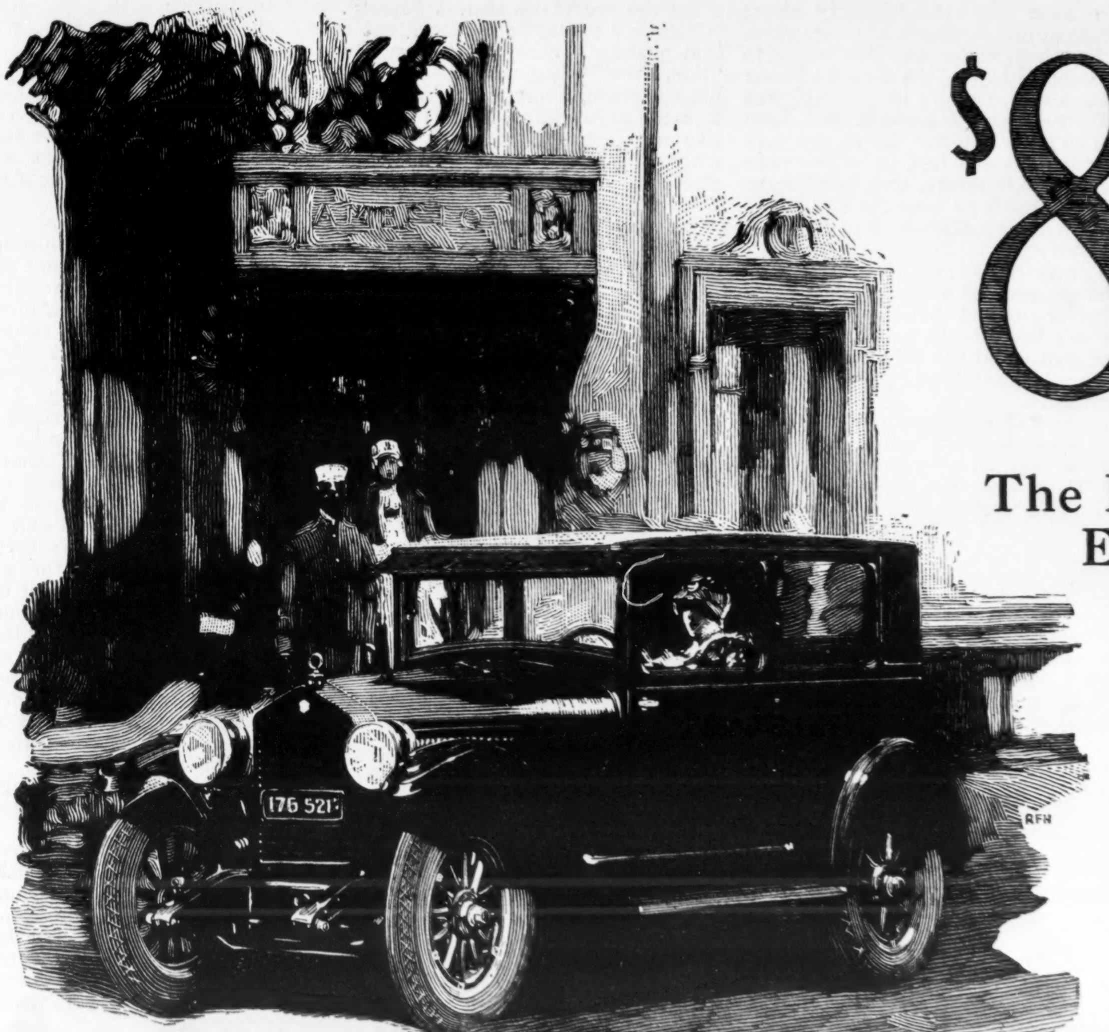

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Hudson-Essex, World's Largest Selling 6-Cylinder Cars

The Professor's House

Continued from page 28

cil sketch of the object and a surmise as to its use and the kind of life in which it had played a part. To St. Peter this plain account was almost beautiful because of the stupidities it avoided and the things it did not say. If words had cost money, Tom couldn't have used them more sparingly. The adjectives were purely descriptive, relating to form and color, and were used to present the objects under consideration, not the young explorer's emotions. Yet through this austerity one felt the kindling imagination, the ardor and excitement of the boy, like the vibration in a voice when the speaker strives to restrain his emotion by using only conventional phrases.

When the first of August came round, the professor realized that he had pleasantly trifled away nearly two months at a task which should have taken little more than a week. But he had been doing a good deal besides—something he had never before been able to do.

He had always laughed at people who talked about "day dreams," just as he laughed at people who naïvely confessed that they had "an imagination." All his life his mind had behaved in a positive fashion. When he was not at work or being actively amused he went to sleep. He had no twilight stage. But now he enjoyed this half-awake loafing with his brain as if it were a new sense, arriving late, like wisdom teeth. He found he could lie on his sand spit by the lake for hours and watch the seven motionless pines drink up the sun. In the evening, after dinner, he could sit idle and watch the stars with the same immobility. He was cultivating a novel mental dissipation—and enjoying a new friendship. Tom Outland had not come back again through the garden door (as he had so often done in dreams!), but another boy had: the boy the professor had long ago left behind him in Kansas—the original, unmodified Godfrey St. Peter.

This boy and he had meant, back in those far-away days, to live some sort of life together and share good and bad fortune. They had not shared together, for the reason that they were unevenly matched. The young St. Peter who went to France to try his luck had a more active mind than the twin he left behind in the Solomon Valley. After his adoption into the Thierault household, he remembered that other boy very rarely, in moments of homesickness. After he met Lillian Ornsley, St. Peter forgot that boy had ever lived.

But now that the vivid consciousness of an earlier state had come back to him, the professor felt that life with this Kansas boy, little as there had been of it, was the realest of his lives, and that all the years between had been accidental and ordered from the outside. His career, his wife, his family, were not his life at all, but a chain of events which had happened to him. All these things had nothing to do with the person he was in the beginning.

THE man he was now, the personality his friends knew, had begun to grow strong during adolescence, during the years when he was always consciously or unconsciously conjugating the verb "to love"—in society and solitude, with people, with books, with the sky and open country, in the lonesomeness of crowded city streets. When he met Lillian it reached its maturity. From that time to this existence had been a catching at handholds. One thing led to another and one development brought on another, and the design of his life had been the work of this secondary social man, the lover. It had been shaped by all the penalties and responsibilities of being and having been a lover. Because there was Lillian there must be marriage and a salary. Because there was marriage there were children. Because there were children, and fervor in the blood and brain, books were born as well as daughters. His histories, he was convinced, had no more to do with his original ego than his daughters had; they were a result of the high pressure of young manhood.

The Kansas boy who had come back to St. Peter this summer was not a scholar. He was a primitive. He was only interested in earth and woods and water. Wherever sun sunned and rain rained and snow snowed, wherever life sprouted and decayed, places were alike to him. He was not nearly so cultivated as Tom's old cliff dwellers must have been—and yet he was terribly wise. He seemed to be at the root of the matter: Desire under all desires, Truth under all truths. He seemed to know, among other things, that he was solitary and must always be so; he had never married, never been a father. He was earth, and would return to earth. When white clouds blew over the lake like bellying sails, when the seven pine trees turned red in the declining sun, he felt satisfaction and said to himself merely, "That is right." Coming upon a curly root that thrust itself across his path, he said, "That is it." When the maple leaves began to turn yellow and waxy, and were soft to the touch like the skin on old faces, he said, "That is true; it is time." All these recognitions gave him a kind of sad pleasure.

WHEN he was not dumbly, deeply recognizing, he was bringing up out of himself long-forgotten, unimportant memories of his early childhood, of his mother, his father, his grandfather. His grandfather, old Napoleon Godfrey, used to go about lost in profound, continuous meditation, sometimes chuckling to himself. Occasionally, at the family dinner table, the old man would try to rouse himself, from motives of politeness, and would ask some kindly question—nearly always absurd and often the same one he had asked yesterday. The boys used to shout with laughter and wonder what profound matters could require such deep meditation and make a man speak so foolishly about what was going on under his very eyes. St. Peter thought he was beginning to understand what the old man had been thinking about, though he himself was but fifty-two and Napoleon had been well on in his eighties. There are only a few years at the last in which man can consider his estate, and he thought he might be quite as near the end of his road as his grandfather had been in those days.

The professor knew, of course, that adolescence grafted a new creature into the original one and that the complexion of a man's life was largely determined by how well or ill his original self and his nature, as modified by sex, rubbed on together.

What he had not known was that at a given time that first nature could return to a man, unchanged by all the pursuits and passions and experiences of his life; untouched even by the tastes and intellectual activities which have been strong enough to give him distinction among his fellows and to have made for him, as they say, a name in the world. Perhaps this reversion did not often occur, but he knew it had happened to him and he suspected it had happened to his grandfather. He did not regret his life, but he was indifferent to it. It seemed to him like the life of another person.

Along with other states of mind which attended his realization of the boy Godfrey came a conviction (he did not see it coming; it was there before he was aware of its approach) that he was nearing the end of his life. This conviction took its place so quietly, seemed so matter-of-fact, that he gave it little thought. But one day, when he realized that all the while he was preparing for the fall term he didn't in the least believe he would be alive during the fall term, he thought he might better see a doctor.

(*To be concluded next week*)

The Arrow of Heaven

Continued from page 13

"Take care it doesn't do for any of our friends," observed Father Brown; "they can hardly be far off; we'd better call them."

"That lot know all about the wall," answered Wilton. "None of them will try to climb it unless one of them . . . is in a great hurry."

Father Brown went to the window by which the arrow had apparently entered, and looked out. The garden, with its flat flower beds, lay far below like a delicately colored map of the world. The whole vista seemed so vast and empty, the tower seemed set so far up in the sky, that as he stared out a strange phrase came back to his memory.

"A bolt from the blue," he said. "What was that somebody said about a bolt from the blue and death coming out of the sky? Look how far away everything looks; it seems extraordinary that an arrow could come so far unless it were an arrow from heaven."

Wilton had returned, but did not reply, and the priest went on as in soliloquy.

"One thinks of aviation. We must ask young Wain . . . about aviation."

"I'm sure it wasn't young Wain," cried the secretary almost fiercely.

"Rather young to be the great criminal perhaps," observed Father Brown. "Some would begin to speculate about his old uncle, I suppose. We must ask him about arrows. This looks rather like an Indian arrow. I don't know where the Indian shot it from, but you remember the story the old man told. I said it had a moral."

"If it had a moral," said Wilton warmly, "it was only that a real Indian might shoot a thing farther than you'd fancy. It's nonsense, your hinting at the old man."

"I don't think you've got the moral quite right," said Father Brown.

IT WAS nearly a month later that Father Brown revisited the house where the third millionaire had suffered from the vendetta of Daniel Doom. A sort of council was held of the persons most interested. Old Crake sat at the head of the table, with his nephew on his right hand and the lawyer on his left; the big man with the African features, whose name appeared to be Harris, was ponderously present if only as a material witness; a red-haired, sharp-nosed individual addressed as Dixon seemed to be the representative of some private detective agency; and Father Brown slipped unobtrusively into an empty seat beside him.

EVERY newspaper in the world was full of the catastrophe of the colossus of finance, of the great organizer of the Big Business that bestrides the modern world, but from the tiny group that had been nearest to him at the very instant of his death very little could be learned.

"I am in communication with Mr. Wilton," said Father Brown gravely; "in fact, I asked him to ring me up here in a few minutes from now. I may say that we've worked the thing out together, in a manner of speaking."

"If you're working together, I suppose it's all right," grumbled Crake. "I know he was always a sort of bloodhound on the trail of this vanishing crook, so perhaps it was well to hunt in couples with him. But if you know the truth about this, where the devil did you get it from?"

"I got it from you," answered the priest quietly, and continued to gaze mildly at the glaring veteran. "I mean I made the first guess from a hint in a story of yours about an Indian who threw a knife and hit a man on the top of a fortress."

"You've said that several times," said Wain with a puzzled air, "but I can't see any inference except that this murderer threw an arrow and hit a man on the top of a house very like a fortress. But of course the arrow wasn't thrown, but shot, and would go much farther. Certainly it went uncommonly far, but I can't see how we have got any farther, anyhow."

"I'm afraid you missed the point of the story," said Father Brown. "It isn't that if one thing can go far another can go farther; it is that the wrong use of a tool can cut both ways. The man on Crake's fort thought of a knife as a thing for a hand-to-hand fight and forgot that it could be a missile like a javelin. Some other people I know thought of a thing as a missile, like a javelin, and forgot that, after all, it could be used hand-to-hand as a spear. In short, the moral of the story is that since a dagger can be turned into an arrow, so can an arrow be turned into a dagger."

They were all looking at him now, but he continued in the same casual and unconscious tone:

"Naturally we wondered and worried a good deal about who shot that arrow through the window and whether it came from far away, and so on. But the truth is that nobody shot the arrow. It never came in at the window."

"Then how did it come there?" asked the swarthy lawyer, with a rather lowering face.

"Somebody brought it with him, I suppose," said Father Brown. "It wouldn't be hard to carry or conceal. Somebody had it in his hand as he stood with Merton in Merton's own room. Somebody thrust it into Merton's throat like a poniard and then had the highly intelligent idea of placing the whole thing at such a place and

(*Continued on page 32*)

BLUE BOOK
Seb

"Aha! There's that fork in the road it says to look out for!"

Motorists who seek super-comfort, a smartly equipped car, and the utmost of perfected motoring, find it in the master of balloon tires—

Goodrich Silvertown Balloon

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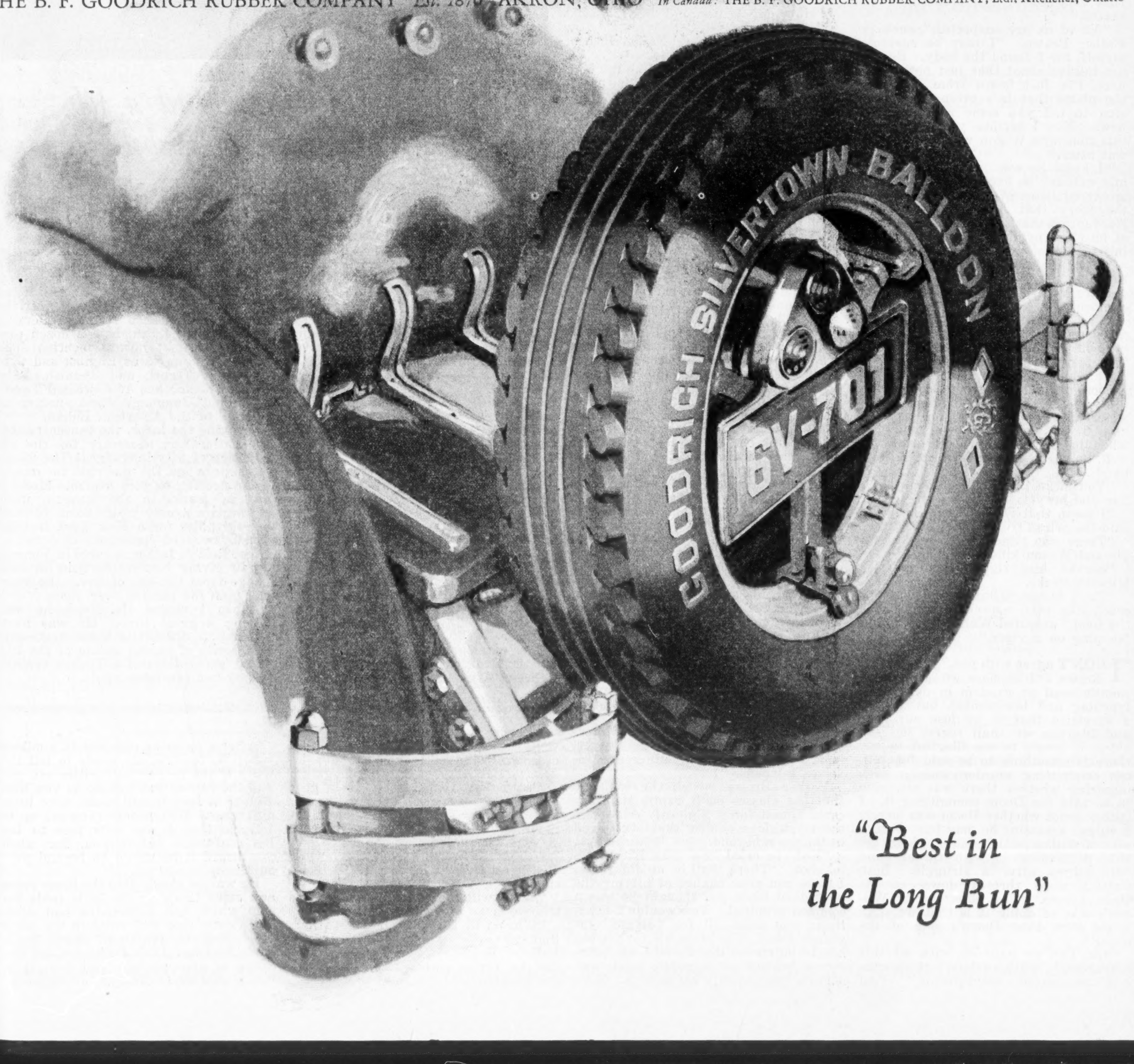


"Best in the Long Run"

The Arrow of Heaven

Continued from page 30

angle that we all assumed in a flash that it had flown in at the window like a bird."

"Somebody," said old Crake in a voice as heavy as stone.

The telephone bell rang with a strident and horrible clamor of insistence. It was in the adjoining room, and Father Brown had darted there before anybody else could move.

"What the devil is it all about?" cried Peter Wain, who seemed all shaken and distracted.

"He said he expected to be rung up by Wilton, the secretary," replied his uncle in the same dead voice.

"I suppose it is Wilton," observed the lawyer, like one speaking to fill up a silence. But nobody answered the question until Father Brown reappeared suddenly and silently in the room, bringing the answer.

"Gentlemen," he said when he had resumed his seat, "it was you who asked me to look into the truth about this puzzle, and, having found the truth, I must tell it, without any pretense of softening the shock. I'm afraid anybody who pokes his nose into things like this can't afford to be a respecter of persons."

"I suppose," said Crake, breaking the silence that followed, "that means that some of us are accused or suspected."

"All of us are suspected," answered Father Brown. "I may be suspected myself, for I found the body. But I'm not talking about that just now. Look here, I've just heard from Wilton on the phone that he's given me permission to tell you some rather serious news. Now I suppose you all know by this time who Wilton was and what he was after."

"I know he was after Daniel Doom and wouldn't be happy till he got him," answered Peter Wain, "and I've heard the story that he's the son of old Horder and that's why he's the avenger of blood. Anyhow, he's certainly looking for the man called Doom."

"Well," said Father Brown, "he has found him."

Peter Wain sprang to his feet in excitement.

"The murderer!" he cried. "Is the murderer in the lock-up already?"

"No," said Father Brown gravely. "I said the news was serious, and it's more serious than that. I'm afraid poor Wilton has taken a terrible responsibility. I'm afraid he's going to put a terrible responsibility on us. He hunted the criminal down, and just when he had him cornered at last—well, he has taken the law into his own hands."

"You mean that Daniel Doom—" began the lawyer.

"I mean that Daniel Doom is dead," said the priest.

"There was some sort of wild struggle and Wilton killed him."

"Served him right!" growled Mr. Hickory Crake.

"Can't blame Wilton for downing a crook like that, especially considering the feud," assented Wain. "It was like stepping on a viper."

"I DON'T agree with you," said Father Brown. "I suppose we all talk romantic stuff at random in defense of lynching and lawlessness, but I have a suspicion that if we lose our laws and liberties we shall regret it. Besides, it seems to me illogical to say there is something to be said for Wilton committing murder without even inquiring whether there was anything to be said for Doom committing it. I rather doubt whether Doom was merely a vulgar assassin; he may have been a sort of outlaw with a mania about the cup, demanding it with threats and only killing after a struggle. Both victims were thrown down outside their houses. The objection to Wilton's way of doing it is that we shall never even hear Doom's side of the case."

"Oh, I've no patience with all this sentimental whitewashing of worthless, murderous blackguards," cried Wain heatedly. "If Wilton croaked the criminal, he did a jolly good day's work, and there's an end of it."

"Quite so, quite so," said his uncle, nodding vigorously.

Father Brown's face had a yet heavier gravity as he looked slowly round the semicircle of faces.

"Is that really what you all think?" he asked. Even as he did so he realized that he was an Englishman and an exile. He realized that he was among foreigners even if he was among friends. Around that ring of foreigners ran a restless fire that was not native to his own breed: the fiercer spirit of the western nation that can rebel and lynch and, above all things, combine. He knew that they had already combined.

"Well," said Father Brown with a sigh, "I am to understand, then, that you do definitely condone this unfortunate man's crime, or act of private justice, or whatever you call it. In that case it will not hurt him if I tell you a little more about it."

He rose suddenly to his feet; and though they saw no meaning in his movement it seemed in some way to change or chill the very air in the room.

"Wilton killed Doom in a rather curious way," he began.

"How did Wilton kill him?" asked Crake abruptly.

"With an arrow," said Father Brown.

TWILIGHT was gathering in the long room and daylight dwindling to a gleam from the great window in the inner room where the great millionaire had died. Almost automatically the eyes of the group turned slowly toward it, but as yet there was no sound. Then the voice of Crake came cracked and high and senile in a sort of crowing gabble:

"What you mean? What you mean? Brander Merton killed by an arrow. This crook killed by an arrow—"

"By the same arrow," said the priest, "and at the same moment."

Again there was a sort of strangled and yet swollen and bursting silence, and young Wain began, "You mean—"

"I mean that your friend Merton was Daniel Doom," said Father Brown firmly, "and the only Daniel Doom you'll ever find. Your friend Merton was always crazy after that Coptic Cup, that he used to worship like an idol every day, and in his youth he had really killed two men to get it, though I still think the deaths may have been in a sense accidents of the robbery. Anyhow, he had it. But Wilton was after him for a very different purpose; I fancy he only discovered the truth when he'd got into this house. But, anyhow, it was in this house, and in that room, that his hunt ended, and he slew the slayer of his father."

For a long time nobody answered. Then old Crake could be heard drumming with his fingers on the table and muttering, "Brander must have been mad. He must have been mad."

"But, good Lord!" burst out Peter Wain. "What are we to do? What are we to say? Oh, it's all quite different! What about the papers and the big business people? Brander Merton is a thing like the President or the Pope."

"I certainly think it is rather different," began Barnard Blake, the lawyer, in a low voice. "The difference involves a whole—"

Father Brown struck the table so that the glasses on it rang; and they could almost fancy a ghostly echo from the mysterious chalice that still stood in the room beyond.

"No!" he cried in a voice like a pistol shot. "There shall be no difference. I gave you your chance of pitying the poor devil when you thought he was a common criminal. You wouldn't listen then; you were all for private vengeance then. You were all for letting him be butchered like a wild beast without a hearing or a public trial, and said he had got only his deserts. Very well, then; if Daniel Doom has got his deserts, Brander Merton has got his deserts. If that was good enough for Doom, by all that is holy it is good enough for Merton. Take your wild justice or our dull legality, but in the name of Almighty God let there be an equal lawlessness or an equal law."

Nobody answered except the lawyer, and he answered with something like a snarl:

"What will the police say if they're told we mean to condone a crime?"

"What will they say if I tell them that you did condone it?" demanded Father Brown. "Your respect for the law comes rather late, Mr. Barnard Blake."

After a pause he resumed, in a milder tone: "I, for one, am ready to tell the truth if the proper authorities ask me, and the rest of you can do as you like. But as a fact it will make very little difference. Wilton only rang me up to tell me that I was now free to lay his confession before you, for when you heard it he would be beyond pursuit."

He walked slowly into the inner room and stood there by the little table beside which the millionaire had died. The Coptic Cup still stood in the same place, and he remained there for a space staring at its cluster of all the colors of the rainbow and beyond it into a blue abyss of sky.

He Should Have Had a Job at the Tower of Babel

By J. LEROY MILLER

IMAGINE a man able to speak or read more than fifty languages or dialects—a man so learned that he can translate a form of writing understandable to but one person besides himself—a man who is able to decipher Egyptian hieroglyphics as easily as you scan your newspaper.

Dr. Nathaniel Reich, assistant curator and reader of ancient manuscripts in the University of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia, is that man. He has delved so deeply into his subject that the ordinary Egyptologist is almost a novice in comparison. He has mastered and can read Egyptian writing whether written in the hieratic, demotic, Coptic or abnormal hieroglyphic form. There are but two persons who can read abnormal hieratic and Dr. Reich is one of them. Demotic—the doctor's favorite study—is a little less difficult and there are three or four scholars acquainted with it.

Ancient Egyptian, however, is only the cornerstone of Dr. Reich's scholarship. It is almost impossible to dig up an inscription from a dead and buried city, whether in Egypt, Babylonia or the Holy Land, which this man cannot decipher.

The catalogue of the scholar's linguistic attainments is a lengthy one: Hebrew; Aramaic; the Samaritanic and Palmyramic forms of Syrian; ancient Ethiopian; the present-day languages of the Africans such, for instance, as the Libyan, the Berber, the Taureg, the Somali, the Galla, the Afar, the Saho, the Agau, the Nubian, the Bilin and Bantu dialects. Then there are the ancient and modern forms of Persian and Turkish, Latin, half a dozen dialects of Greek; not to mention such modern languages as English and German and French and Spanish. The learned doctor has even studied Tamil, a Hindu language, and numerous tongues of the American Indian.

Imagine the labor, the concentration, the enthusiasm necessary for the acquisition of fifty languages! The ideals of the jazz age, the mad rush for money mean nothing to such a man. Many a day he works in the museum until closing time, only to go home to read hieroglyphics for a New York institution by way of diversion.

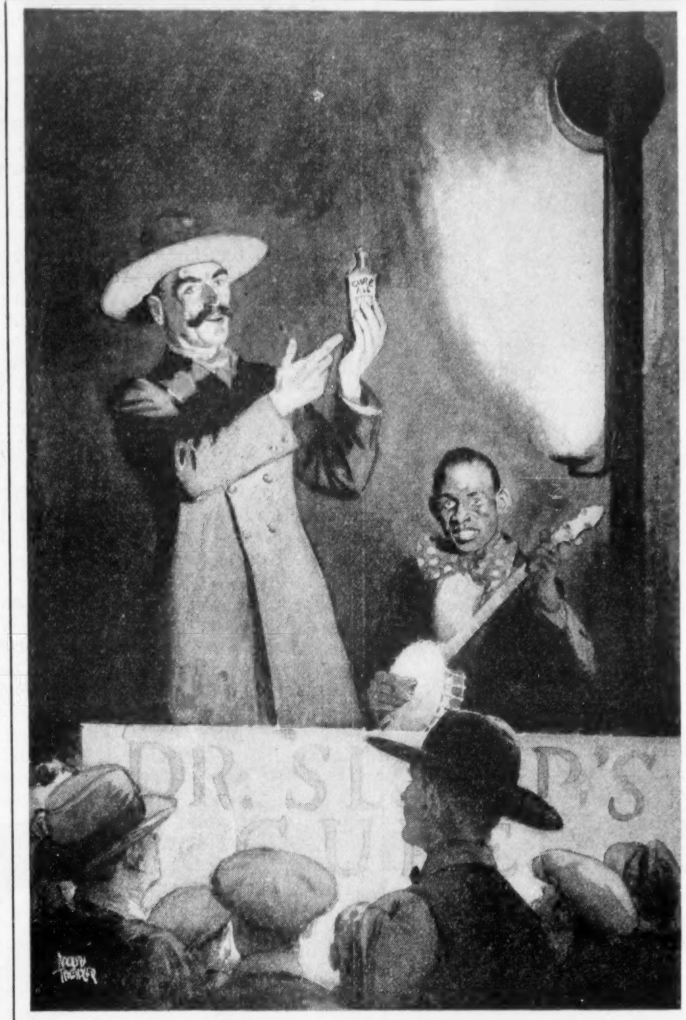
Dr. Reich's father, a rabbi in Vienna, began giving him instructions in language from the age of five. Learning has been his passion ever since.

When I visited Dr. Reich he was having a great time. He was busy reading a difficult demotic text—one of a series of papyri telling of the life of six generations of a Theban family, twenty-two centuries ago!

The Magic of Print

THE old patent-medicine fakir who held forth on street corners at night with his flambeau torch and his amazing, rapid-fire lingo knew well the magic of print. And the army of quacks who followed him have made use of the same magic. Most men and women accept without question *printed* statements which they might discredit were the same words *spoken*.

Never before in the known history of the world has there been such an orgy of fake "cures" as there is today. We are living in so wonderful an age—such marvelous scientific discoveries have been made—such amazing feats have been accomplished—that people believe almost anything is possible. The "quacks" are quick to take advantage of this credulity. You will find them trailing along in the wake of every announcement of important medical research, with false claims of their "discoveries", their fake mechanical appliances and special treatments, their "health institutes" and their offers of free diagnosis and treatment by mail.



"Read the Label!"

"DON'T take my word for it that this medicine will cure you! Don't take anybody's word! Read the label and see for yourself," the street corner patent-medicine fakir urged as he held up a bottle containing some colored liquid guaranteed to cure a long list of ailments and diseases. His confederate in the crowd asked to see a bottle—and then the sales began.

Millions for Fake "Cures"

Fake-medicine labels are more cautious than they used to be. The U.S. Government, through the Federal Food and Drugs Act, forbids false or misleading statements on the trade package. But this Act does not prohibit lying statements in advertisements, circulars, or window displays.

The vultures who prey on the sick rarely exploit "cure-alls" today. They are too clever for that. Instead, they advertise different remedies each guaranteed to cure a specific disease—tuberculosis, cancer, diabetes, kidney trouble, blood diseases, skin eruptions, epilepsy and almost every other serious ailment. And the dollars—millions of them every year—roll in to enrich these ghoulish quacks whose profits are tolled from human lives. They trade upon the fear of death and heartlessly swindle the last penny from desperate, sick people.

But even worse than this theft of money is the murderous waste of precious time for which these quacks are responsible. Sick folk are pitifully easy victims. They experiment and hope—tragically—until it is too late. Waiting even a few weeks to try out a new patent medicine or a course of treatments at some dubious "health institute", may mean death which might have been prevented by the right medical care.

Cancer and Consumption "Cures"

Of late there has been a renewed wave of advertising of specific cancer and tuberculosis "cures"—the most despicable and cruel of all frauds perpetrated upon sick people. No medicine has ever been found that can be depended upon to cure these diseases—despite seemingly substantiated claims of manufacturers. Testimonials count for little. Many quacks are still using testimonials signed by people who died years ago from the very diseases of which they claimed they had been cured.

When a cure for tuberculosis or cancer *is* found it will not be necessary for the discoverer to advertise. Any experimenter who finds a remedy for either of these scourges will be acclaimed the greatest benefactor of our generation. Magazines and newspapers everywhere will shout the glorious news of his discovery. Instead of being crowded away in a few inches of advertising space, the story will blaze in front-page headlines!

Do not be deceived by the magic of print. Avoid advertised "cures". If you are sick see your doctor.

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

Although no specific remedy for the cure of tuberculosis has been found at the time this is written and scientists are working constantly on the problem—there are literally hundreds of nostrums offered to the public as guaranteed cures.

Against this cruel exploitation of the sick, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company invites the cooperation of editors and publishers everywhere.

It is true that the tuberculosis death rate has been reduced about 50% during the past 10 years and each year shows an improvement. This great battle is being won by a campaign of education through which people are being taught that although tuberculosis cannot be cured by medicine it can be prevented and even checked in its early stages and perhaps be permanently arrested—by fresh air, sunshine, rest and the right kind of nourishing food.

Booklets giving recent and authoritative information concerning Tuberculosis and Cancer will be mailed free upon request.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY ~ NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

FACTS ABOUT A FAMOUS FAMILY

One of the U. S. air mail beacons which are lighted from power generated by Delco-Light electric plants.

Lighting the way of the mail planes

General Motors has contributed to the safety and surety of the air mail.

Delco-Light electric plants, a General Motors product, furnish the current for 50 of the 54 beacons which light the night route of the mail planes from Cleveland, Ohio, to Rock Springs, Wyoming—a distance of nearly 1,500 miles.

All along the route the windows of thousands of Delco-Lighted farm homes send up a cheerful greeting.

Thus General Motors is more than a builder of motor cars and trucks. In scores of uses outside the automotive industry, its products contribute to the progress of the nation.

GENERAL MOTORS

BUICK · CADILLAC · CHEVROLET · OAKLAND
OLDSMOBILE · GMC TRUCKS

General Motors cars, trucks, and Delco-Light products may be purchased on the *GMAC* Payment Plan. Insurance service is furnished by General Exchange Corporation.

The "Wild West" Strikes Pay Dirt

Continued from page 14

daily more conscious of its past and eagerly turns the still damp pages of its young biography.

On the dood ranch the dweller from the city can renew his almost forgotten ambition to be one with the rider of the Western plains—the cowpuncher, the Indian fighter, the pony express rider, the buffalo hunter, the scout.

It is not given to every man to embrace his dreams. But if he has ever dreamed of riding with the legendary heroes of the West—and what boy has not?—and he fails to fulfill the dream—well, it's his own fault.

The dood ranch provides the stuff whereof such dreams are made. The man who has the courage of his youthful conviction may become acquainted at thrilling close range with the life of the frontier. He may live that life in any degree he desires—from a steam-heated, electric-lighted log cabin with a shower bath to a rain-soaked blanket on a high mountain trail for a bed and an ornery mule pack train for company. He may satisfy his yearning by snap-shooting some gay buckaroo busting a bronco or he may go to the extreme of toting ambidextral revolvers and learning to walk bowlegged in the fashion of the plains horseman.

The dood ranches are true to the most modern of American traditions as well as the most ancient. That is, the tradition of snappy, up-and-coming business methods. They are capitalized and incorporated. They have "booking offices" in big Eastern cities, and they make reservations far in advance. Their booklets spread over the nation—especially, of course, the eastern portion of the nation—the lure of ranch life, its romantic hardships and its possible luxuries.

Their agents are as careful in engaging wranglers, pack-horse men, guides and cooks as the casting directors of the best cinema corporations. The stage is most carefully set and the actors minutely rehearsed.

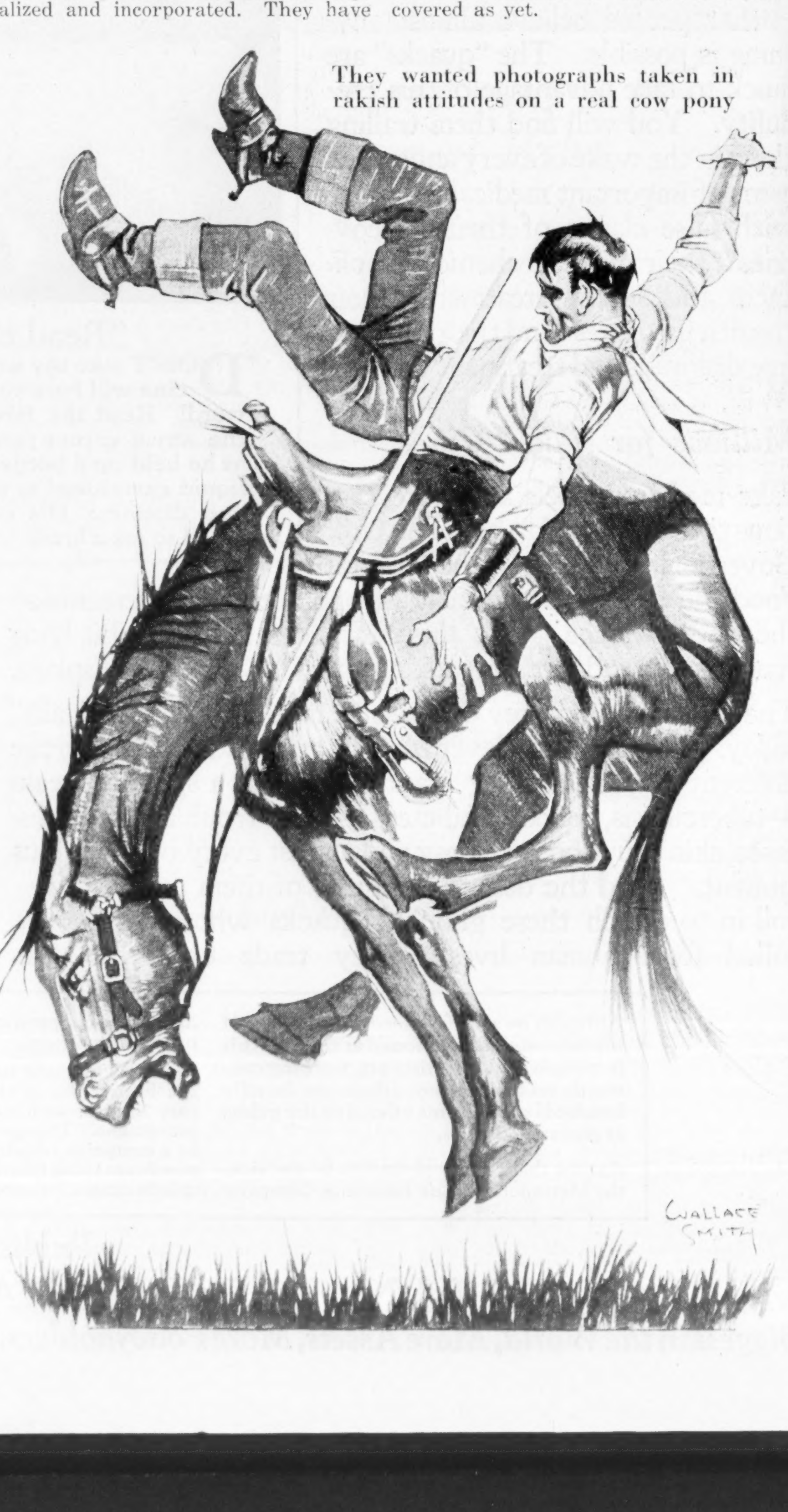
It is an industry, as has been remarked, and a growing one. It is too easy to laugh at the dood strutting around in the garb of the plainsman—or the dood ranch with the equipment of a modern apartment house.

Let those laugh who will. The dood has the last laugh, and the dood rancher has the laugh after that.

Modern conveniences on the range would have surprised the pioneer of the covered wagon and the first adventurers who guided their horses beyond the western horizon. But the dood achieves his adventure no less.

After all, the mountains do not change much, and the great open spaces are still open and still great. A horse is a horse, and a day in the saddle brings an appetite for ham and eggs and tunes a body for a night of sweet, real sleep.

If money can buy more than that it is a secret that no Midas has discovered as yet.



They wanted photographs taken in rakish attitudes on a real cow pony

Picked Out Of The Air

by Jack Binns

You Can't Beat Them

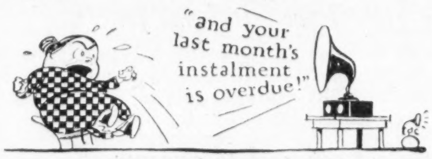
TEX RICKARD, prize-fight promoter, has kicked the microphone out of his amphitheatres. But he can't beat the broadcasters. During a recent microphoneless Rickard fight, one New York station decided to broadcast the affair in spite of Rickard. Several young men were kept busy running from the ringside to the telephone to send in to the broadcasters the reports of the fight. The station, by chance, had a portable broadcasting set on the platform at the world-famous Carnegie Hall, where it was broadcasting a concert.

"Mike" Behind the Scenes

WHILE the concert was at full blast the big fight started. Orders were sent to the microphone men at the concert hall to take their "Mike" behind the scenes. Telephone messages arrived from the stadium at the concert hall from time to time and, with the music of the concert as a dim background of sound, the radio listeners heard most of the fight blow by blow. The announcer was surrounded, behind the scenes, by singers and musicians of all sorts who were hearing fight results for perhaps the first time in their lives. Between messages from the ringside they entertained the listeners with numbers that would not interfere with the program that was being rendered on the other side of the curtain and two tenors went so far as to offer to have an impromptu fight to fill in the lull between ringside reports.

Home, Sweet Home

WHEN the fight was over, a celebrated woman pianist, who had been flocking around the radio set, played "Home, Sweet Home" at the microphone while the announcer signed off. All in all, this was perhaps the most ladylike broadcasting of a prize fight ever known. 'Twas the fight in which Paul Berlenbach won the light heavyweight championship of the world from Mike McTigue.


"and your last month's instalment is overdue!"

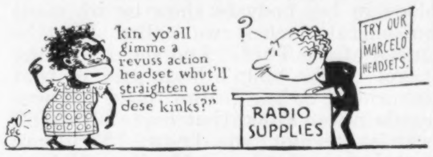
Permanent Radio Waves

FOR the past year Clyde E. Volkers of Terre Haute, Ind., has been wearing a head set. He writes me that he has developed "two of the prettiest embryo marcel waves a woman ever spent her hubby's hard-earned shekels for." As a result of that experience he makes the following suggestion for the benefit of young inventors:

"A small coil of resistance wire around each spring in the headband, and a wire to the electric light socket, means a fortune to the manufacturer; every lady would suddenly become a radio fan—especially the bobbed-hair species."

Arctic Waves

THE MacMillan Arctic Expedition will be better prepared against contingencies than was that of Roald Amundsen. Each of the three big airplanes will be equipped with short-wave transmitters and receivers specially designed by John L. Reinartz to operate on 37 meters. Mr. Reinartz will be aboard the Bowdoin as chief operator. In addition to the short-wave sets one of the airplanes will carry a standard navy spark transmitter designed for aircraft. A feature of the short-wave equipment is that it operates from dry cells, so that in the event of an accidental landing power to transmit will not depend upon the airplane motor. The weight of the low-wave transmitter is under one hundred pounds.


"kin yo'all gimme a revuss action headset whut'll straighten out dese kinks?"
?
TRY OUR MARCELO HEADSETS.
RADIO SUPPLIES

'Twas Fully Charged

MRS. TREEN of Ocean Park, Cal., tells me the story of a neighbor who bought a receiver which worked fine for several days, and then suddenly passed out. All efforts to coax something out of it failed. Finally an expert was called in. The latter proceeded to ask these questions:

"How long have you had the set? How many hours per evening do you operate it? How long did it give satisfaction? Did you have the 'A' battery charged?" At the latter question madame perked up and answered: "Charged? Battery charged? Why, we had the whole set charged!"

Enlarged Vision

A WESTERN newspaper states there are from 15,000,000 to 20,000,000 radio receiving sets in use in the United States!

The More, the Merrier

REACTION to our requests for radio stories has been growing steadily. Competition is keen, but we are still urging people to send their stories along. The more stories we get, the more interesting the page will be.

Stories must be original radio experiences or suggestions. Make them short and to the point. We pay $10 for those good enough to print.

Some of our readers have misunderstood this prize offer and sent in stories not bearing on radio. They must be specifically related to radio.

Use Large Ones

FANS who anticipate using portable receivers on their vacations should give serious thought to their "B" batteries. If the portable set has four or more tubes, it is greater economy to employ the large size "B" batteries. This applies also to receivers which have a potentiometer to control stability of the set.

First Aid to Radio Fans

ORDERS continue to come in for copies of our radio map. Better send yours in now. For 25c in stamps you can get a map, enclosed in a folder, which shows all present broadcast stations, call signals, wave lengths, power, kind of service, standard time divisions, radio districts with their numbers and boundaries, and gives a distance finder. Send your order to Collier's, Radio Map Dept., 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

A Red-Hot Chance

A WELL-KNOWN radio magazine offers $300 in gold for positive proof of real damage to property caused by lightning striking the radio aërial. The man who wins will probably need it.

David Robinson

"Tell me what your children eat and I will show you the kind of men and women they will be!"

THIS is the statement of a famous scientist. Of course, he referred to their *physical* future—their health, their size, their appearance.

For instance, it is startling to know that even the contours of the face and head—the very outlines which make up the appearance in later life—depend, to a surprising degree, on the exercise of the jaws and facial muscles. For normal development of these bones and muscles, children must eat foods that require chewing.

Essential food elements, plus crispness to encourage healthful chewing

Much of our modern diet is deficient in one or more of the basic food elements. A lack of any one of these elements is serious—critically serious to children. But we can't all be dietitians, and arrange each meal from the standpoint of basic food elements.

It was to help overcome this fault that Grape-Nuts was originated—a food designed, deliberately, to supply elements essential to the diet: dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for the teeth and bones; protein for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B—a builder of the appetite. Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts is an exceptionally well-balanced ration.

Grape-Nuts is a crisp food! A food children chew—exercising the bones and muscles that give the face its outlines.

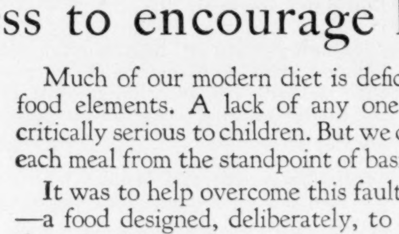
Dentists agree, moreover, that the appalling prevalence of poor teeth is due largely to the soft food we eat today. The teeth and gums are not properly exercised. Grape-Nuts corrects this.

A special baking process prepares Grape-Nuts for easy digestion. Give your youngsters Grape-Nuts for breakfast. Serve with whole milk or cream. Two tablespoonfuls are enough—for this food is rich in nourishment. They will love the nut-like flavor stored up in the crisp, golden grains—a flavor which is the favorite of millions. Get a package from your grocer today or accept the following offer.

An authoritative booklet on the feeding of children—and two servings of Grape-Nuts free!

We have arranged with an authority on child-health to send you a valuable discussion of the feeding of infants and children. We will also send you (for yourself) "A Book of Better Breakfasts," written by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College. And we will include two individual packages of Grape-Nuts—enough for two servings—This is a free service to you as a mother. Mail the coupon now.

© 1925, P. C. Co.



Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), and Post's Bran Flakes.

C. W. 7-25 G.N.

FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, INC.
Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me, free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with your booklet on the correct feeding of children and also "A Book of Better Breakfasts," by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College.

Name ....

Street ....

City .... State ....

In Canada
Address CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd.
45 Front St., East, Toronto, Ontario

Written by JOHN J. McGRAW

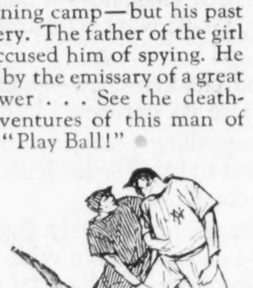
With Allene Ray and Walter Miller

THROUGH the pleasure-mad carnival throng there stalks the grim, sinister man who is fighting for millions—and will stop at nothing to gain them. One frail, beautiful girl stands between him and riches. Does she escape him? See the astonishing solution at the nearest theatre which shows "Play Ball!"

Flames leap from the bathing beauty's gaily bedecked float, and the four great horses break into a mad, thundering gallop. Straight toward the crowd they hurtle. Blinding flames, choking smoke envelop the girl . . . What happens next is dramatically shown in "Play Ball!"

! ! ! ! !

He was handsome, a favorite in the Giants' training camp—but his past was a mystery. The father of the girl he loved accused him of spying. He was trailed by the emissary of a great foreign power . . . See the death-eluding adventures of this man of mystery in "Play Ball!"



THE crack of wood on leather, the racing feet, the thundering roar of the crowd: that's the thrill of big league baseball, and that's what "Play Ball!" by **John J. McGraw** gives you. See **John J. McGraw** himself and the famous New York Giants in action! See the romance, mystery, and wild adventure that are packed into every minute of "Play Ball!"

Ask the manager of your theatre when he will show the first chapter. *Don't miss it!*

Directed by Spencer Bennet

Scenario by Frank Leon Smith

Pathéserial

In Ten Weekly Chapters,

Queen of the Turf

Continued from page 7

was still crazy about her. So they give her a swell funeral an' buried her over there under the big oak trees.

I don't reckon I'll ever forget the day of that funeral, bands playin' slow stuff, an' everythin'. An' all spite of the fact that I know Pandora; I know all about her. Still and all, she was such a sweet an' pretty cuss, I hate to see her die, get how I mean?

But that Ernie Brennan! Cap, he come away from there while they was spadin' dirt into the grave, with flowers everywhere till you can't rest, and he walks over to the Pedigoe barns an' to Pandora's old stall. I follow him, wonderin' what he is up to. Believe it or not, Cap, he's in there, cryin' the eyes right out of his head, an' that ain't pretty to watch, in a man, not even in a bughouse kid like Ernie. So I try to do a sneak, but he sees me an' calls me back, an', still kind of blubberin', asks me will I come to dinner with him downtown that night, so I can give him all the dope about Pandora, ever since she was foaled, him wantin' to write a real story about the life of the Queen of the Turf. Well, free feeds wasn't any too often at that. So, even though it still looks like we was havin' a long damp spell, I tells him sure, I'll come.

While I'm teachin' the world's best chunk of tender steak how to take punishment, in rambles Jack Hampley. He sees us, an' comes wanderin' over, lookin' very razzy, like always.

"Ah, the funeral-baked meats," he says.

I ain't figured out till yet what that means, but Ernie nods, solemn like, and points to a chair at our table.

"Join us, Jack," says he. "You'll want to hear this, anyway. The kid's gonna give us all the dope about Pandora's career. I'm makin' a Sunday special out of it, and I guess you were figurin' on doin' somethin' like that."

"I've had my dinner already," says Hampley, "but if he's gonna spill the inside stuff on Pandora, I wanna hear it. I think I'm entitled to that much."

So he laughs, very tough egg, very, and sits down, lookin' round the place, which was pretty well filled up with folks from out the track.

Ernie sighs, deep, like he can't get over things at all.

"What a rotten break, eh, Jack?" he asks. "The Queen is dead, but where will we find another beauty we can hail with the cry, 'Long live the Queen'?"

HAMPLEY looks like somebody'd hit him in the head unexpected, an' he was tryin' to get his bearin's. Then his eyes narrows, and he looks ugly. I told you how Ernie always seems like he's gettin' Hampley's goat.

"You too?" says Jack. "Tell me, are you really serious? Did you honestly believe all that hokum you were writin' about the mare? All the regal claptrap? Why, you simpleton, that damn little plow horse wasn't even hot-blooded. Queenly? Her? She was about as regal as the Queen of the Washladies' Carnival Ball. Get wise, son, for the love of Pete. If I have to listen to any more of this Pandora blah, I'll be sick.".

Believe me, Cap, you should 'a' seen Ernie Brennan by the time Jack got through. Of course, Hampley had the right of it. He ought to known what he was talkin' about, seein's how he did it hisself. But, anyway, Ernie's half standin', his chair pushed back from the table. His face is whiter'n the tablecloth, his eyes is lit like they had a charcoal furnace back of 'em, and his mouth is just one thin slit set crossways over his jaw, and he says, real low and vicious:

"If you can't keep your dirty tongue off the cleanest name that even death couldn't sully, get away from me. If you haven't got just common decency enough not to speak ill of the dead, *keep* away."

He sinks back down in his chair, but his eyes are still plenty hot, and Hampley looks over at him like it's the fag end of a rough night with the pink monkeys beginnin' to lead on the blue alligators.

"Frankenstein, by God!" whispers Hampley, though he could have hollered it right out loud without wisin' me any. Only reason I happen to remember it is because many's the time I been wonderin' what did a delicatessen-store name like that have to do with it. But then, nobody couldn't figure out what Jack Hampley was gettin' at when he begin to talk in snatches.

As for Ernie, he ain't even heard Hampley, an' he goes right on, just like Jack ain't said a word.

"I guess it ain't so often somethin' fine like Pandora is sent into the world," says Ernie, "but what the least we can do is try an' appreciate it. My stars, man, you've seen her come flashin' down to the wire, mouth open and gold bit gleamin', strivin' with all the good clean blood in her body to show us we made no mistake when we called her the Queen of the Turf. And she'd be doing it yet if she hadn't been sold to that liquorhead who— Man alive! Pneumonia never killed that horse! I wasn't born yesterday, you know. Twillman sent her in hot or cold, dependin' on how he was playin' her. Sometimes he'd send her in to win, sometimes to lose. Tell me! And when she couldn't win consistently, it just broke her great heart and she died."

He's glarin' at Hampley, breathin' hard, ready to fight, looks like to me.

"You couldn't enlighten me on anythin' connected with her," flashes Ernie. "I know what I'm talkin' about. Pandora died of a broken heart, and at her worst she was too damn good for you or me to sneer at. A race track's no Sunday school. Lots of things I see goin' on around there used to make me think what was the good of tryin' to be decent and act like white folks. But never again. Any time I ever fix to do somethin' ratty and cheap and worthless, I'll think about Pandora, and the way she lived—and died. And I'll do the decent thing, then, myself. Yes, sir! And you—you want to sit there and tell me— Grrh!"

I WAS holdin' in the laughs so hard I had to turn my head away. But I kep' my ears fanned out to catch Hampley's comeback, because I knew it was gonna be good. Mind, he had everythin' he needed to show up this kid for the world's prize sap. He had the sneeriness and the disposition and, best of all, he had the goods when it come to Pandora. So I'm listenin', hard, but I don't hear anythin', and I turn around to see what's become of this wise guy, this Jack Hampley.

And, believe me, I got some eyeful! He was sittin' there, staring at Ernie, and all the tough-egg lines was goin' out of his face while I'm watchin'. His eyes, which a minute before had been about as warm as a coupla agates some kid had left outdoors for the winter, gets shiny, like they used to when he was lookin' over a sweet horse. And And Hampley's sittin' there with that razzy look on his face, tough egg as they make 'em. I'm takin' in the whole show, and about now it's 'most all I can do to keep from bustin' out laughin'. I figure, naturally, that here's where Hampley busts loose and tells Ernie just what a sucker he's made out of him over this regal mare, he bein' in a position to open up on the low-down. It was goin' to be some circus. And Hampley's lookin' sort of nasty glad, if you know what I mean, about like a cat reachin' into the canary bird's cage when somebody's left the door open.

"My hot-blooded but misguided young friend," Hampley starts out, laughin' in a way that reminded me of somebody too heavy walkin' over ice that was too thin, "perhaps I can enlighten you on some important phases of Pandora's history."

when he talks you'd think it was him, and not Ernie, that was near to cryin', no fooling, Cap. You wouldn't 'a' known that voice for the old Hampley razzberry cart at all.

"Don't take it so hard, Ernie," he says, real gentle. "I—I—I didn't mean what I said about Pandora—honest, I didn't. It's because she was—all—you say she is—and—and—I'm so all broke up about her dyin'—that I sort of let my fool tongue run away with me. I'd like right well to—to—apologize—and—shake hands, if you would—just to show there's no hard feelings."

So they shook hands there, believe it or not, Cap, and they've stuck together like a coupla pieces wet tissue paper ever since. Man to man, an' no kiddin', which one of 'em d'you reckon is the nuttiest? And you riskin' good money to bet on their judgment too!

LINES FROM THE OBSERVATORY

When we begin to see petticoats hanging out on the wash line once more we shall know the world crisis is over.

* * *

Within the next twenty-four hours one otherwise intelligent American citizen will think he can fool a grade crossing.

* * *

The hard-boiled egg prides himself on being a solid citizen.

* * *

The improvements in men's dress and appearance is due to the fact that so many girls have left home for office.

* * *

You have to remove a good deal of top soil to uncover the old-fashioned girl.

THOMAS L. MASSON.

Pass It On to the Children

Continued from page 9

I put Mary in Kosloff's Russian Ballet School.

"I secured an engagement for Mary with Anna Held in 'Follow Me,' in 1917; but she was with the show only one week, having to come off because she was under sixteen and the laws of New York prohibit the employment of children in singing and dancing parts.

"Mary's next engagement was with Cohan and Harris in 'The Royal Vagabond' in 1919. It was then that Mr. Ziegfeld saw her for the first time and wanted her for 'The Follies.' Mary had a contract with Cohan and Harris, but they had no production immediately ready for her and they released her to Mr. Ziegfeld. She went in 'The Follies' in 1920 and stayed there for three years. Then followed a rest in 1923, during which time she went abroad, returning in the fall of 1923 to star in 'Kid Boots.' "

In the meantime Pearl and Doris Eaton made "The Follies" and Evelyn the Winter Garden. The season just closed found Doris playing with Raymond Hitchcock in "The Sap;" Pearl in the musical comedy "Annie Dear;" Evelyn and her two small children in Myron Fagan's "Mismates" at the Times Square Theatre, and Charlie, the fourteen-year-old member of the family, playing John to Marilyn Miller in "Peter Pan." Joe Eaton, seventeen years old, has played in numerous small parts and stock productions, but is in school now and thinks he wants to go to Annapolis. Robert, the oldest of the Eaton boys, was making progress in minor stage rôles, but had his career interrupted by the war and took up other work afterward. The mother hopes to get him back on the stage yet.

"Yes," says Mrs. Eaton, "it has called for a lot of hard work and sacrifice, but I have traveled all over America; I spent seven months in California with Doris, who was called to California for movie work. Again Doris got an engagement with a London film producer and I went with her, seeing London and Paris and spending several months in Cairo and Luxor where the pictures were made."

Mrs. Eaton doesn't look at all like the mother of seven up-and-coming players to-day; but knowing the handicaps of her early life and the unpromising start she herself had, I'm wondering what she would look like to-day had she stuck to the pots and pans and kettles, the broom, the flatiron, the duster and the mop in that little cottage in a Norfolk, Va., suburb where she raised the family on eighteen per week and found a cigar for Charlie on Sundays. And I'm wondering where the Eaton children would be to-day had their mother been a timid, shrinking, clinging little vine instead of the upstanding, ambitious girl that she was.

But I remember now that she never complained of her lot and sat down and moped and sought sympathy. She just hustled with the pots and pans and mops and things and sang like a bird while she hustled. She had her day dreams, but she carried on even while she dreamed.

Keep Cool—It's Just a Game

Continued from page 17

Here was something to test the soul of a stoic. MacFarlane merely smiled as he missed the putt and went on ahead to get his birdie 4 and his par 4 to tie, tougher than ever under the circumstances.

On the next morning, coming to the 14th hole of the famous double play-off, MacFarlane led by a stroke. His second shot was just 10 feet from the cup. Bobby's second was still in the rough, 60 yards from the green. Consider the situation: MacFarlane has a putt for a 3. Jones apparently must take a 5. Here is a chance to pick up one or two strokes, almost to insure the crown.

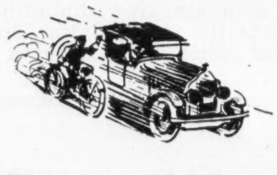
But the undaunted Jones, riding the crest of a miracle wave, does something more than merely get the ball close. He holes it out for a 3, MacFarlane misses and in place of gaining two strokes the Scotchman loses one. Here was a three-stroke blow hurled against his soul at a critical moment of the match and yet without the slightest sign of faltering he went on playing golf until he came to the 18th hole, where his great pitch to the green stopped four or five feet from the cup. Here, after all the trials and tribulations of a burning three days, was the port of dreams, the harbor of fame. A short putt to win—and the ball, curling by, refused to drop.

In the face of all this MacFarlane finds himself 4 down at the end of the first round that same afternoon. With all these chances to win he is now far behind the greatest golfer in the world, taken year in and year out, battle by battle. Perhaps there passed in his mind a hurried review of what might have been as he left the ninth green, trailing the brilliant Jones by 4 crushing strokes with only nine holes left. But I doubt it. MacFarlane had continued to play golf in this tournament without a complaint, without an alibi, taking each break as it came.

And once more, riding his rare skill and his still rarer philosophy on through the stretch, he came back in another 33 to win. The 72 and the 73 which MacFarlane and Jones made on this last round, after three days of play with the thermometer above 100 in the sun, must stand as one of the finest competitive contributions to all sport.

So much has been written about "true fighting spirit" and "grim concentration" in our sporting tests, including even our recreations, that it is doubly pleasant to stumble upon a philosophy well above fear of defeat or regret for failure as it takes the ebb and flow of the game as it may happen to come, well apart from the terrific tenseness to which most of our stars are subjected in the heat of contest. After all, a game is still just a game.

An article by Grantland Rice appears in each issue. Next week he tells about coming champions.



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The article is illustrated by photographs, posed by Tommy Milton, which demonstrate Collier's hand signals for safe driving

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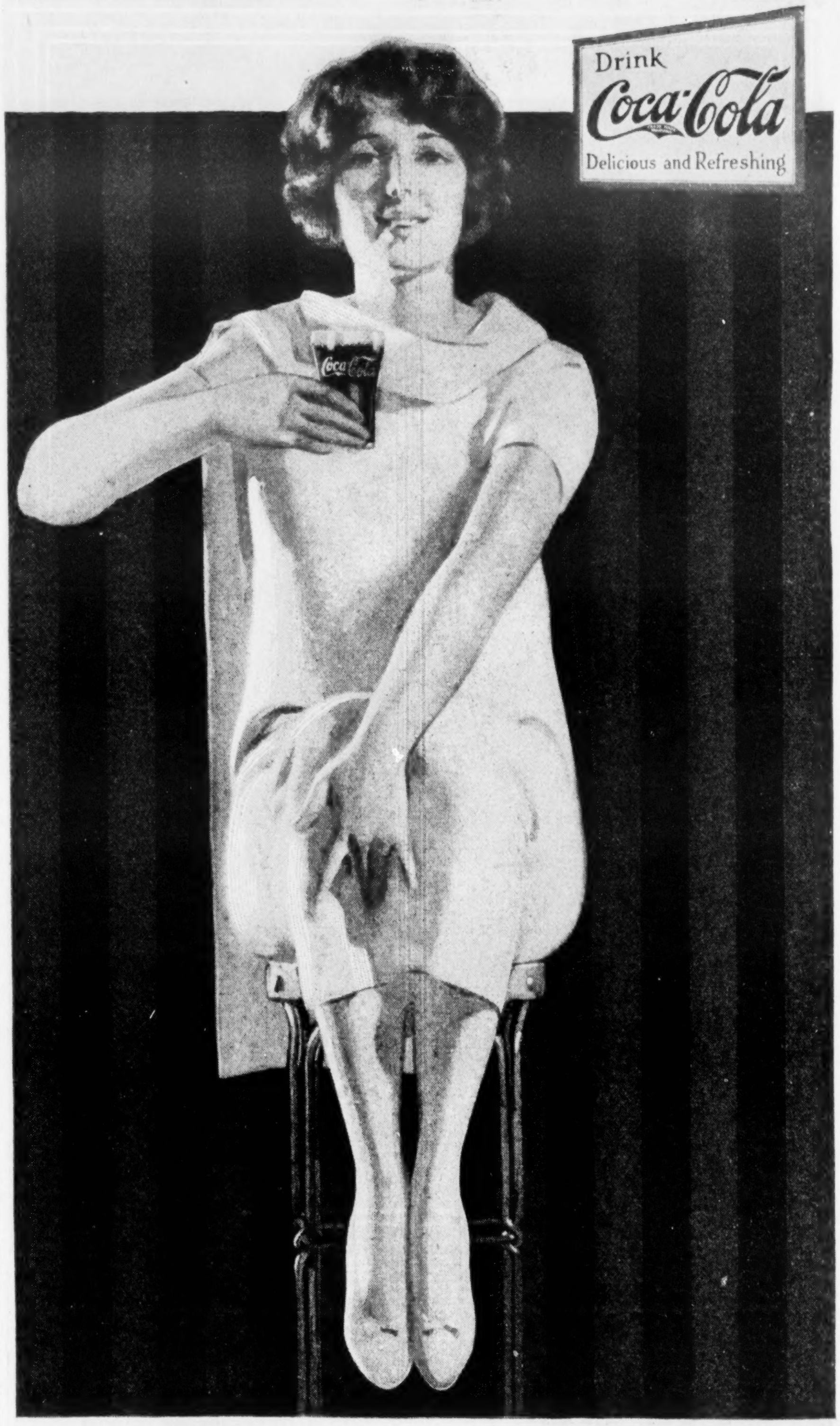

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RE-FRESH YOURSELF! FIVE CENTS IS THE PRICE

Running the Rum Blockade

Continued from page 19

Block Island, Yon Terson handed the wheel to me again, and remarked rather boredly:

"That's the worst over with. Now I guess we'll take just one leetle drink."

A case like a coffin was burst open, and a fat bottle of fine old syrupy Benedictine was uncorked. It was real stuff too, and would sell at anywhere around twelve dollars a bottle in the city. I had seen no money passed, and while I sipped ecstatically of the benevolent liquor I mentioned the fact to Yon.

"Not no more," he gurgled. "Too much phony money about. The Ring operates the schooner. Charters her at three thousand a month. Then we take out an order for so many hundred cases. The supercargo makes it up according to his stock. So many Scotch, so many champagne, Benedictine, liqueur Scotch or brandy. When we go alongside to get it, after the scouting around, there's a little checking up, that's sure. I don't dare tell you more than that there is a certain issue of dollar bills what has a peculiarity in the numbers. The supercargo matches one he's got with the one the runner shows him, and that fixes the O. K. without any slip-up. But no other money passes. All payments to the schooner are made ashore, when the supercargo comes in with one of us who's empty to clean up the voyage." Yon put the cork back into the Benedictine and yawned. "By Yiminy, I forgot to give him that yinger ale again!"

"Figure on making the Race about two or three o'clock always," Yon volunteered. The Benedictine seemed to have loosened his tongue. "Once through, we're pretty safe."

"If you're spotted—you carry no lights, except this tiny binnacle light—you can't escape getting stopped, can you?"

"We don't bother very much," quoth Yon. "I carry a thousand dollars for grease. We all do. And it serves more often than not. We ain't crazy, though. We don't look for trouble."

That sounded reasonable. And as we drew into the entrance between Block Island and Montauk Point, and a light haze settled down on the falling of the wind, Yon's caution was justified. Somewhere toward Fisher's Island the sharp exhaust of a fast boat was heard. Our own engine stopped with mysterious coincidence. And there the old Nifty lay rolling and drifting, silent as the tomb, while out in the mist that sharp exhaust stabbed the night. It grew louder. We drifted and rolled. It ceased. We rolled and drifted. It started up again, grew, diminished, and faded into the rising dawn; and once more our motor churned out a sturdy eight knots; eight now because of the fallen seas.

"But how about daylight?" Yon was asked.

"Keep on going now until we can hole up somewhere to wait for tide. Ain't much danger once we get clear o' this part."

Beneficent fog drifted lazily over the sound all day until late afternoon. And in fog the Sergeant Nifty anchored behind a small island whereon stood a fine tall mansion closed for winter. Out of the fog came the muffled chug of a small motor, and working grimly we hauled up our rope cable again, while the motor was started. But a voice came out of the fog, and a little gray launch slid alongside, while down went the anchor again and a shore-end man climbed aboard.

"Tide at ten o'clock," was the word. And at ten the fog had vanished; the stars were out; there was no moon; and in the velvety darkness the man from the launch piloted us through a creek which seemed too narrow for a rowboat. Sand all around. Sand, and stars. Stars, and the lights of auto trucks suddenly dimmed. Then a black, spidery dock. Black, silent men. Silent mooring and silent speed that was amazing. A muffled figure tallied cases as men piled them; and when asked the tally the answer was in a soft feminine voice. Big trucks changed shape in the darkness, and sped away loaded, running lights switched on as soon as they turned the road, capable of making forty miles an hour with ease. Occasionally a strange light flicked off through the trees.

"Down, boys!" a burly figure whispered reachingly. Every man played Injun in his tracks, crouching with his case or empty hands until that whisper uttered "All right! Get busy," and the black shapes started running again.

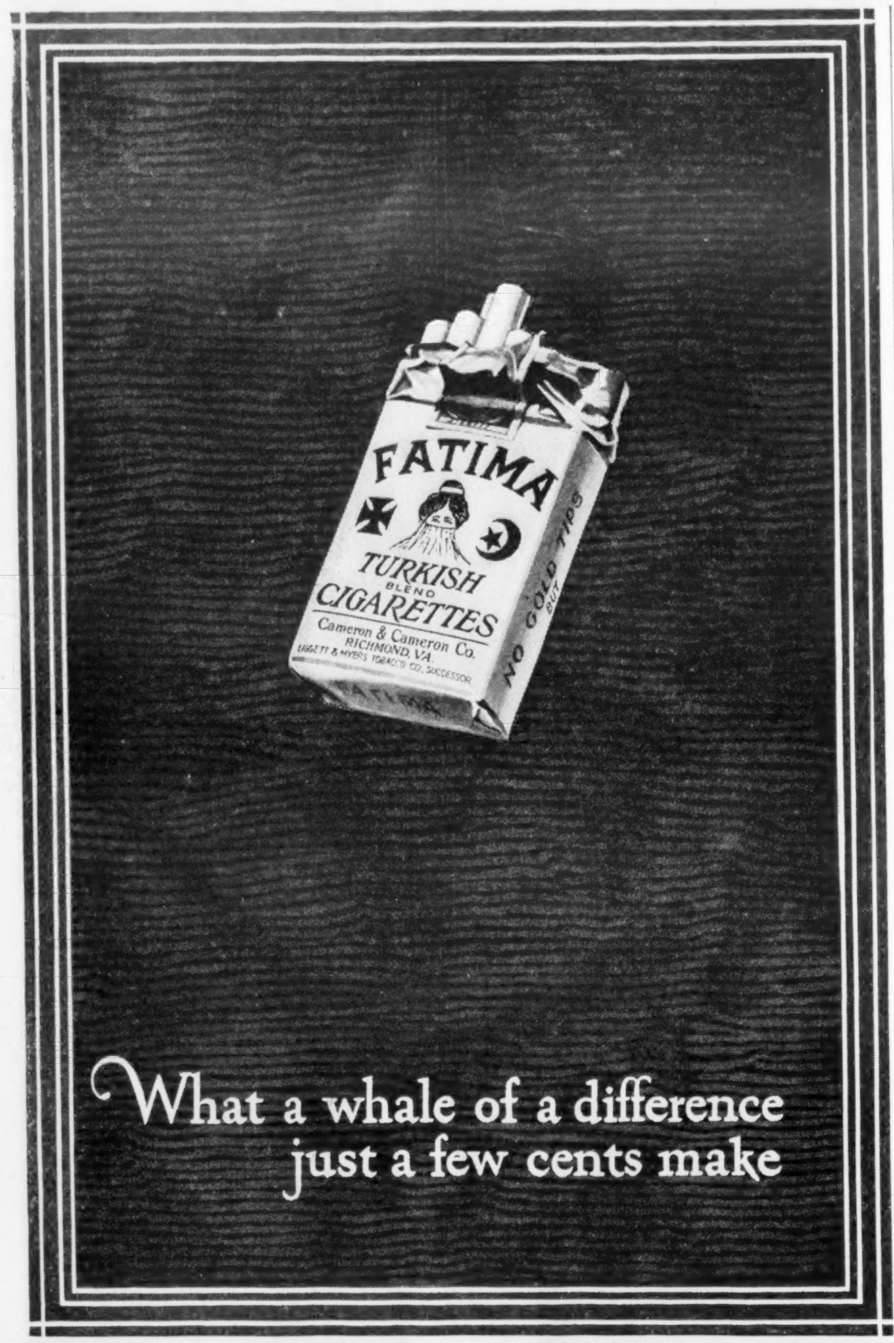
One hour it took to unload our seven hundred cases. When the last one was out of the Sergeant Nifty the burly leader of the shore gang relaxed.

"That's safe," he chuckled.

"No more risk?" I asked, wonderingly.

"Well, not unless it's hijackers, or some cop gets greedy and squeals because he ain't getting enough. That's seven thousand landed in three weeks, and not one lot lost. We won't wait until we lose a lot. We ain't coming here again for three months. Taking the pitcher to the well, you understand. Here, Bill,"—as the last case was trotted off the dock—"put that in the writer guy's car as a souvenir."

I watched the Sergeant Nifty cast off and slowly glide out of the creek. And I marveled at the low price of Scotch as I started the car to go home.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Is this a Picture of You?

SMITH is a typical American—busy, successful, alert. In most things he is wide awake for improvements which save time or improve quality. When the safety razor was invented he jumped at the idea for it saved his valuable time. Blades were so cheap he could use a new one every day.

Now here's the funny thing—he is so satisfied over saving his precious time that his mind has ceased to function on the question of shaving. In Smith's case ignorance is not bliss, for his thinking an occasional new blade is the answer to the shaving problem is causing him to miss the joy of a really fine shave. If he only knew how much finer shave he could get if he would strop his new blade on Twinplex before using it his smug satisfaction would turn into regret that he didn't wake up earlier.

Smith doesn't care about economy, but it wouldn't hurt his pocket nerve to find out that one new blade if stropped regularly on Twinplex will deliver wonderful shaves for weeks at a time. And if Smith is as busy as he thinks he will be pleased to learn that Twinplex saves him much time formerly spent buying blades and changing them.

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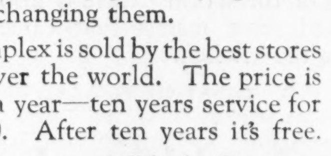

MODELS FOR 7 POPULAR RAZORS
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"You Can't Make a Silk Purse—"

Continued from page 11

experiment again, without forethought. You will find that the same thumb will be on top. Now, if it happens that both you and your wife make this experiment, and that you both have the same thumb uppermost, then three of the four of your children, if you have that many, will do the same.

It is this incredible minuteness in the transmission of physical traits which makes it of prime necessity to the young girl about to be married to know something of the physical make-up of the family in which she is about to marry. There has been, for many centuries, of course, an unconscious selection of the best mates in all the countries and among all races. This selection should be made consciously and intelligently.

If marriage is the foundation on which racial progress is to be built, ought not marriage to be rigidly controlled by the state? Certainly not in my opinion, and in this land of liberty it is surely unnecessary to argue at length in favor of liberty. When the individual is likely to be a serious nuisance to society he should be controlled, but not otherwise.

Legal reform, in so far as it is necessary, should mainly take the form of creating greater facilities for inquiry as to inborn defects, and greater difficulty in concealing them. It is moral reform which is most needed, both to make it felt how wicked it is either to conceal a bad family history or to neglect the warnings given by it.

The acceptance of the view of heredity set forth in this article lies at the basis of the most stupendous scientific structure of the century. The old idea, formerly held by many eminent scientists, and still held as a widespread popular belief, is that all species of living things—including not only plants and animals but man as well—were, as one writer says, "created by the hand of God and adapted to the period in which they lived." Now this implies that these forms of life are not only unchangeable, or at least show a tendency to return to the character from which they diverged, but that there can have been no progression from one to another.

Now, in order to show that the theory of evolution stands on a firm foundation, it was necessary to prove that various species of living things were not *fixed*, but capable of *variation.* My father, after his famous trip around the world as naturalist to the Beagle, finally concluded that the facts he had observed "could only be explained on the supposition that species gradually became modified." This conclusion, backed not only by his own researches but by the investigations of hundreds of scientists throughout the world, is really the starting point of the theory of "evolution." Since that time the lowest forms of life have been linked with the highest in unbroken lines of descent.

The Blonde

Continued from page 16

hungrily across at Mary Blaine when he thought no one saw him. Only Janet was unconscious.

"Who is that lovely girl?" she asked.

"The blonde? She is a school teacher here of a none too savory reputation," said Mrs. Harris shortly.

Bob Pengard strangely found himself saying that he thought they hadn't anything definite against the girl.

He gazed across at her himself, scornful of her, scornful of the young man with her and aching vaguely for himself.

They were talking about Vermilion.

"All right to make your money in," said Janet, "and we don't scorn money. But fortunately one won't have to live here much of the time."

"Why not?" asked Bob.

"Why, because it is so limited. There's nothing to do. You're not going to expect me to bury myself, are you?"

"Can't run mines with absent superintendents. Hey, Chauncey?"

The women looked at each other, and a glance passed between them as if they understood that this thing had to be nipped while it was possible.

"Of course I think it's awfully interesting and all that, but you just couldn't live here all the time, Bob."

"You can run into Cosmopolis as often as you like," offered Bob.

Janet shrugged. "Thanks. That's just a worse grade of provincialism. No—you'll have to get used to doing without me for part of the year. You won't mind. You'll be busy."

"Louise stays here, don't you, Louise?" asked Bob.

"Yes, I stay," answered Louise, and something in her tone brought back Chauncey's wandering gaze. Bob spoke abruptly.

"Let's go have that game of bridge, or whatever it is," he suggested.

As he went out his way was blocked by whirling couples. Mary Blaine, her head close to her partner's shoulder, went past him. Her face was sweet and serious until she smiled at him and he nodded stiffly at her. Making eyes at him too, was she?

Even after that the thing might have blown over, for the time at least, if Chauncey Harris had held on to himself. But there was his continued pursuit of Mary Blaine, growing less and less furtive, until Louise spoke of it bitterly to Pengard. Bob himself could see Harris slipping, noted his lack of attention to his business, his harassed and half-hunted look. It had to be ended. Bad for business, bad for the company, bad all around. The girl, decided Pengard, was a hussy, and his prejudice pushed him farther into action. After Chauncey Harris and his wife had gone to New York for a month on company business, making the trip which Bob had intended to make himself, Mary Blaine lost her job.

No one openly dragged Pengard's name into it. That was the *noblesse oblige* of the mining companies. This was merely a matter of school discipline, a business which fell to Slater eventually. He went to Mary Blaine's room one day after the session was over and the girls had gone home. She was putting fresh curtains at the windows of the domestic science room, and she looked young and happy in the red jersey dress with her hair curling in its distracting upward way around her neck. Slater was very unhappy.

"Come in, Mr. Slater," said Mary cordially. "Sit down and I'll even find you something to eat. They made sandwiches this afternoon."

Slater sat down and regarded her grimly. "I'm on an unpleasant errand, Miss Blaine," he began and then started up from his chair to walk about excitedly and repeat "unpleasant—very."

The upshot of it all was that she resigned. Pengard heard of it, for it was, of course, his business to hear of everything, and his virtue and justice made him hotly uncomfortable.

"I suppose she'll leave town."

"No," said his informer.

"But she can't stay here."

"She owns some property—a house, you know. On Washington Avenue."

"That's the district we're planning to take over for the new mine," said Pengard. "All those little shacks will have to go, of course."

THE first winter snows came, light snows that the mines threw off in the first bright sun, and work pressed on even in the cold. It was during the winter that it was hardest to keep up the morale of a mining city. During the winter work slackened and there was too much idleness, too much time

(*Continued on page 40*)

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The Blonde

Continued from page 39

for agitation, too much suffering also, when the cold grew bitter. Pengard knew all that. He had his own plans for the administration of the mines in the winter, and they were generous plans, with as much work as could possibly be made and always relief for those who needed help. The best example he knew was to be on the ground himself and stay by during the three hard months. Night schools helped, city improvements helped, and all these things had to be held together.

That was what Janet could not see. She could not bear to come to Vermilion in the winter. It was too desolate.

"It's ridiculous to stay here," she told Pengard. "Come down to Cosmopolis and take a room at the best hotel they have and broaden out a little. And we really could go to Europe after we're married in February, it seems to me. It would only take six weeks. Can't you shape things so you could come? Honestly, Bob, you need it. You don't want to be so limited that you think one small mining town is the whole of the world. Because it isn't."

It was plausible certainly, and Bob did his best. He left his mines in December and went to Cosmopolis, to the clubs there and to the hotels and the parties and the men's meetings, and all the time he was wretched and homesick and constantly on the long-distance telephone with this suggestion and that for the people in Vermilion.

Janet laughed at him, and said he would get over it, but three weeks passed and he did not.

"They need me up there," he told her finally, with an edge in his voice. "I must go back. All sorts of things go wrong. I've no business down here. I'll come down for long enough to get married in February, though I wish you'd come up to the Harrises' for that. But I must stick on the job this winter. No Europe this year."

Janet did not answer at once. It was to her credit that she had never once thought of marrying Bob for his money. Nor for his house. She was marrying him because he had seemed good material for marriage. But since they had been engaged she had come to see a struggle ahead, the struggle Louise had gone through, having to live in the mining town and hating it all the time. Bob wasn't malleable, apparently. She had often wondered lately if she wouldn't be well out of it. There was no use, as she had often said, in burying oneself in crudity. It was possible to give up Bob, especially as he stood there now, rather heavy and awkward and sullen, but it was impossible to abandon her idea of being married to someone of brains and manner and fortune, who would be able properly to tuck a steamer rug around her or discuss intelligent books—or wear a silk dressing gown to advantage. A gamble, perhaps, to give up Bob, but after all her engagement to him had not been wasted. It had given her publicity and put her on the active list. She thought of the bitterness of Louise Harris as she described living in Vermilion, with nothing to do, and summed it up in the neat truth that one's duty to oneself comes first. Then she answered Bob gently and decisively. When he had gone out grimly she looked down at her splendid engagement ring and was glad that he had said roughly, "Oh, keep the ring. I'll never want it again." Janet transferred it to her other hand.

THE spring was slow in coming, but it came at last, its incredibly brave shrubs breaking through the double discouragement of clay and melting ice. Pengard's spirits soared.

He had been out to the Killarney location one day in early April. It started out beautifully, that day, with an April sun designed to hunt out anemones. But toward afternoon and the early twilight it changed and a sweeping rain began to fall. Pengard, who was driving home, put up his side curtains and drove watchfully, the rain almost blurring his sight. There was five miles to go, when he saw a woman blown along the side of the road, making slow headway against the storm. He stopped and called to give her a ride.

She turned her face toward him, and in the half darkness he saw instantly who it was, though her hair was drenched and pushed back under her soft felt hat. No other woman had that white skin. Pengard felt a quick rush of excitement and a fear that she would refuse to ride with him. But she did not. She climbed in beside him, and he started his engine again.

"You chose a bad day for a walk," he said tolerantly.

"I had to go. I teach a little group of women out at the location cooking and sewing."

SO SHE did that. His respect for her went up even as he was angry at being made responsible for all this. Of course she did not know that he was—or did she?

They came over the hill, and in the distance all the lights glistened in the vast valley, all the ugliness of the day wiped out by darkness and rain. Only shining lights sparkled cleanly.

"Pretty," said the girl softly.

Pengard had a sense of peace. It seemed to him restful to have someone call the city pretty, to be beside someone who liked it. He forgot the sins he had heaped on Mary Blaine.

"Best little town on earth," he said in his familiar phrase.

She laughed as she answered, "No, it's not. It's a dastardly cruel little town, a town full of meannesses and vices, an ungenerous little town which has exhausted men and driven a few to kill themselves and even makes war on women."

"Oh, come,"—he protested—"and if you feel like that why do you stay in it?"

"It was my father's town. It was mine after that. Why should I abandon it to the buzzards? To people who don't care anything about it except to wring a living from it—who exploit it and despise it? What do I care for such people?

"Now it's come to the point where you have to put a mine in the very place where I was born," said Mary Blaine as if answering his thought. "I suppose you can't help it. And of course my father would have said 'Expand—develop the country.' But it's hard, when you've only a single refuge from—people."

They were at her door by this time. Pengard found that he could get there without direction. He looked up at the house.

"Of course you get more than it's worth really," he told her.

"Come in and see if I do," said Mary suddenly.

Pengard had no choice. She had almost made it a command, and besides he was reluctant to leave. He followed her into the long living-room with the grave cretonne curtains, and she led him into the window which looked on the mine. He could see lighted ore cars scudding around in the darkness.

"I can't move that. I've been brought up on that sight. Over in your smug new part of town you shut out the mines—the only genuine thing about the city—for your hotels and boulevards. We didn't, my father and I. And my memories are here. I'm old enough now to care for memories, even the cruel ones, perhaps."

She had taken off her hat and shaken her hair a little, and it curled up in damp ringlets on her neck. Pengard found himself watching them, thinking about them. He had forgotten that this was the woman he had tried to drive from Vermilion. Since Dolly's death he had had none of this feeling with a woman, this rest from loneliness. He watched her as she moved about the room, her soft gray dress clinging to her slim body. She was making him coffee.

"Miss Blaine," he said, "I feel somehow that I ought to tell you that I was more responsible than anybody else for your leaving the public schools. I have come to feel that an injustice was done, and I stand ready to make it right."

"I knew that," she said coolly. "They all told me, secretly. I didn't blame you much. You were convinced that I was a scarlet woman and an evil influence. You didn't like my looks. You couldn't forgive me for the fact that Chauncey Harris' wife wouldn't ever leave him alone and drove him away by her unhappiness. And then they told you about poor Davy Butler and the other men who wanted me to marry them or run away with them because they were lonely. It's a lonely place—Vermilion."

IN THE rising firelight she looked not like a dangerous woman but a quiet, ever-alluring princess at whose feet men should kneel.

"You needn't worry now," she went on. "I've decided to go. Mr. Slater got me a job I can't afford to refuse in Cosmopolis. I hate Cosmopolis, but I'll go there and let you buy my house for your 'more than it's worth' and bank my money and be rich. So it's all worked out for you, you see—just as you planned." Her voice was dreary.

"I was wrong," said Pengard. "Didn't you hear me say I was wrong?"

"Don't bother," Mary told him. "I've stopped being sensitive."

But Bob was striding up and down. It was the thought of her going that stung so deeply.

"You're the only sensitive woman I know," he pleaded. "Don't leave Vermilion. We can move your house. We'll move it as it stands, to some place you shall choose that isn't in the smug section. Please, Miss Blaine. Please, Mary. Let us make it up to you that way. Let's keep the house—put it where it can still watch the mines.'"

She raised her soft blue eyes to him at last, and they smiled through tears.

"Why," he said brokenly, "the trouble has been that I've loved you all along. That was why I couldn't marry anyone else. And was crazy jealous. But if you'll give me half a chance now—"

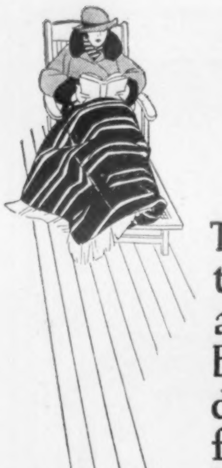
"I will," promised Mary, and he bent to kiss her hands for her favor.

Elsie Singmaster,

someone once said, "can make a story out of anything." Her finest recipe, however, seems to call for a couple of sisters, a cat, a dog and a "Pennsylvania Dutch" flavor. In "The End of the World" there is also a prophet and some manna that came straight from the kitchen.

In Next Week's

Collier's



The wise traveller always has Beeman's;-deliciously flavored-its use is

"a sensible habit"

BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN
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AMERICAN CHICLE CO.

FOR DANDRUFF

GLOVER'S exercises an antiseptic effect on the scalp. Cleanses, stimulates. Send for GLOVER'S HANDBOOK on the Scalp and Hair; *free* on request. It will tell you many things you should know. Write Dept. J-2.

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At Druggists, Barbers or Hairdressers

Sell Tailoring

Earn liberal steady income, sell fine tailored-to-order all-wool suits at $31.50 direct to wearer, 100 styles. All one price, biggest values. Sell on sight. Biggest commissions, paid in advance. We deliver and collect. 6x9 swatch samples sent FREE. Representatives earn $85 and up weekly. Write today.

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Become a Foot Correctionist A new profession, not medical nor chiropody. All the trade you can attend to; many are making $3,000 to $10,000 yearly, easy terms for training by mail, no further capital needed or goods to buy, no agency or soliciting. *Address*

Stephenson Laboratory, 4 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

We've Mapped the Air FOR YOU!

You can find out INSTANTLY how far any station is

HERE'S a marvelous new way to chart your radio exploits—a beautiful Air Map, printed in three colors, with every station clearly marked and Time zones outlined! Size, 28x34 inches.

There's no limit to the useful and amusing ways you can use Collier's new Radio Map of the U. S. and Canada.

If you use a directional aerial, you can point the loop exactly toward the station you want to get. The map also outlines the radio districts, and gives an alphabetical list of *all* stations and their operators. Thousands have already been sold. Get yours *to-day!* At your news stand or radio dealer's, only 25 cents—or just mail a quarter to us.

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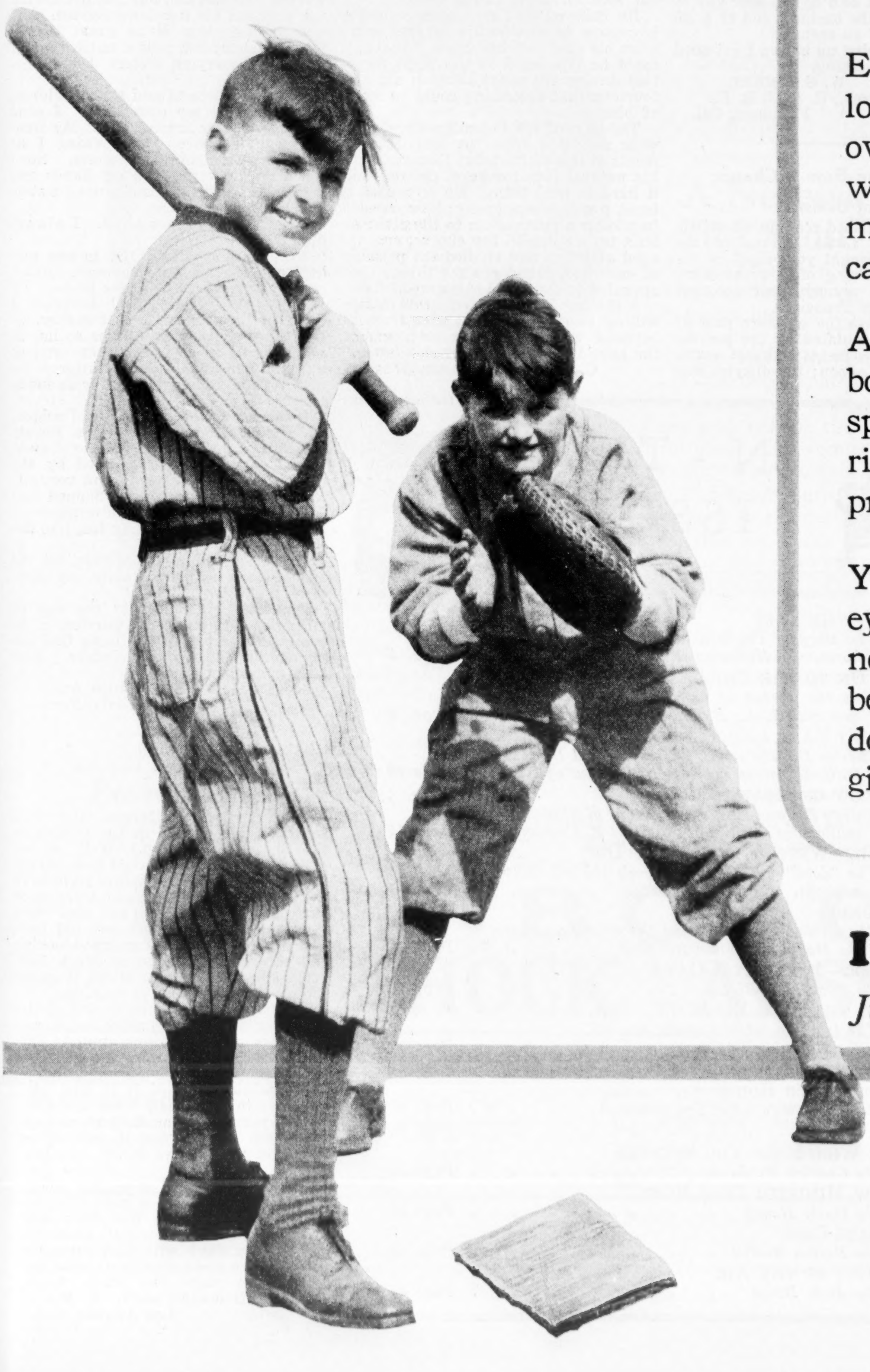
244 Park Avenue NEW YORK CITY

BATTER UP!

Boys can hit 1000% in the Money & Prize League



Make spending money every week——–Win prizes—It's easy—No experience necessary

Every week thousands of fellows, like yourself, make their own pocket money. They always have spare change for the movies, baseball games and camping trips.

And money isn't all, for these boys also take their pick of sporting goods, camping material, radio sets. And these prizes are free!

You, too, can quickly earn money and prizes. Right in your neighborhood is the place to begin. We'll show you how to do it—furnish all supplies—and give full instructions.

It's easy to start

Just mail the coupon to-day!

This coupon will bring you details

JIM THAYER
The Crowell Publishing Company Springfield, Ohio
Dear Mr. Thayer:
I'd like to break into the Money and Prize League. Please tell me how!

*My Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*Town*____________ *State*__________

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

The Evolution of an Orator

To the Editor of Collier's:

YOUR recent editorial was most timely—and good—anent Mr. Bryan and his much-heralded entry into the Scopes case down at Monkeyville.

Mr. Bryan certainly overlooks no opportunity of being at "front and center" on every possible public occasion, even though he subsequently fails to accomplish anything of particular note. He goes up like a rocket, busts, and comes down like the stick, leaving everybody still in the dark.

Nor does he seem to be at all particular about his methods of getting into the public eye, as witness his famous Cross of Gold speech. As I recall, his words upon that occasion were about as follows: "Thou shalt not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns! Thou shalt not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold!"

In the London Times (weekly edition) a year or two ago appeared the following:

"W. J. Bryan's speech was delivered on Friday, July 10, 1896, and the leading papers of the next day doubtless contained a full account of it.

"H. Clews, in The Wall Street Point of View, thinks that Bryan was indebted to an old English play, 'Jack Cade, or the Bondman of Kent,' for the celebrated expression as to the crucifixion of mankind upon a cross of gold, namely: 'Upon the brow of toil thou shalt not place the crown of thorns, and the bondman of the soil shall not be crucified upon Mammon's cross.'"

Thus it would appear that Mr. Bryan first hoisted himself into prominence through the medium of another's boot straps. GILBERT F. BOREMAN,
Ely, Nev.

Fresh Air, Food and Health

To the Editor of Collier's:

Mr. S. W. Marecina may be partly right in his theory that the prevalence of grip and influenza during the winter months is due to the cessation of the air-purifying process carried on through the foliage of living plants, but this is only half the story. During the winter months the population, as a whole, does not consume the amount of fresh, uncooked vegetables and fruits that it does in the summer. These are the foods that supply the vitamines to the body, and when one does not eat enough of them, the power of his body to resist disease germs is lowered, consequently one is subject to colds, grip and the like. H. C. EGLESON,
Clarksburg, W. Va.

The Sensitive Sailor

To the Editor of Collier's:

Just read Bro. Ben's query as to why gobs are so hard-boiled.

Well, as near as I can make it out, it is because everybody expects us to.

I am an enrolled member of the 4th Div., 2d Batt., of the 11th U. S. Naval Reserve Dist. (in S. Cal.).

Whenever I put on my uniform and go out amongst the citizens of this great and free country of the United States, which I am justly proud of—the U. S., not the citizens—I have to laugh.

About 75 per cent of them look on a gob as some sort of a debased moron and convict combined.

Go to a dance in uniform and the first thing you hear is some monkey say, "Aw, that's a gob; don't dance with him," to a bunch of girls. Now wouldn't you feel like swabbing up the deck with him? And like as not he'd be the first guy to run if he saw the business end of a .45 in the hands of an enemy.

I guess I'll wind up before I get sued for libel or something.

W. G. HADLEY,
Cox. Prov., U. S. N. R. F.,
Pasadena, Cal.

Giving the Boys a Chance

To the Editor of Collier's:

Have just finished reading an article entitled "Two Little Barons of the Valley" and thought you might be interested in knowing of a great work that has been accomplished amongst the boys of San Francisco.

In the old days the southern part of the city was populated by the poorest and toughest elements; almost every corner had its saloon; the district was ruled by ward heelers; vice, drunkenness and crime were everywhere to be found. Children naturally grew up in an environment that did not tend to make them good citizens.

A young Jewish fellow of very fine family, Sidney Piexotto, with an inherent love for boys, had a vision.

He believed that no matter where a boy came from, who his parents were, what his ancestors had been, if that boy could be influenced in the right direction during the years between six and fourteen that something could be made of him.

The boys of the Columbia Boys' Club were recruited from the toughest elements of this district, but Piexotto, with his natural love for boys, did not find it hard to hold them. He organized a band, a military company; he succeeded in adding a gymnasium to the club; he built up a splendid boy chorus, encouraged athletics, and studied the problem of each boy, found out the things that appealed to them and encouraged them.

A thousand men of Piexotto's caliber willing to devote their entire lives to boyhood would make the problems of the boys in large cities much lighter.

C. F. SMITH, Seattle, Wash.

IN - THIS - ISSUE -

QUEEN OF THE TURF
The story of Pandora and two men who loved a horse. By Hermann B. Deutsch . . . . Page 5
PASS IT ON TO THE CHILDREN
How the mother of a "Follies" star realized her own ambitions. By W. O. Saunders . . . Page 8
"YOU CAN'T MAKE A SILK PURSE OUT OF A SOW'S EAR"
Charles Darwin's son, Major Leonard Darwin, D. C. D., gives the scientist's view of heredity Page 10
THE ARROW OF HEAVEN
Father Brown solves the mystery of an American millionaire's death. By Gilbert K. Chesterton . Page 12
THE "WILD WEST" STRIKES PAY DIRT
The "dood" ranches bring back the old days—at a profit. By Wallace Smith . . . . Page 14
THE BLONDE
She divided the town—and the enemy was hers. By Margaret Culkin Banning . . . . Page 15
KEEP COOL—IT'S JUST A GAME
By Grantland Rice . . . . Page 17
RUNNING THE RUM BLOCKADE
The log of a whisky smuggler. By Captain Dingle . . . . . . Page 18
FAMOUS FARMERS . . . . Page 20
THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE
Willa Cather's novel (continued) . . . . . Page 22
EDITORIALS . . . . Page 24
COLLEGE WILL HELP YOU SUCCEED
By Charles W. Eliot . . . . Page 25
THE NEW MINISTER GETS BUSY
By Uncle Henry . . . . Page 26
THE PIRATE CHEF
By Berton Braley . . . . Page 27
PICKED OUT OF THE AIR
By Jack Binns . . . . Page 35

24 Hours a Day—And Happiness

To the Editor of Collier's:

Almost every magazine one picks up has some pitying article on the poor, downtrodden, overworked mother.

Defiantly, I want to cry out. I am worked and worked, but I'm not asking for pity and I'm not downtrodden. And my compensation is so great that I want to shout my praise until some of these self-sorrying sisters hear me—and think.

I have a husband and three children. I must do all my own work. I send only the bulkier laundry out. My ironings are immense. The sewing I do includes even shirts at times. So I work, really work, with my hands and feet and head—and mouth, until I stop. No, I never get done.

I never did. I get tired. I always did.

I never can afford the gowns and hats and shoes I want to wear. But I never could. I was always broke. I'd look for the tiniest hall bedroom I could find, but even it cost money.

A single tiny room can be so hot in summer and so cold in winter—and so lonely. Our living-room cluttered up with toys and children is ever so much cozier.

When I was a business girl I seldom got back to my room before six. Rarely could I get my bath until after dinner. Now I'm bathed and dressed by the time my husband arrives and very often I nap. Every child is flopped into bed and after I read the adventures of Eddie Elephant I'm dozing too, like the youngsters.

More than all else, however, let me add—I love and appreciate my husband.

Our life, while full to the top of struggles and financial worries, is in accord, and every day I thank God for giving me him and our babies. And I am not alone.

THE HAPPIEST OF THEM ALL,
San Antonio, Texas.

Disobey That Impulse

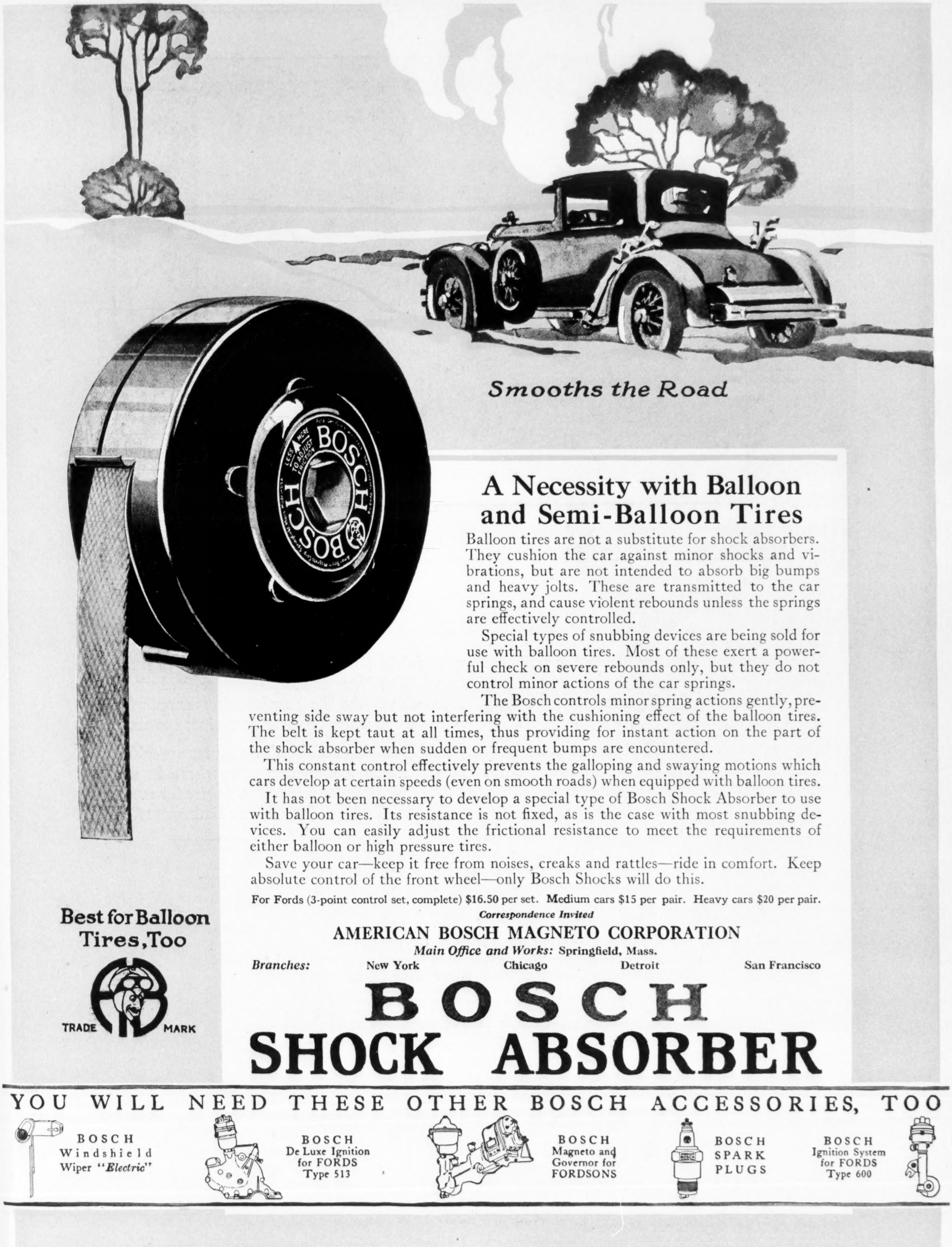
To the Editor of Collier's:

I live in sunny California. (It poured rain yesterday right in the middle of the Shrine convention.) Well, as we girls out here in Hollywood understand, there are a lot of movie stars right here in our midst, and, as we also learn from our country cousins, you can meet them right here on the street any old time and shake hands. Any good-looking girl can walk right in to Mack Sennett's office, become one of the Wampus stars, and thus climb to stardom.

I've lived in Los Angeles and Hollywood for nigh on to twelve years now and bless me if *I* run into stars of filmdom even in the exclusive shopping and café district where I am employed.

The whole thing of it is, you girls out there in the Middle West and East, stick to your Christian Endeavorers and ice cream parties, for if you do get here you won't have Betty Bronson's luck.

Work at home and save your money, then come west for a real trip and see California *right*. But don't start out here (like so many girls one meets every day) with just enough to get you here and counting on your first contract to make the whole family wealthy. It doesn't work. E. M.,
Los Angeles, Cal.


BOSCH
LESS MORE TO ADJUST FRICTION
BOSCH

Smooths the Road

A Necessity with Balloon and Semi-Balloon Tires

Balloon tires are not a substitute for shock absorbers. They cushion the car against minor shocks and vibrations, but are not intended to absorb big bumps and heavy jolts. These are transmitted to the car springs, and cause violent rebounds unless the springs are effectively controlled.

Special types of snubbing devices are being sold for use with balloon tires. Most of these exert a powerful check on severe rebounds only, but they do not control minor actions of the car springs.

The Bosch controls minor spring actions gently, preventing side sway but not interfering with the cushioning effect of the balloon tires. The belt is kept taut at all times, thus providing for instant action on the part of the shock absorber when sudden or frequent bumps are encountered.

This constant control effectively prevents the galloping and swaying motions which cars develop at certain speeds (even on smooth roads) when equipped with balloon tires.

It has not been necessary to develop a special type of Bosch Shock Absorber to use with balloon tires. Its resistance is not fixed, as is the case with most snubbing devices. You can easily adjust the frictional resistance to meet the requirements of either balloon or high pressure tires.

Save your car—keep it free from noises, creaks and rattles—ride in comfort. Keep absolute control of the front wheel—only Bosch Shocks will do this.

For Fords (3-point control set, complete) $16.50 per set. Medium cars $15 per pair. Heavy cars $20 per pair.

Correspondence Invited

Best for Balloon Tires, Too

TRADE MARK

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Branches: New York Chicago Detroit San Francisco

BOSCH
SHOCK ABSORBER

YOU WILL NEED THESE OTHER BOSCH ACCESSORIES, TOO

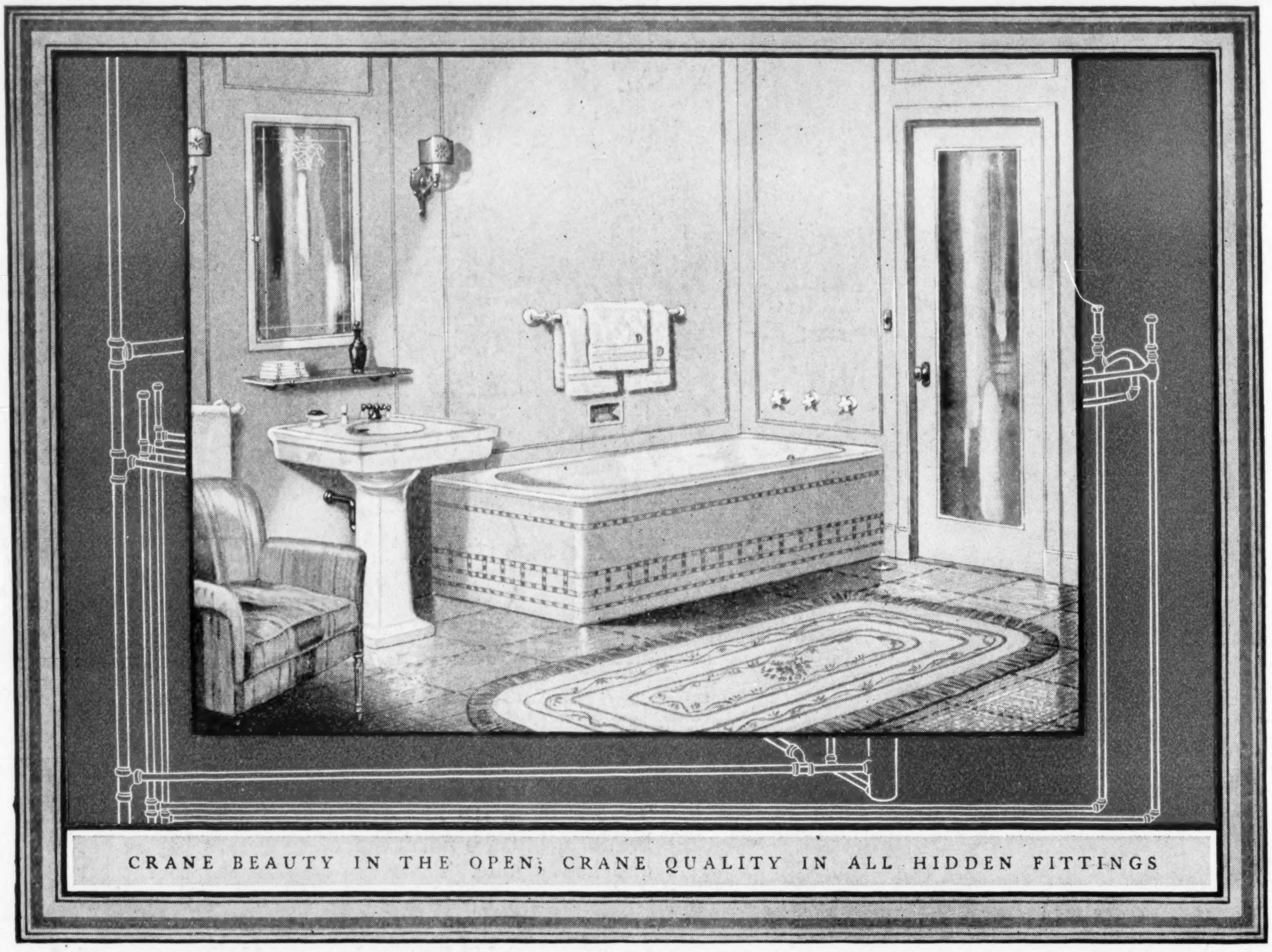
BOSCH Windshield Wiper "*Electric*"

BOSCH De Luxe Ignition for FORDS Type 513

BOSCH Magneto and Governor for FORDSONS

BOSCH SPARK PLUGS

BOSCH Ignition System for FORDS Type 600



CRANE BEAUTY IN THE OPEN; CRANE QUALITY IN ALL HIDDEN FITTINGS

Dignity and comfort are blended as easily and effectively in the modern bathroom as in any skillfully arranged living room or library.

In the simple Crane bathroom shown above, the walls are of paneled plaster in a soft ivory tint. The floor is laid in mosaic tile or warm tan and blue. The *Tarnia* bath of cream-white enamel on iron is set in waterproof plaster, with inlaid borders of the same tiles as the floor. The *Nova* lavatory of twice-fired vitreous china, like the *Tarnia* bath, is supplied in three convenient sizes to fit various spaces.

Crane plumbing and heating fixtures are sold by responsible contractors everywhere in a wide range of styles and prices. Write for our booklet, "The New Art of Fine Bathrooms."

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